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MARCH 2005

LET LOVE RULE

JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT

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IT'S AS WEIRD AS YOU THINK!

TERROR ALERT

AL QAEDA RETURNS

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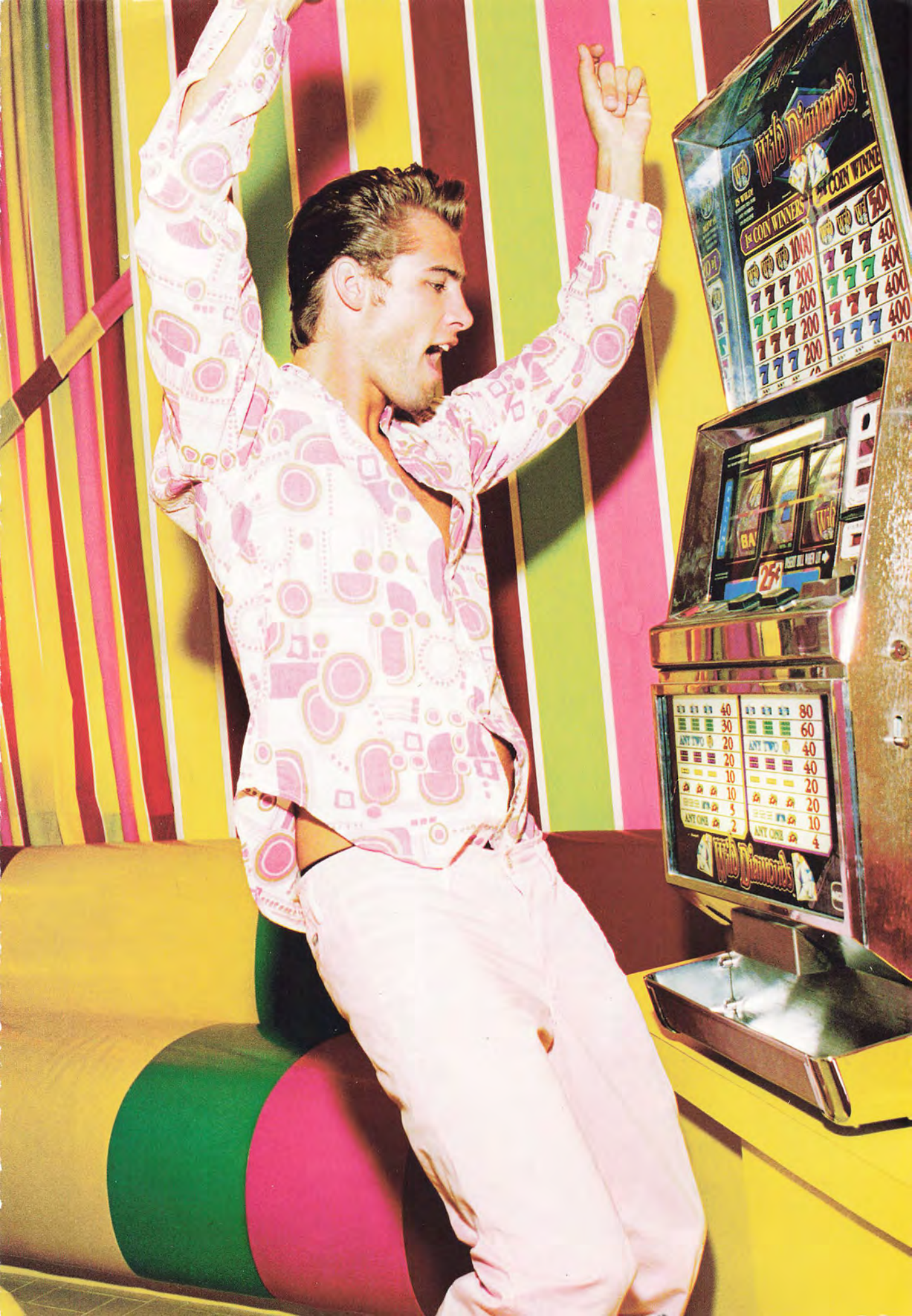
Dude, a little to the left

MAXIM
THE BEST THING TO HAPPEN TO MEN SINCE WOMEN
87


Wild Diamonds
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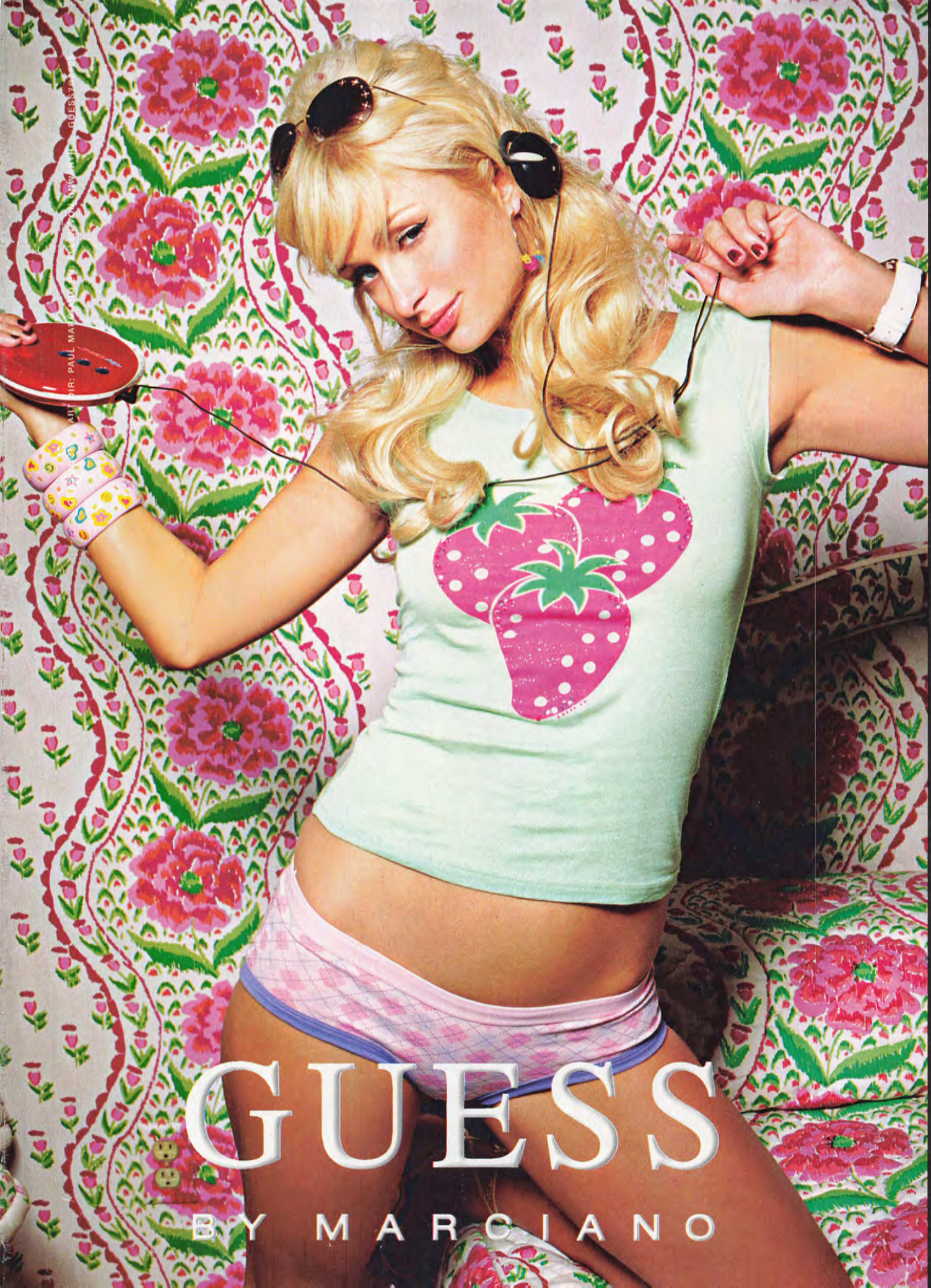
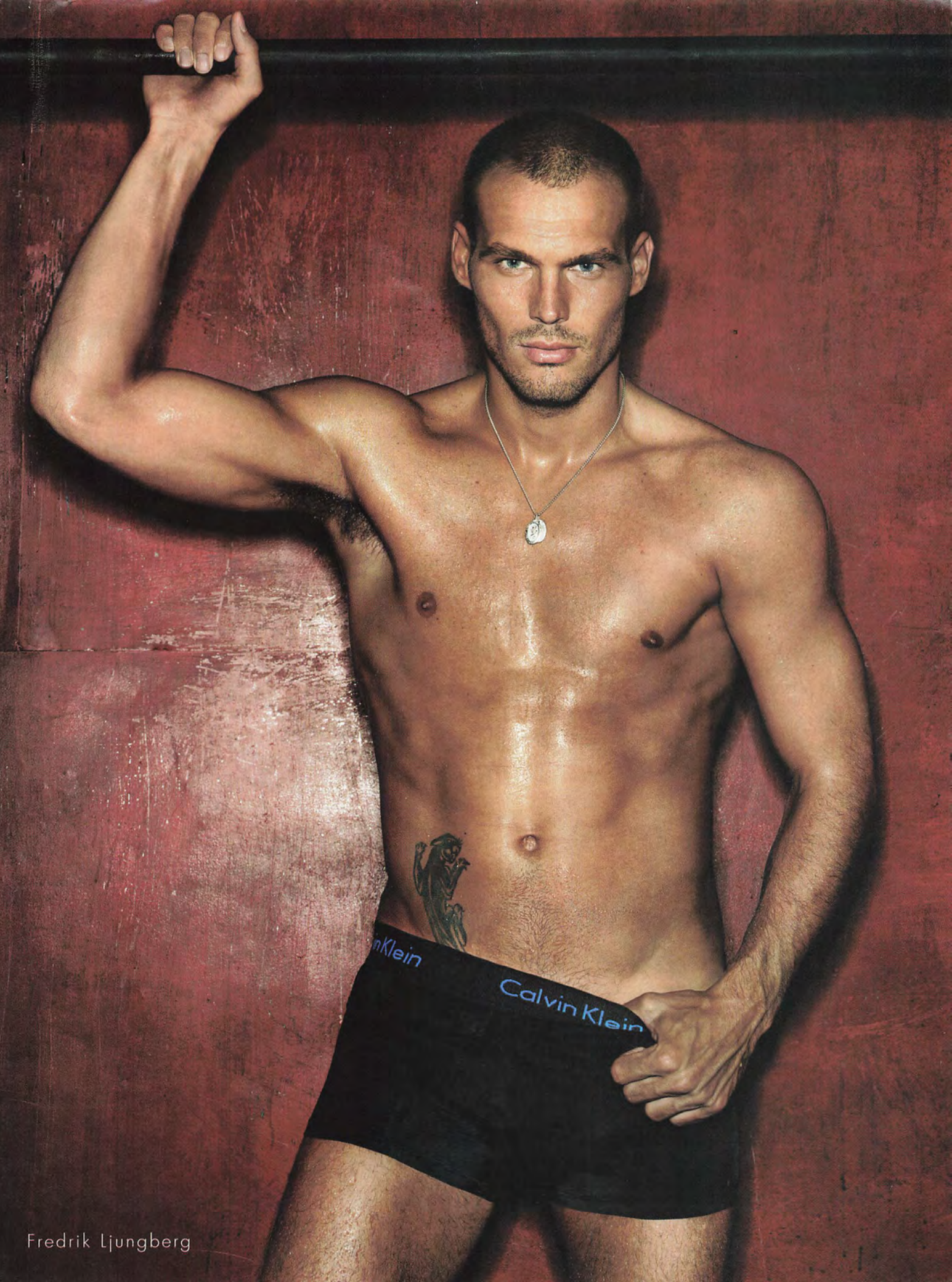
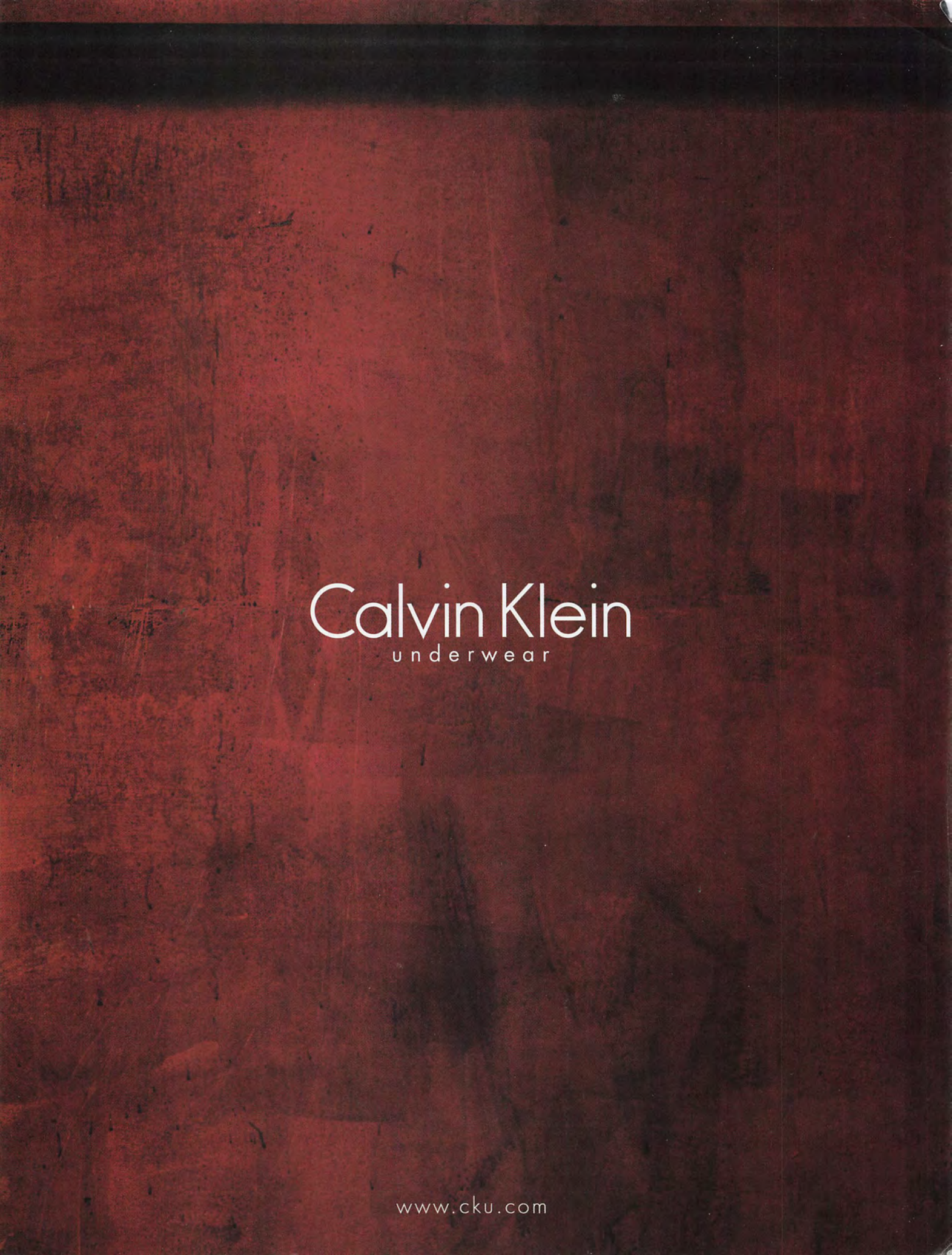
Wild Diamonds


GUESS
BY MARCIANO



Fredrik Ljungberg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underwear
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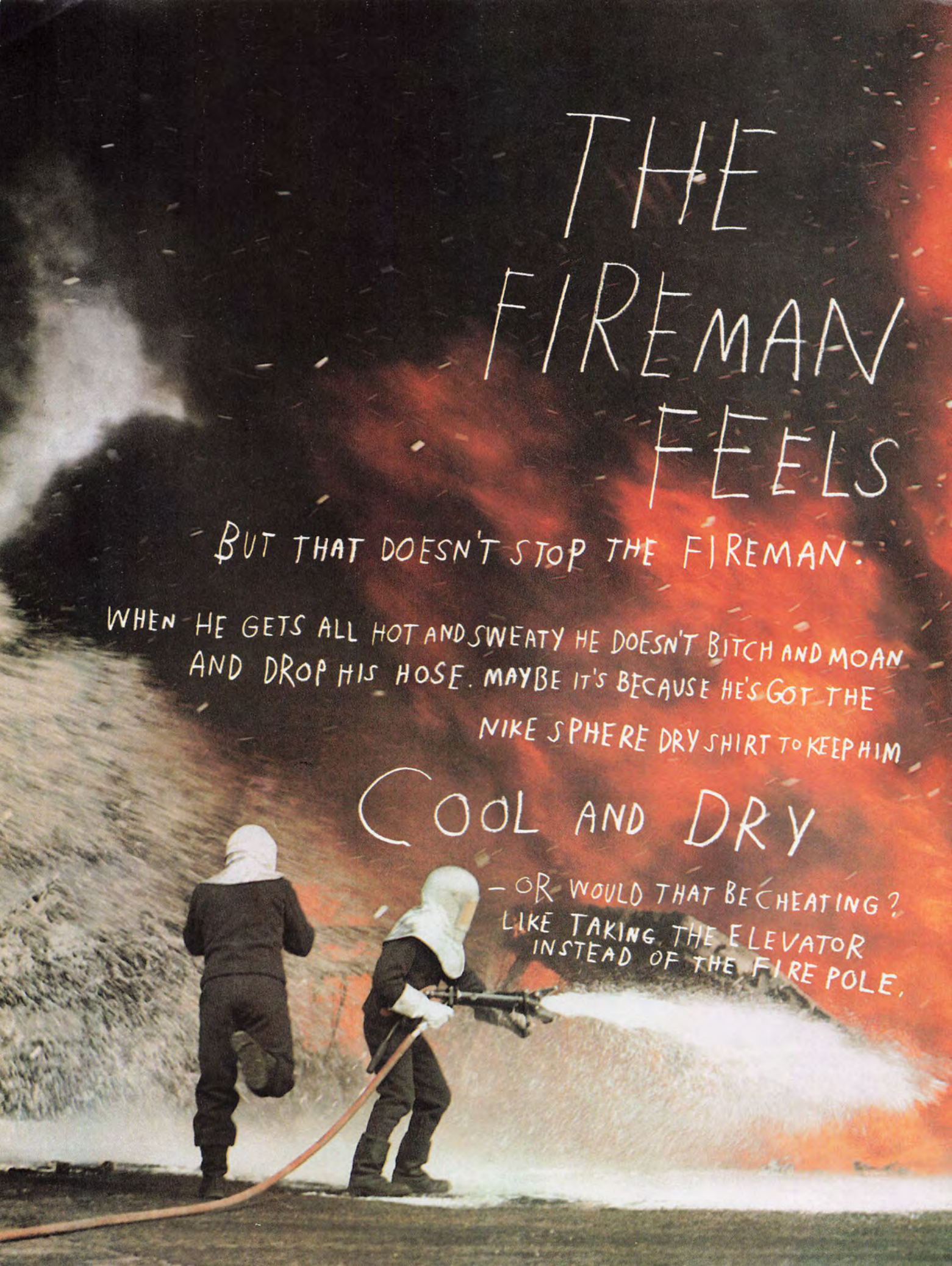
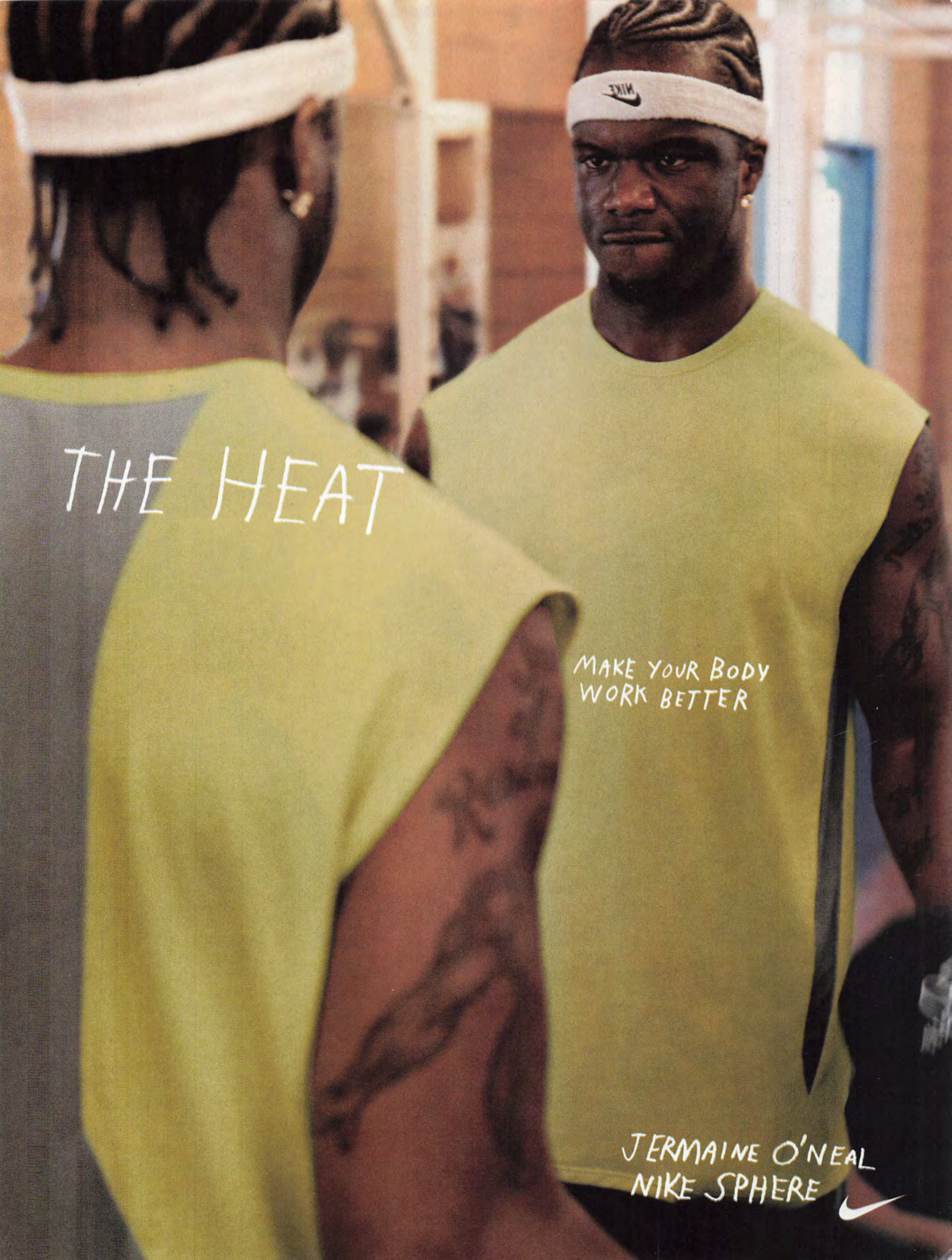
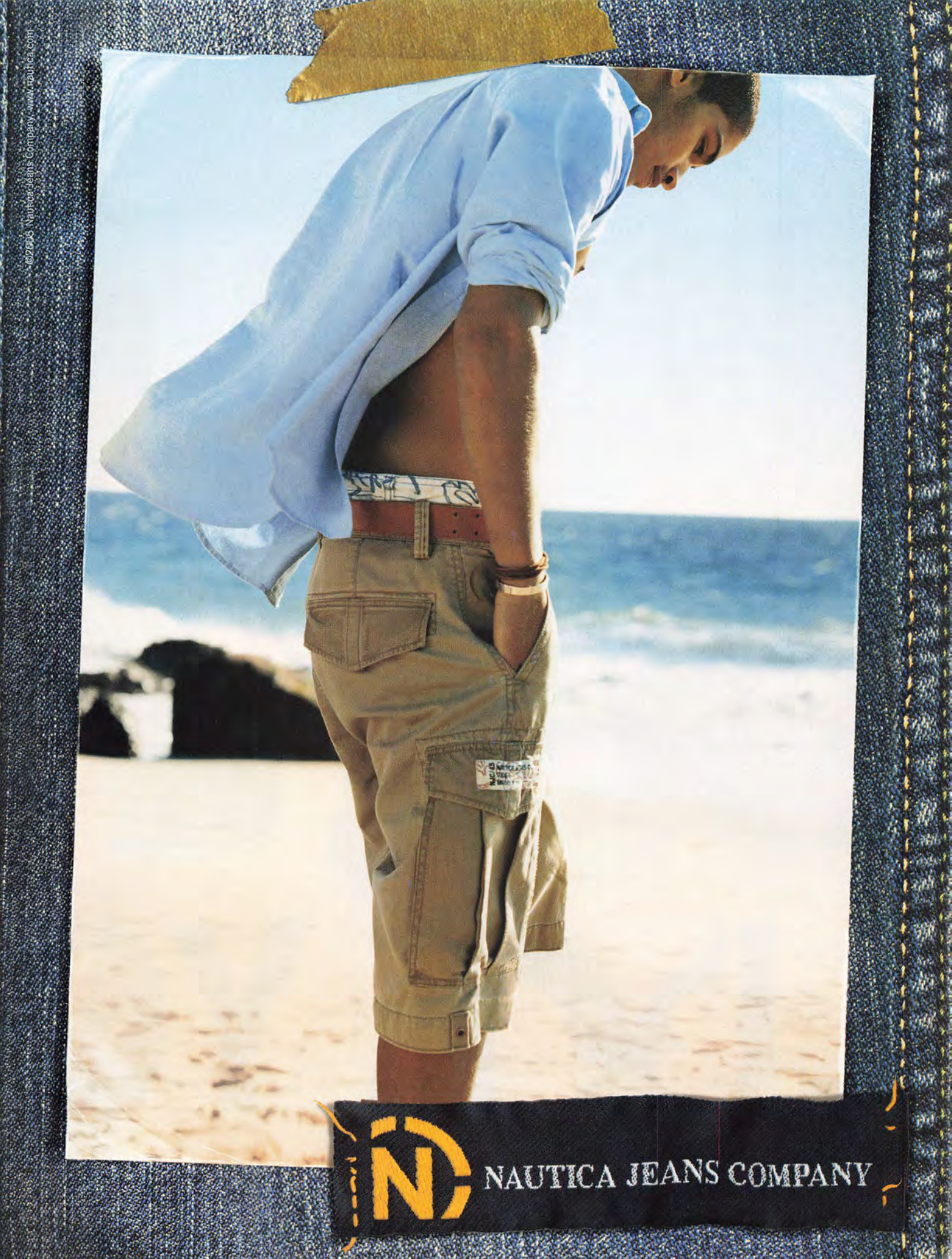

THE FIREMAN FEELS
BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP THE FIREMAN.
WHEN HE GETS ALL HOT AND SWEATY HE DOESN'T BITCH AND MOAN AND DROP HIS HOSE. MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE HE'S GOT THE NIKE SPHERE DRY SHIRT TO KEEP HIM
COOL AND DRY
— OR WOULD THAT BE CHEATING? LIKE TAKING THE ELEVATOR INSTEAD OF THE FIRE POLE.


THE HEAT
MAKE YOUR BODY
WORK BETTER
JERMAINE O'NEAL
NIKE SPHERE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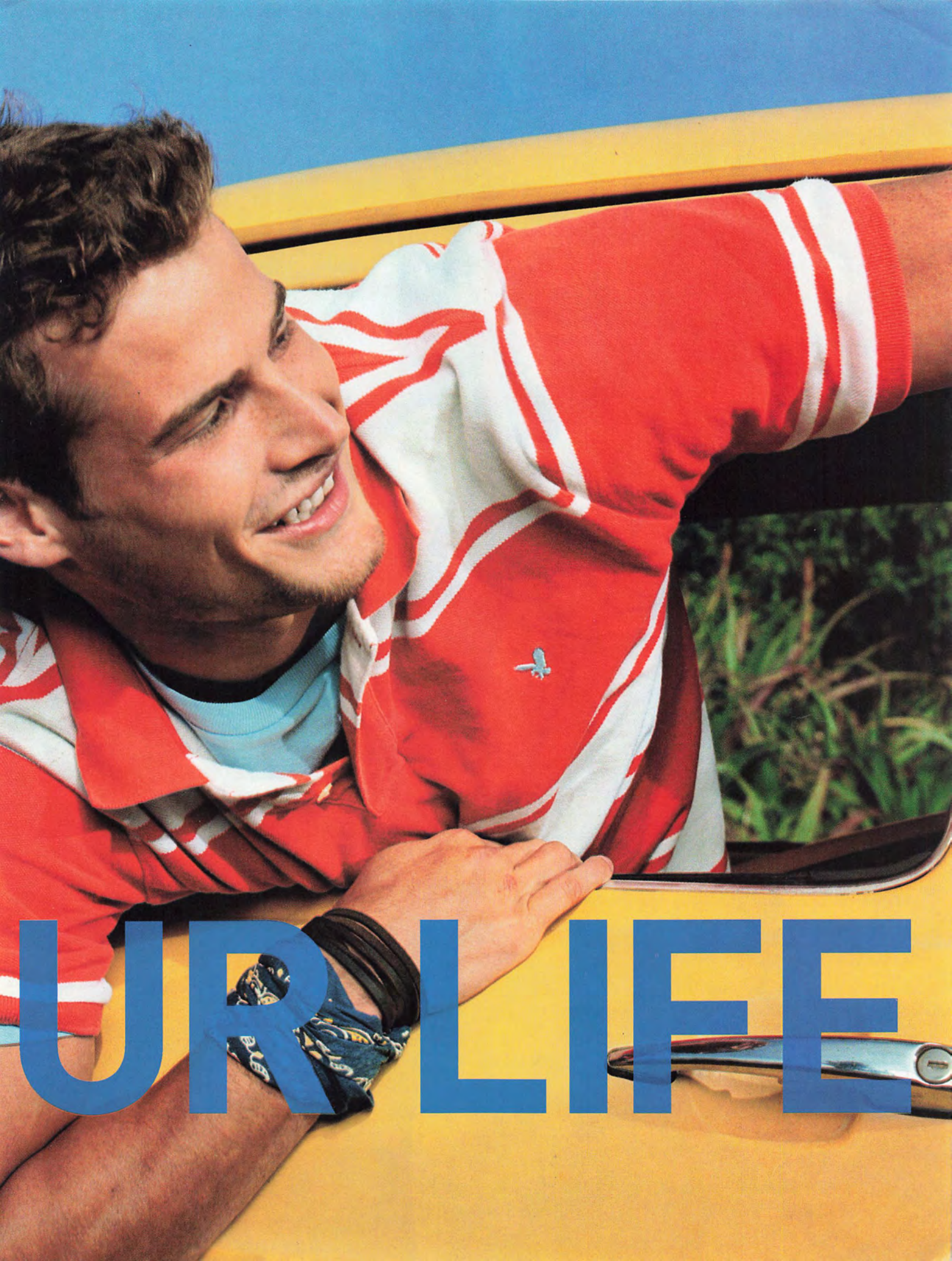
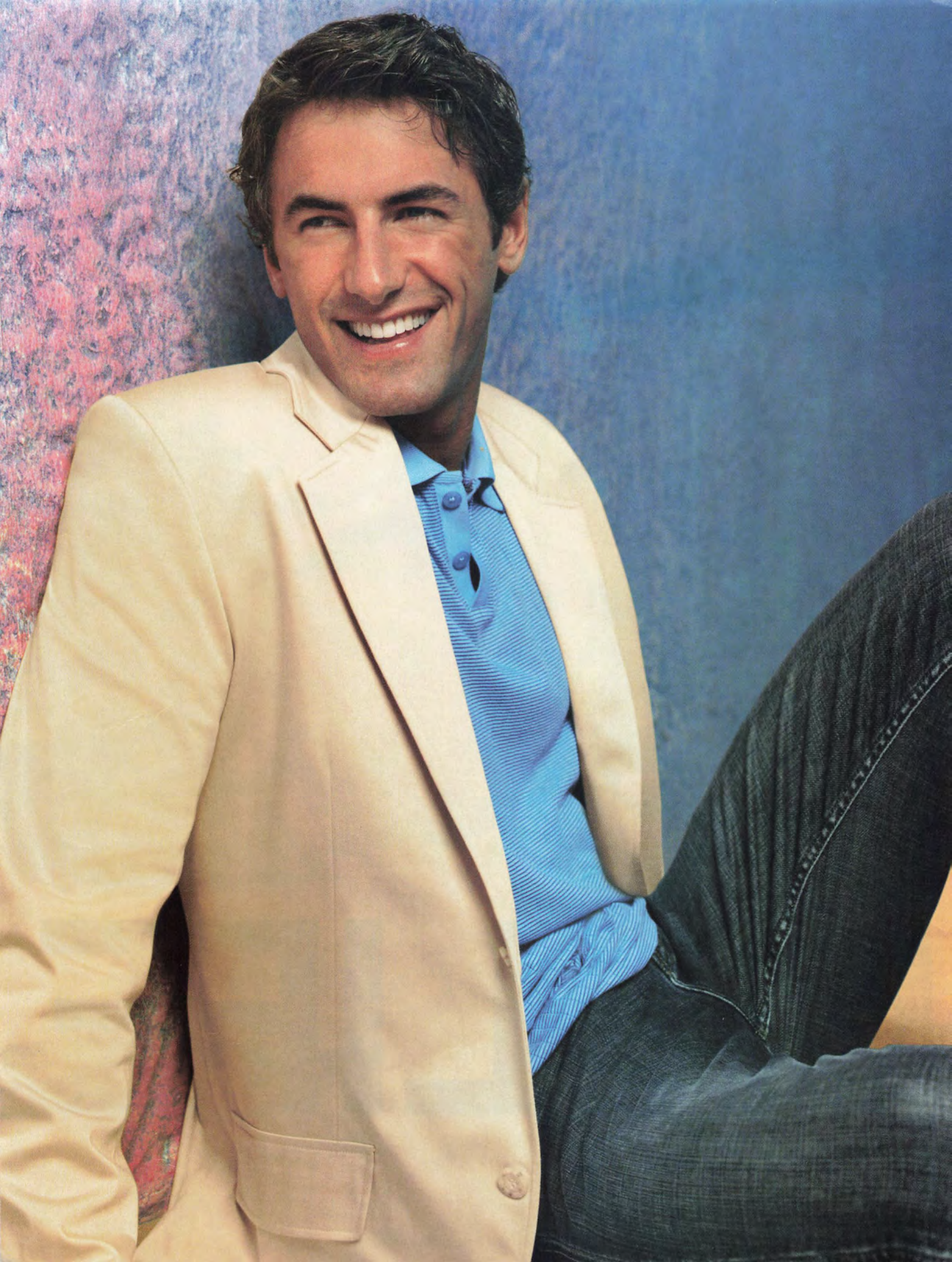

UR LIFE



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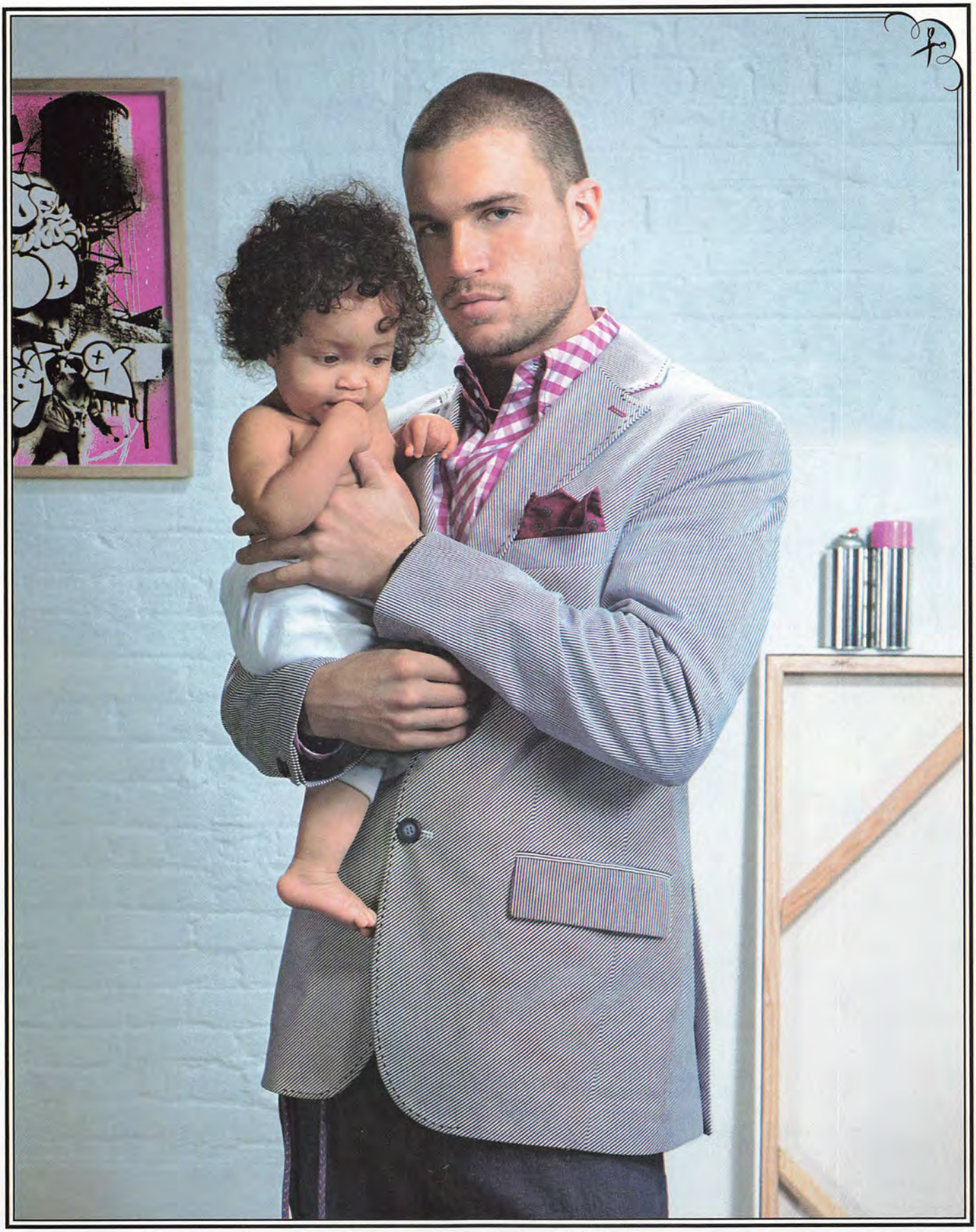

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144

COVER GIRL

JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT

In the new sitcom *In the Game,* she plays the hottest sports reporter since Willow Bay. Happily, she took a time-out to talk to us about awkward sex scenes, pop star status in Japan, and why you shouldn't mention your mother while hooking up.

COSMIC GIRL

114 GRACE PARK

The finest alien in the new *Battlestar Galactica* tells us: "I was like, 'So you want some crazy forest sex? OK, I gotcha.' In the end they had to totally edit it down and take out all my moaning." (Girls moan during sex, FYI.)

OUTWIT, OUTPLAY, UNDRESS

130 JULIE BERRY

This sweet *Survivor* contestant didn't triumph on the show, but she won us over with tales of bad coconuts, physical challenges, and that dreamy Jeff Probst. (Dude, they're, like, totally going out.)

SCORECARD

136 ULTIMATE CONQUESTS

Sure, it would be cool to score with Paris, Angelina, Britney, or any other one-name wonder. But if you want to *really* challenge yourself, you'll tackle *Maxim's* 10 most unattainable (and mostly hot) females. Better luck next year, Condi!

DIRTY SECRETS

138 THE BEST SEX ADVICE EVER GIVEN

Do your attempts to spice things up in bed leave women laughing (or yelping in pain)? Yeah, we were chumps, too, until we got tips from the pros, including seven sexologists, two porn moguls, a gorgeous wrestling diva, Heidi Fleiss, Ron Jeremy, Ice-T—and 2.5 lesbians!

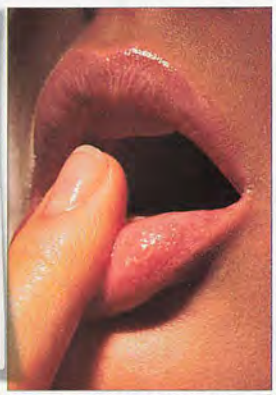
WE WANT ANSWERS!

152 IAN McSHANE

We saddle up with *Deadwood's* mustachioed bad boy, who cuts loose about the connection between capitalism and crime, the ins and outs of brothel ownership, and his favorite curse word. Hint: It starts with a *C*.

"Thank you for not killing us, sir." p.152

"Goose me again and I will remove your spine." p.136



Lean in and she'll tell you a little sex secret, p.138

120

TERROR RISING

THE SECOND WAVE

An Army vet who foresaw 9/11 reveals where we're most vulnerable to a second attack. Are you listening, Homeland Security?

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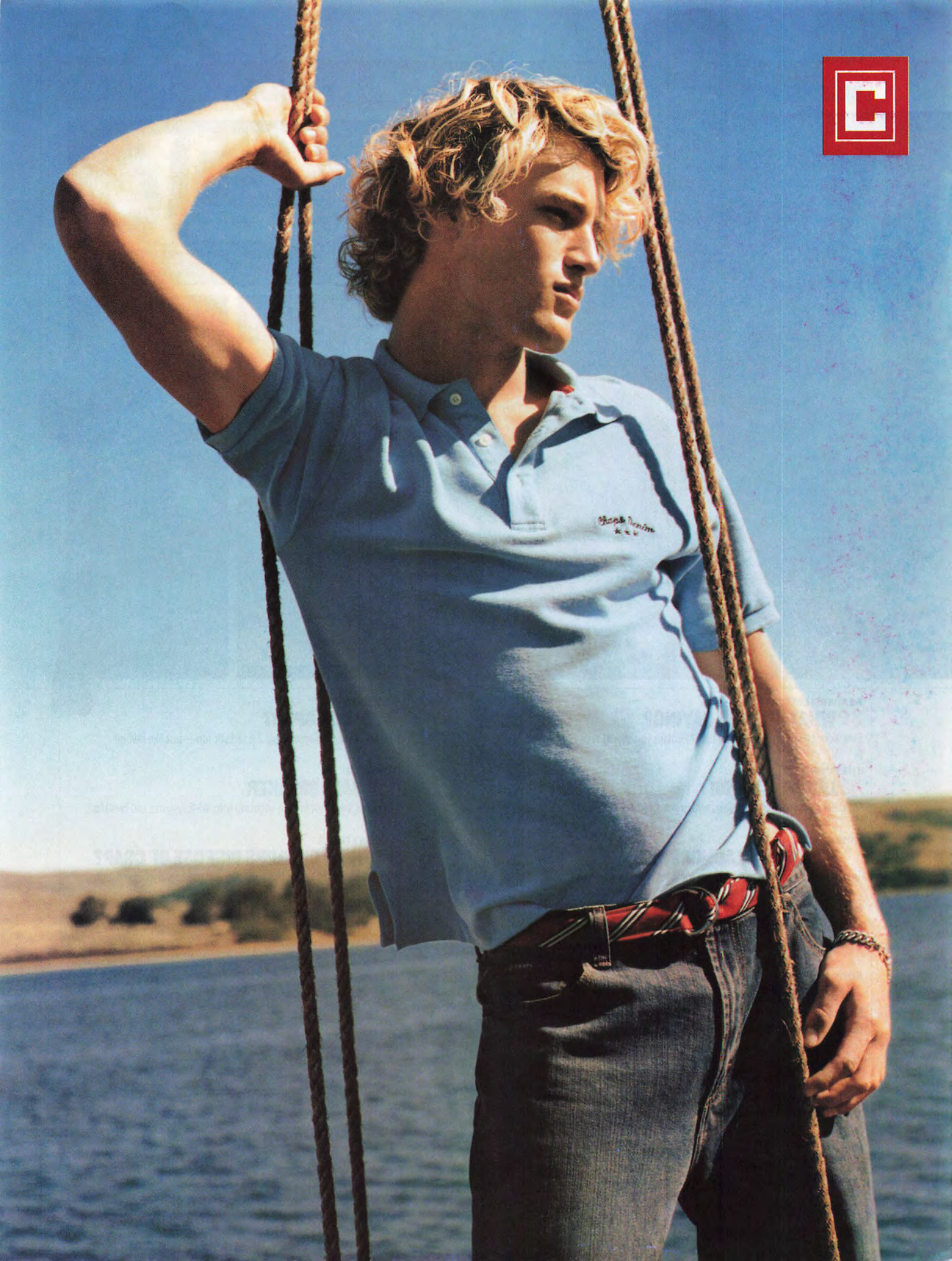
CHAPS

★ ★ ★

DENIM



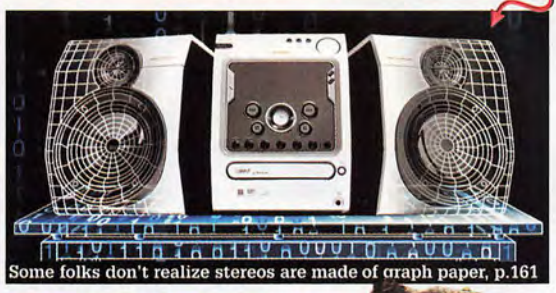
"Who wants juice?" p.86

44

CIRCUS MAXIMUS

GREAT BRITTANY

Revisit our Hometown Hottie champ. Then check out a set of robotic legs, a flying lawn mower, and a Web site you may someday use to shoot deer. Apparently, this whole "technology" thing is really taking off.



Some folks don't realize stereos are made of graph paper, p.161

"Greaseball? Soak up this barrel of fun, sucker!" p.80

Your dirty fantasy, p.71

Bow, and then join the fury, p.94

READERS' LETTERS

36 WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

Ever wonder why we never write back? Perhaps you should take a hint.

THE FUNNIES

42 LAUGH, STUPID!

"Michael Jackson!" For punch lines with jokes attached, go here.

HOW TO

71 SCORE AT A LAUNDROMAT

Then treat your sweetie to microwave meat loaf. Works every time.

IN THE BEDROOM

78 SECRET DRAWER

This month's hottie shows off a $500 corset. We can't wait to try it on!

BODY SHOP

80 HAVE FRIES, WILL TRAVEL

Meet biodiesel, an alternative fuel that comes, mostly, from vegetable oil. Now turn that Bloomin' Onion into go juice and roll, hippie!

SPORTS

86 BIG ORANGEMEN ON CAMPUS

Free drinks, rabid fans, gorgeous groupies. Your hopeless fantasies, or a day in the life of a college basketball star? Our hot columnist investigates.

CELEBRITY ADVISER

92 FLAVOR FLAV

The painfully shy rapper shares his wisdom. Yeah, boyeee!

p.78

"Anyone seen cartoon Brigitte?" p.92

HOT ZONE

94 BLOOD SPORT

The new *Unreal Championship 2* is sadistic fun—just like heroin!

TOP GEAR

155 BALL BREAKER

Check out the latest in pool-shooting help, wi-fi systems, and breakfast.

ASK ANYTHING

192 HOW DO SHIPS DISPOSE OF CRAP?

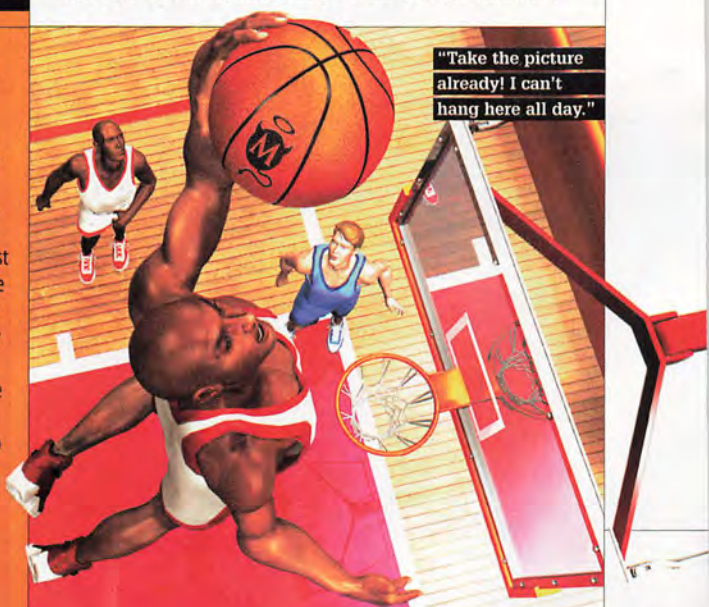
Plus, the secrets of Kevlar, the seven signs of the apocalypse, and more!

112

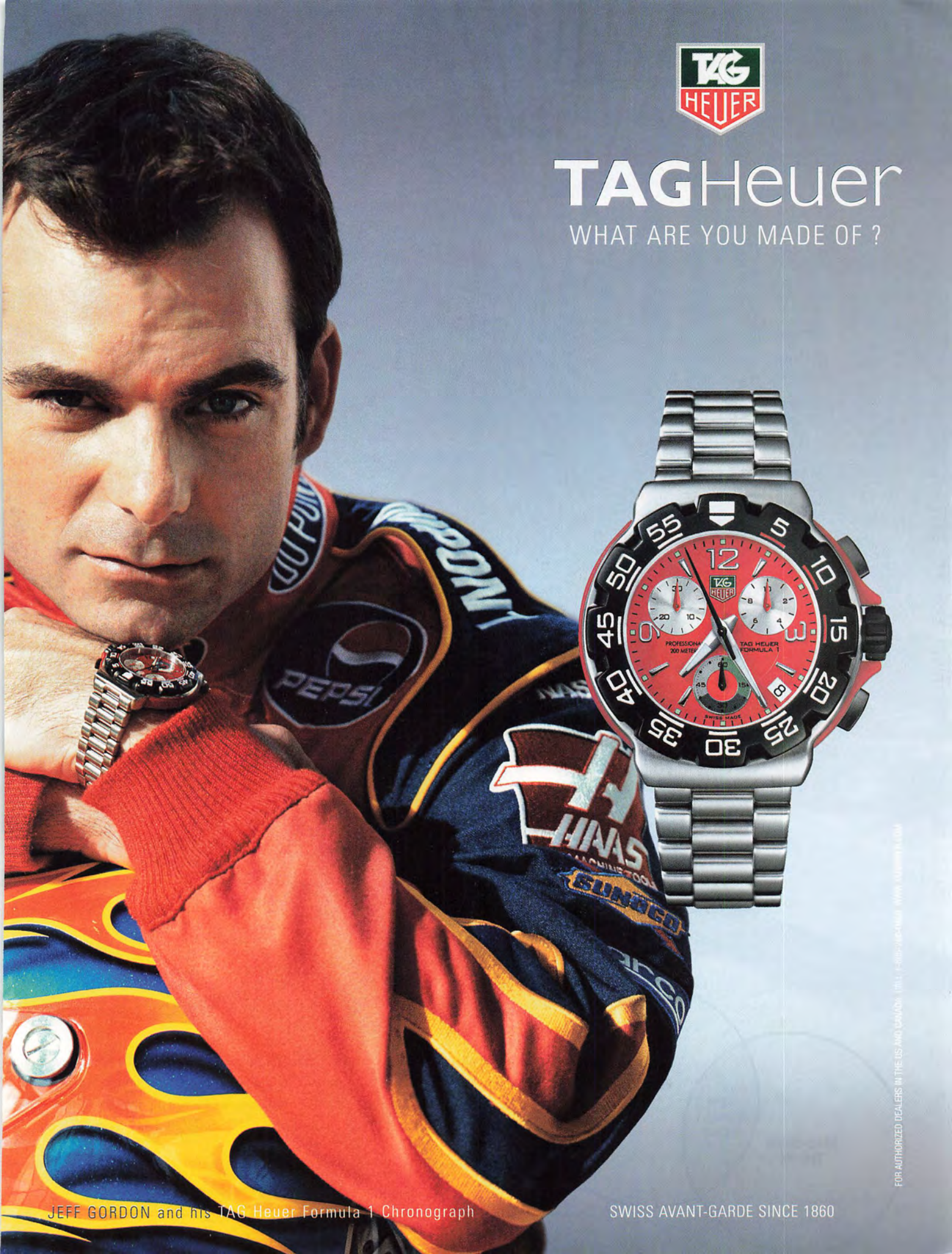
INSTANT EXPERT

THE ODDS OF MARCH

Tired of finishing just slightly ahead of the cleaning lady in the office NCAA tourney pool? We've got 15 ways to climb to the top of the bracket, plus useless trivia to spout as you gloat over that awesome $40 pot.



"Take the picture already! I can't hang here all day."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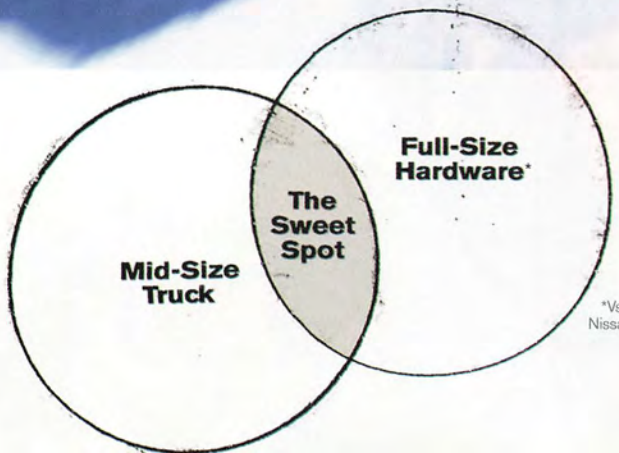

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The All-New 265-hp Nissan Frontier

NISSAN

SHIFT_capability

21 PAGE BLOWOUT!

WHITE HOT!

SPRING FASHION SPECIAL

163
MAXIM FASHION
ALL FIRED UP
Denis Leary leads the cast of *Rescue Me* in the latest looks for spring. Plus, cool new shoes, jeans, shirts, shades, and, you know, pool stuff.

172
JEAN THERAPY

174
MOIST AND CRAZY

182
HOLY SHIRT!

186
SHADY BUSINESS

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("Fanscape"), CCRL, LLC, 4-Fini, VF Corporation, Creative Artists Agency, Vans, Inc., Octagon Worldwide Limited, NBC Universal, Inc., Universal Studios, Inc., Vivendi Universal Entertainment LLLP, Universal City Studios LLLP, Universal Music Group, Universal Pictures, Major League Baseball Properties, Inc., & all MLB-related, affiliated, subsidiary, successor, & parent companies & each of their respective general & limited partners, shareholders, employees, parents, directors, officers, affiliates, representatives, agents, successors, & assigns (hereinafter, "MLB Entities"), Project Support Team, Inc. ("PST"), & their respective parent, subsidiary & affiliated companies, & advertising/promotion agencies (collectively "Released Parties") are not eligible to participate. Contest subject to applicable federal, state & local laws & regulations. Void where prohibited. **How to Participate:** 1) Visit www.mastercard.com & click MasterCard® Priceless Experience™ '05 icon between 12:00:01AM Central Time ("CT") on 1/10/05 & 11:59:59PM CT on 3/20/05 ("Promotion Period"); 2) Click icon for preferred course of study: Music, Film, or Sports (individually & collectively "course of study"); 3) Click "Apply Now" button; 4) Type in & submit essay of no more than (250) words answering question for selected course of study: *Music:* If you were to plan your ideal career in the music business, what would it be & why? *Film:* If you were to plan your ideal career in the film business, what would it be & why? *Sports:* If you were to plan your ideal career in the sports business, what would it be & why? Entry must be entrant's original, personal creation, typewritten in English & can't have been previously published or submitted for publication. Modification of an existing work does not qualify as original; 5) Complete entry form; & 6) Click "Submit" button. **Limit (1) entry per person &/or per email address for each selected course of study for duration of Promotion Period (i.e. maximum of (1) Music entry, (1) Film entry & (1) Sports entry per person). If you submit more than (1) entry in any course of study, all entries received after first submission will be void.** Your submission of an entry constitutes your representation of eligibility, consent to participate in Contest & consent for Sponsor to obtain, use, & transfer your name, address & other information for the purpose of Contest administration. Sponsor not responsible for lost, incomplete, late, stolen, or misdirected entries or submissions; theft, destruction or unauthorized access to, or alteration of, entries; failures or malfunctions of phones, phonelines or telephone systems; interrupted or unavailable network, server or other connections; any error, omission, interruption, defect or delay in any transmission or communication; traffic congestion on the Internet or any technical problem, including but not limited to any injury or damage to entrant's or any other person's computer related to or resulting from Contest participation; errors or omissions in these Official Rules, in any Contest-related advertisements or other materials, in the selection or announcement of winners or in awarding of prizes; or other problems or errors of any kind whether mechanical, human, electronic or otherwise. Sponsor reserves right to void any & all entries of an entrant who Sponsor believes has attempted to tamper with, influence or impair the administration, security, fairness, judging or proper play of Contest. All entries become property of Sponsor & will not be returned. Neither Sponsor, nor anyone acting on its behalf, will enter into communications with any entrant regarding Contest other than to notify potential Semifinalist & Finalist winners. **Judging:** Winner determination for this Contest will occur in two phases. Semifinalist Determination: During Promotion Period, a total of (108) Semifinalists ((36) Semifinalists per course of study) will be determined from valid entries received for each course of study during each of (3) separate Entry Periods ("EP"), with each EP beginning at 12:00:01AM CT & ending at 11:59:59PM CT, respectively, & with (12) Semifinalists per course of study selected for each EP. EP #1 runs 1/10/05-2/1/05, EP #2 runs 2/2/05-2/24/05, & EP #3 runs 2/25/05-3/20/05. Entries received during one EP will not carry forward to subsequent EPs. Entries will be judged by an independent panel of judges ("judges"), whose determinations will be final & binding on all matters relating to Contest, & which will be supervised by PST. Judging will be based on the following: 1) Originality: 0-40 points; 2) Creativity/Written Expression: 0-30 points; & 3) Relevance to Theme: 0-30 points. The (36) entrants per course of study with highest total scores based on above judging procedure will be declared winning Semifinalists. In event of a tie, entrant with highest score in Originality will be declared the winning Semifinalist. If a tie still exists, from among remaining pool of tied entrants, entrant with highest score in Creativity/Written Expression, & then in Relevance to Theme (if & as necessary to break tie), will be declared the winning Semifinalist. Semifinalists will be notified by telephone &/or overnight mail on/about 4/18/05. If mailed Semifinalist notification is returned as undeliverable, a runner-up may be selected based upon entrant from that EP with next-highest total score. Further Required Semifinalist Submissions: Semifinalists will be required to submit additional materials to Sponsor's specified address included in Semifinalist notification within (5) business days of issuance of notification: 1) Executed Affidavit of Eligibility, Liability Release & (where legal) Publicity Release; 2) Current University transcript (showing that he/she is enrolled & in good academic standing as defined by his/her respective University at time of Semifinalist notification); & 3) Video of no more than (2) minutes in length featuring Semifinalist (no 3rd parties, footage &/or music from any other source) addressing question for his/her selected course of study verbally. & in English: *Music:* What is your favorite moment in music history, what do you like best about it & why? *Film:* What is your favorite moment in film history, what do you like best about it & why? *Sports:* What is your favorite moment in sports history, what do you like best about it & why? Video must be: a) On a 1/2 inch VHS-formatted videotape; b) Queued to starting point; & c) Neatly labeled in English with Semifinalist's complete name, address & applicable course of study. Video must be Semifinalist's original work & cannot have been previously screened or publicly viewed. Semifinalists responsible for properly protecting videotapes in mailing. Noncompliance with foregoing may result in disqualification & Sponsor's identification of, & award to, a runner-up Semifinalist. Finalist Determination: A total of (12) Finalists per course of study will be selected from the (36) Semifinalist video entries submitted for each course of study. Video entries will be judged based on the following: 1) Originality: 0-40 points; 2) Creative Execution: 0-30 points; & 3) Presence On-Screen: 0-30 points. Semifinalist video entries per course of study with the (12) highest total scores based on above judging procedure will be declared winning Finalists. In event of a tie, entrant with highest score in Originality will be declared the winning Finalist in that course of study. If a tie still exists, from among remaining pool of tied entrants, entrant with highest score in Creative Execution, & then in Originality (if & as necessary to break the tie), will be declared winning Finalist. Finalists will be selected by judges on/about 5/9/05 & will be notified by telephone &/or overnight mail. If mailed Finalist notification is returned as undeliverable, a runner-up may be selected. Likelihood of winning a prize will depend on quality of each entrant's submission as compared to quality of all other entrants' submissions received for same course of study during applicable EP, as judged per above criteria. **Prizes:** (108) Semifinalist Prizes: $100 MasterCard Gift Card (Approx. Retail Value "ARV"=$100 each). Use restrictions may apply. (36) Finalist Prizes: Opportunity to attend a 5-week internship during the period 6/15/05-7/15/05, consisting of (but not limited to) a hands-on introduction to respective course of study with industry professionals designated by Sponsor, including specialized curricula, classroom sessions & other activities. Internships include round-trip coach air transportation for each Finalist from major airport nearest to each Finalist's residence in U.S. to/from site of internship & to/from internship related activities (if necessary), select ground transportation, shared, double-occupancy accommodations at location determined by Sponsor, meal plan (details designated by Sponsor), & a $1,000 MasterCard Gift Card. Music Finalists will receive an internship with Fanscape at its headquarters in Los Angeles, CA to assist in management & promotion of a Universal Music Group artist/group designated by Sponsor on Vans Warped Tour™ including providing on-site support at a select Vans Warped Tour® concert(s) (date/location determined by Sponsor). Film Finalists will receive an internship with Universal Pictures at its headquarters in Los Angeles, CA to assist in implementation of certain film marketing initiatives designated by Sponsor. Sports Finalists will receive an internship with MLB™ &/or its affiliates in NYC to assist with execution of an MLB™ initiative(s), including providing on-site support at 2005 MLB™ All-Star Game® in Detroit, MI on dates determined by Sponsor. Content of each internship & prize & internship details for each course of study are at Sponsor's sole discretion & determination (ARV=$7,275 each). Total ARV of all prizes=$272,700. Limit (1) prize per person, family, or household. Exact dates of internships are subject to change at Sponsor's sole discretion. Internship attendance & pursuit of formal academic internship credit with each Finalist's University are mandatory. Finalists must comply with Sponsor rules relating to participation in respective internship. Sponsor may impose disciplinary sanctions on a Finalist, ranging from a warning to expulsion from internship program, to referral for state or federal prosecution, for violation of federal, state or local laws, & Sponsor's internship code of conduct. Travel restrictions may apply & travel must take place on dates specified by Sponsor. Participation in prize by any artist(s)/group(s), film(s), personality(s) &/or organization(s) featured in Contest promotional advertising subject to availability. If any named artist(s)/group(s), film(s), personality(s) &/or organization(s) is or becomes unavailable to participate in capacity specified, a suitable replacement will participate in prize instead. **Miscellaneous:** No transfer, assignment, cash redemption, or substitution of any prize component except by Sponsor due to unavailability, & then only for a prize component of equal or greater value. Federal, state & local taxes & all other expenses not specified herein are winners' sole responsibility. By participating, entrants agree to be bound by Official Rules & 1) Attest that essay &/or video entry (collectively, "entry") is an original, personal creation that meets all eligibility requirements; 2) Attest that academic internship credit will be pursued & obtained at his/her respective University for any internship awarded; & 3) Agree that Released Parties & their designees & assigns: a) shall own entry (& all material embodied therein) & shall have perpetual, worldwide right to edit, publish, exploit & use entry (or any portion thereof) in any way & in any media for advertising &/or trade purposes &/or for any other purpose in any media or format now or hereafter known without further compensation, permission or notification from/to entrant or any 3rd party; b) shall have the right & permission (unless prohibited by law) to use entrant's name, voice, city/state of residence, photograph &/or other likeness for advertising, trade &/or for any other purpose in any media or format now or hereafter known without further compensation, permission or notification & that such use shall not violate rights of any 3rd parties & shall not violate any applicable federal, state or local laws or ordinances; c) shall have the right to disqualify any entries that they deem to be obscene or otherwise not in good taste; d) shall have no liability & entrant will defend, indemnify & hold harmless Sponsor & Released Parties from & against any liability, loss, injury or damage of any kind (including attorney's fees) to any person or entity including, without limitation, personal injury, death or damage to personal or real property, due in whole or in part, directly or indirectly, by reason of acceptance, possession, use or misuse of a prize or participation in Contest, any prize awarded in connection herewith, & any travel related thereto including, but not limited to, any claim for wages or compensation, premium pay, penalties or interest associated with or arising out of any services which may be provided during the course of any internship awarded, any claim for personal injury or damage to or loss of personal property, or any claim that entrant's submission infringes or violates rights of any person or entity. 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MAXIM

March sees the return of *Deadwood* to HBO, and to celebrate the second season of this most excellent show, this month's *Maxim* includes an interview with Ian McShane, who plays Al Swearengen, the murderous keeper of *Deadwood*'s Gem saloon and whorehouse. If you haven't seen *Deadwood*, I urge you to. The Wild West has become significantly more entertaining since the days of *Gunsmoke* and *Bonanza*. The townsfolk are mostly syphilitics, cripples, and orphans. There's a vacancy for a preacher because Al offed the last one. When men are in need of an income, they have two career choices: prospect for gold or swindle it from others. And in a nod to the modern obsession with recycling, the corpses of most of Al's victims are fed to the hogs. You know no good can ever happen in a town that is permanently ankle-deep in mud, but thank the Lord they managed to get the cameras in. You can read Mr. McShane's opinions on page 152.

If you can tear yourself away from ugly people doing bad things in a town made from sludge, you'll find that this issue also addresses one of your most basic spring-time needs—the urge to gamble on college basketball. Our guide, on page 112, should help you transform the minefield of the March Madness office pool into a lucrative little sideline. Do you know what the lowest seed to win the championship is? Or how many 11 seeds have ever made the Final Four? Well, here's your chance to find out. Personally, I would never bet on anything in which grown men use the expressions "Sweet 16" and "Elite Eight" without cringing, but here's my tip: I don't think it's going to be UMass this year. Or Deadwood U. I suspect Big Al prefers the subtlety of hockey.

Enjoy the issue.

Ed Needham
Editor-in-Chief

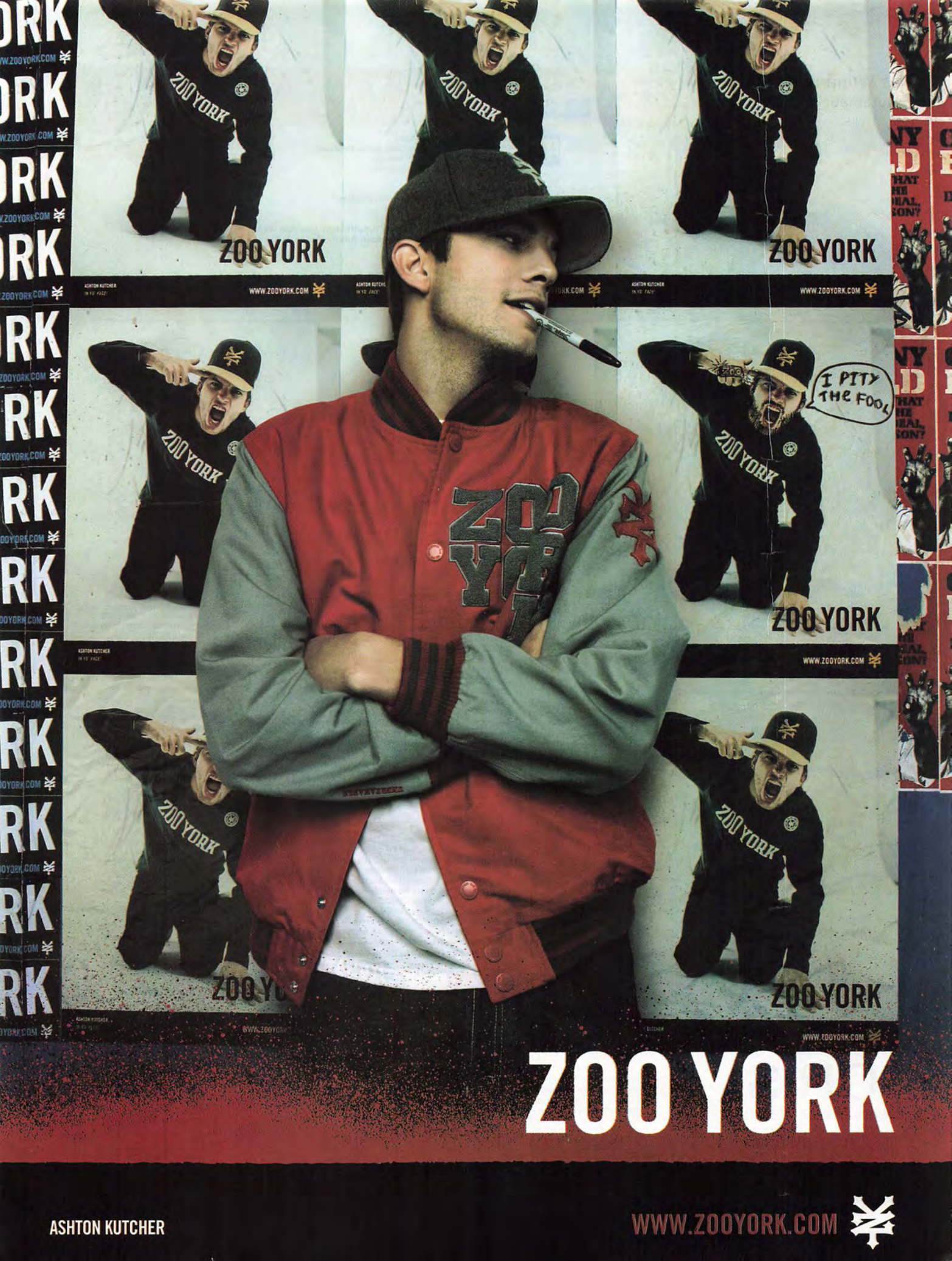
ON THE COVER: JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT

PHOTOGRAPHED BY Cliff Watts
STYLING BY Eric Orlando for Exclusive Artists
HAIR BY Craig Gangi for avantgroupe.com
MAKEUP BY Francesca Tolot for Cloutier Agency using Stephanemarais
CLOTHING Black bra by Demaris, grey garter belt by Tondo available at Le Corset

THIS MONTH IN MAXIM

Gunpowder-filled bomb snaps exploded on Matt Christensen's face in the name of science	40
Number of intern hopefuls required to write application essays about John Stamos	4
Words spoken in a single minute by John Moschitta Jr., the former Micro Machines pitchman (p.73)	586
Girls surveyed for our "Guy-Q Test" (p.62) who thought Broadway Joe was the name of a flamboyant tap dancer	11
Total man-hours lost to Quarterback Pass Attack on the game's first *day* in the office	43.5
Number of turbo wedgies administered by Mexican *luchadores* to *Maxim* editors	1
Hours it took assistant editor Scott Stein to realize his constantly ringing phone had been hidden in the ceiling	5
Number of formerly smooth-skinned staffers forced to grow beards to prove their manhood	8
Dollars one editor would have paid the IRS before taking part in our tax torture test (p.160)	1,257
Dollars he ended up paying, thanks to "creative accounting"	181

Photograph, Len Irish (Ed); grooming, Andie Markoe Byrne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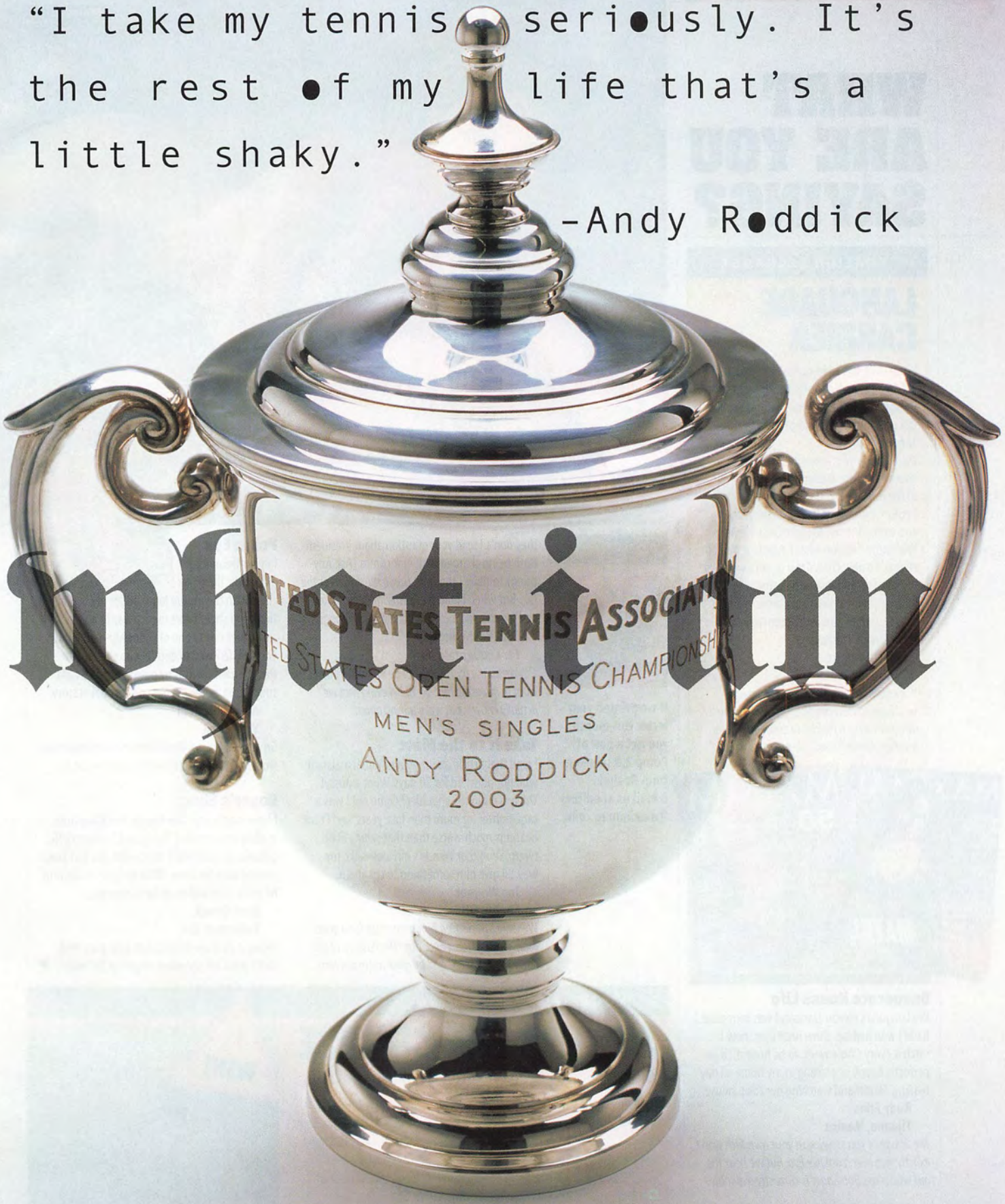
"I take my tennis seriously. It's the rest of my life that's a little shaky."

-Andy Roddick



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January's best:

More than a year and a half ago, I wrote to *Maxim* asking for copies of the Russian and German editions because I was studying those languages and wanted to use them to help me learn. You kindly sent me what I asked for free of charge. So now I'm writing again to request copies of your French and Portuguese editions. I would like to continue reading the magazines and using them to learn more foreign languages.

Matt Stearns
Forrest City, AR

If we gave free magazines to everyone, we'd have to start prostituting ourselves to desperate Amish junkies to make up for lost revenue. And by "start" we mean "continue."

Desperate House Life

Eva Longoria's spread [January] was incredible. I hadn't watched her show until then; now I catch it every single week. To be honest, I'd be perfectly happy just sitting in my home all day reading *Maxim* and watching her clean house.

Rudy Frias
Tijuana, Mexico

The image of you stewing in your own filth won't exactly win over a gal like Eva. But we hear the girl who plays Bob Saget is currently available.

Tickling Pinkos

The day before I got January's issue, I was arguing with my friends about the war. I support it; they don't. I read your question about President Bush being charged with war crimes [Ask Anything]. Initially, I thought, *Great, more fuel for the fire.* But when I read the terms "freedom haters" and "peaceniks," I couldn't contain my smugness.

Bill Bashwinger
Ft. Lauderdale, FL

Thanks for the praise, Bill, but be careful. You don't want to make the mistake of believing that we actually know what we're talking about.

Take It to the Matt

I read that article about your editorial assistant who got punched for 30 days. What a pussy! Thirty days in the shoulder? Come on! I was a cage fighter for more than four years, and I took beatings much worse than that skinny little twerp. Send that Wendy's girl look-alike my way. I'll give him something to cry about.

Joe Wagner
Shelby, OH

We were just getting him primed up for a good man-waxing, Joe. Check out "The Passion of the Christensen," p.65. And be glad you're not him.

Poker Eye

In your December gift guide, the poker chips with the *Maxim* logo caught my eye. I think you should give them away to one lucky subscriber, not to one of your girly-man editors. The only fair way to decide who should get this wonderful gift is by having a contest. My suggestion: Recount your costliest poker story.

Alex McDonald
Via e-mail

Great idea, but we don't think the story about you wagering your sister's panties is gonna cut it.

Boxer's Short

I have mad respect for Reggie Strickland after reading your article ["Aging Bull," January]. He gets his ass beat night after night and just keeps coming back for more. What he lacks in the ring, he more than makes up for in courage.

Dave Estock
Columbus, OH

Facing a daily ass-kicking does take guts. Well, that's what we say when we get up for work. ▶

FOR YOU

If we printed your letter this month, you get a pair of Pump 2.0 sneakers from Reebok. E-mail us at editors @maximmag.com.

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With this package, you can finally get it in the hole!

Pro golfers have it all—fame, fortune, and servants to carry their bags and watch while they stroke their putts. If you're tired of matching Golden T skills with the most masterly of frat brethren at your local brew pub, pout no more, chumpstain. Bite Golf is giving away a massive $1,290 set of golf gear, including two pairs of Bite Golf shoes, a pair of Bite Golf sandals, a Wilson driver and putter, a Bite Golf bag, assorted PGA threads, plus a whole slew of golf balls, tees, ball markers, divot tools, a glove, and even a book to make you a better golfer (hopefully). For your chance to win, log on to **maximonline.com.**

Photograph: Jeff Olson (Eva)

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"And come spring," Matt hoped, "I'll become a beautiful butterfly!"

JANUARY'S WINNER

Winner:
"When a paper bag just isn't enough..."
—Andrew Farmer, via e-mail

Retail From the Crypt

I'm unlucky enough to work in retail, and this past holiday season I got into a shouting match with this huge lady who was in my line. I asked for the next customer, and she cut in front of everyone, knocked a guy over, and said, "Honey, I *am* the next customer." Her teenage son was cowering right behind her. I felt bad for him, until I saw that he was buried nose deep in a *Maxim*. Hooray for the youth of America!

Suzanne Jones
North Royalton, OH

Cut the lady some slack. It must be frustrating when stores don't carry size 58 thongs and you're forced to squeeze into a pair of 56s.

Stash That Cash

Your article "The Thieves of Baghdad" [January] was tight. I can't even imagine how crazy it must've been to find so much cash and not be able to keep any of it. I probably would've done the same thing those guys did when they found the money—stuffed my shirt and pants full of stacks of hundred dollar bills. I wouldn't have thought twice about it.

P. Gates
Via fax

The saddest part? To make $200 million, it would take one army private 15,152 years at standard basic pay. But Celine freakin' Dion just has to do a few shows in Vegas. Damn you, Quebec.

Hot to Tot

Family Guy is my favorite show on television, so I was overjoyed to see the interview with Baby Stewie in your January issue. I think that show is hysterical. The humor is sophisticated and intelligent but simple at the same time... kind of like your magazine. My sides are always splitting at the end of each episode, and the interview made me laugh just as hard.

Chris Strong
Jensen Beach, FL

Baby Stewie sure is a boffo wee cherub. But even more hysterical is the fact that you actually mistook Maxim *for sophisticated and intelligent!*

SUBSCRIBE

Get a subscription or fix it by writing to Maxim, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142 or calling 386-447-6312. Hugs, not drugs!

Scratching Scranton

I'm a morning DJ on WGGY Froggy 101 in Scranton, Pennsylvania. I just read your article "Whole Lotta Shaking Going On" [January] and laughed my *ass* off when you wrote under tidal wave destruction, "Unfortunately, Scranton is too far inland." Are you from Scranton? Have an unfortunate experience here while passing through? Please tell us why you randomly mentioned Scranton, so our listeners can get a good laugh and buy the issue. Trust me, your article will become a collector's item in our little city!

Selena
The Doc Show, WGGY-FM

To be honest, we just wanted to see if anyone in Scranton could actually read. Good catch!

Bea-utiful!

I want to thank *Maxim* for the in-depth interview with comedy legend Bea Arthur of *The Golden Girls* ["Pure Gold," January]. This interview was enough to make me want to read your magazine regularly. *The Golden Girls* is my favorite show of all time. I applaud *Maxim* for recognizing these women's amazing talents.

Mary
New York, NY

Bea Arthur sure is talented: Just ask to see her Ping-Pong ball trick!

"I've killed before."

MAXIM CLEANS THE OFFICE

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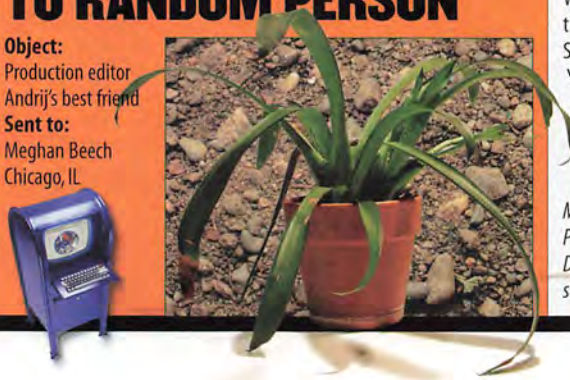


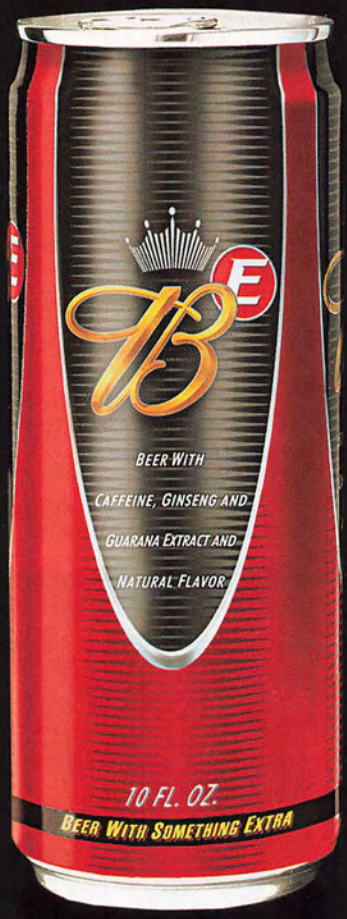
Video Lame

What's your damn deal? Your so-called battle of the video game superstars article ["Game Star Showdown," January] was totally off the mark! You mean to tell me that you honestly believe that Duke Nukem would serve Mario in a fight? You're smoking crack!

T. McNeely
Los Angeles, CA

Man, had it not been for those magic mushrooms, Princess Toadstool would have gone home with Duke before Mario could even say "high score." We're sticking by our guns, jerky. ▶

beer with something extra



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My Two Scents

I love your magazine, but I'm noticing a disturbing trend: The number of scented ads seems to be growing with every issue. If I want to smell like a woman, I'll rub up against your girlfriend!

Tom K.
Tempe, AZ

We hear ya. And if we want to smell like rotten butt dipped in putrid armpits, we know whose girlfriend we'd go see. OOOH! FACED!

Fired Up

Recently, an electrical fire started under my bed—which is where I keep my stash of *Maxim*s! Luckily, I happen to keep a box of bottled water under there, too. The fire ignited the box, causing the water to spill, extinguishing the fire and miraculously keeping my mags safe!

Chris Den Dulk
Via e-mail

Well, at least now you have an excuse for why the pages stick together.

Show Us You're Nuts!

Since it's the 21st century, I suggest you convert all new magizane [*sic*] to video! I get enough reading, with all the traffic signs and restraint [*sic*] menus. I don't need to read anymore.

Bret McLellan
Victoria, BC

That Canadian economy's still not picking up, eh?

> HARD CELL

SAVING DISGRACE

I just started getting your magazine and it has saved my life! I've been locked up for a while, and the ugliest chicks have started to look good from in here. But after seeing *Maxim*, my head is back on straight and I'm ready to return to the happy hunting grounds.

Aaron Esplain
Florence, AZ

And they say there's no such thing as rehabilitation. When you get back to society, you have a great advantage over the rest of us: No woman can resist the line, "Hey, baby, my name is DOC #182659. . . what's yours?"

Got Issues?

I'm a platoon leader for a tank platoon currently deployed in Iraq. We're avid readers of *Maxim*, but by the time we get our hands on an issue, it's already six months old. Can you help us?

Lt. John Regan
Via e-mail

Lieutenant, like fine wine and Diane Lane, Maxim only gets better with age.

House Party

I've been working in a magazine warehouse for the past two years, and since the first day I hated it. But then I started reading your magazine. Now I wake up every morning at 4:30 and think, *Maxim will be out this month*. It's seriously the only thing that keeps me going to work each day. If not for you guys, I would have quit my job a long time ago. For that my coworkers and I thank you.

Fabian S.
Chicago, IL

No, thank you, Fabian. Surviving the streets of Chicago with a name like that clearly makes you badass. Remind us to stay on your good side. M

> THE WHEEL WORLD

UPDATE!

THE GREAT MAXIM ROAD TRIP

America's roads are wide open. We invite you to dive in.

Time is running out on your chance to be a part of *Maxim* history. The fleet of half-wits whose journey tickles our pickles (without leaving an itchy, burning sensation) will be declared the ultimate warriors in *Maxim*'s annual Road Trip contest. Grab some pals, or a hobo and a couple of orphans, and load them into whatever ride you've got. Document your expedition using pictures, words, and courtroom transcripts. If we think you're worthy of a spot in our publication, your story will be featured in our July issue. In addition to 10 minutes of fame—trust us, the standard 15 won't apply once people see the picture of you standing next to the World's Largest Rectal Thermometer—you'll get so much free schwag that people will mistake you for someone important. The open road, prizes, fame. . . you seriously can't lose.* Check the Ride Channel at maximonline.com for info, rules, and prize details.

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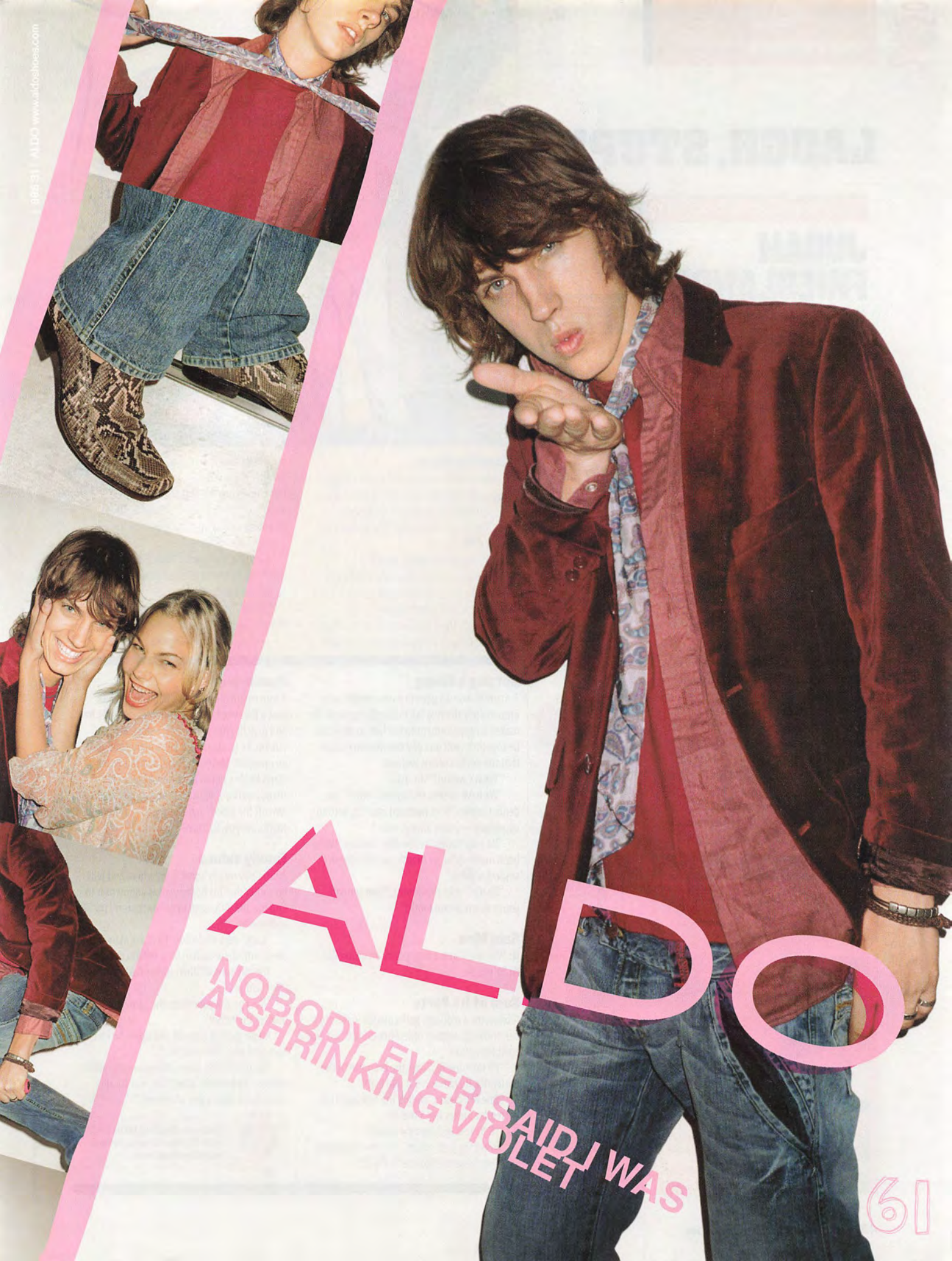
1. Mongoose 2005 Teocali Elite bike **2.** Fender American Deluxe Stratocaster **3.** Alienware Area-51m 7700 mobile desktop **4.** Paradigm Cinema 110 CT speakers **5.** Two nights at the Sheraton Wild Horse Pass Resort & Spa **6.** D-BOX Quest 121LM Motion Simulator Theater Chair **7.** Xbox with *Forza Motorsport* **8.** Southern Comfort prize pack including hotel, VIP party, a case of SoCo, and two tickets to the Voodoo Music Experience 2005 in New Orleans **9.** Philips Streamium MX6000i entertainment system **10.** Nintendo DS mobile gaming system **11.** Stripper pole from platinumtoys.com **12.** Cannondale Prophet 800 bike
Total value: $25,000!

***Note:** You can in fact lose. And lose seriously. And be mocked mercilessly for it.


ALDO
NOBODY EVER SAID I WAS A SHRINKING VIOLET

LAUGH, STUPID!

STAND-UP SPOTLIGHT

JUDAH FRIEDLANDER

Always looking out for the kids.

He's not a stranger to the short bus

I hate reading, but I like the word *etcetera*. You see it in writing a lot. But I use it in conversation just to be an asshole. People are like, "Hey, what are you doing this weekend?"

I'm like, "Etcetera."

You run into someone else, and they're like, "I haven't seen you in years! How you doing?"

I'm like, "You know, caught my girlfriend cheating on me, bought a gun . . . etcetera."

I had strict parents growing up, especially my dad. When I was 10, I got caught smoking with my friend Larry. My dad busted us. So to teach me a lesson, he shot Larry in the face. He was like, "See, son? Smoking can kill you!" A few years later, he caught me smoking again. I didn't have Larry there with me this time, so I called my friend Joel. He came over, and Dad shot him in the face. He said, "See, son? Even secondhand smoke will kill you."

I used to be an elementary school crossing guard. Lot of kids died that week. One kid came up to me and said, "Hey, the light's red. Is it safe to cross?"

I was like, "Yeah, man. Fucking red, green, yellow—whatever. You going to let some little colored lamp dictate how you run your life? You wanna be treated like an adult? Act like one."

That kid died. You win some, you lose some.

Visit judahfriedlander.com to score his comedy album, and check out his upcoming films, *Feast* and *Duane Hopwood*.

Q: Why did Ron Artest leave the basketball game early?
A: He wanted to beat the crowd.

LATE NIGHT

TARGET: CLINTON LIBRARY

Because seven years of Lewinsky jokes isn't enough.

David Letterman: "Bill Clinton was very excited about the opening of his new library. What made him very excited was the appearance of Dick Cheney's hot lesbian daughter."

Jay Leno: "There were four presidents there, standing side by side: Presidents Carter, Bush Sr., Clinton, and, of course, George W. Bush. It looked liked the 99 cent store version of Mt. Rushmore."

Conan O'Brien: "Bill Clinton's brand-new presidential library just opened, and it costs visitors seven dollars to get in. But on the bright side, every night is ladies' night."

THE $200 JOKE!

WIN $200!

Amazing Race

A man takes his seat on a plane to Chicago and realizes the woman next to him is hot.

"Business trip or vacation?" he asks.

"Business," she replies. "The annual sex convention."

"What are you doing there?"

"Giving a lecture about the myths and truths of sexuality," she answers.

"Like what?" asks the guy.

"People think African men are the most endowed, but it's actually Native American men," she says. "And another myth is that Frenchmen are the best kissers, when it's actually men of Jewish descent. Also, a recent survey found that Cajuns are the best lovers of any ethnicity."

Blushing, the woman adds, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't be saying all this. I don't even know your name."

"Tonto," says the man. "Tonto Goldstein. But my friends call me Boudreaux."

—E.J. Canto, Los Angeles

Getting a Filling

A married woman goes to a new dentist, and immediately the two fall in love. Every week she makes an appointment to see him so they can be together, until one day the woman notices that the dentist seems worried.

"What's wrong?" she asks.

"We have to stop seeing each other," the dentist replies. "Your husband must be getting suspicious—you're always here."

"No way, honey," replies the woman. "We've been meeting for six months, and he doesn't suspect a thing."

"Really?" asks the dentist. "Even though you're down to one tooth?"

Rain Man

Q: Why does Snoop Dogg carry an umbrella?
A: Fo' drizzle.

Sum of Its Parts

A brunette, a redhead, and a blonde walk into a bar, and each woman orders her drink using only an abbreviation.

"I'll take one BL," says the brunette to the bartender. He hands her a Bud Light.

"One MT, please," orders the redhead. The bartender makes her a mai tai.

"I'll have a 26," says the blonde.

"What the hell is that?" asks the bartender.

"Duh," says the blonde. "A 7 & 7."

Punch-Drunk

A nun wearing a full black habit is walking past a bar when a drunk stumbles out, sees her, and punches her in the face. Before she can scream, he lands a quick jab and finishes with an uppercut. She goes down, and the drunk starts kicking her in the sides. A few of his friends walk out of the bar, and as they pull him off the bloody nun, he yells, "You're not so tough, are you, Batman!"

Family Values

A little boy comes home from school and tells his father that his homework assignment is to find out the difference between "potentially" and "realistically."

"Easy," says his father. "First, ask Mom if she'd sleep with the mailman for a million dollars."

The boy runs off, then comes back and says, "She said yes."

"Now go ask your sister the same question," advises the father.

Again the boy runs off, and again he comes back and says, "She said yes."

"So, potentially, we're sitting on two million dollars," replies the father. "But, realistically, we're living with a pair of whores."

Read hundreds of jokes and submit some of your own at maximonline.com.

Illustration, John Richardson

We care about you. Ride safely, respectfully and within the limits of the law and your abilities. Always wear an approved helmet, proper eyewear and protective clothing, and insist your passenger does too. Never ride while under the influence of alcohol or drugs. Know your Harley® motorcycle and read and understand your owner's manual from cover to cover. ©2005 H-D.

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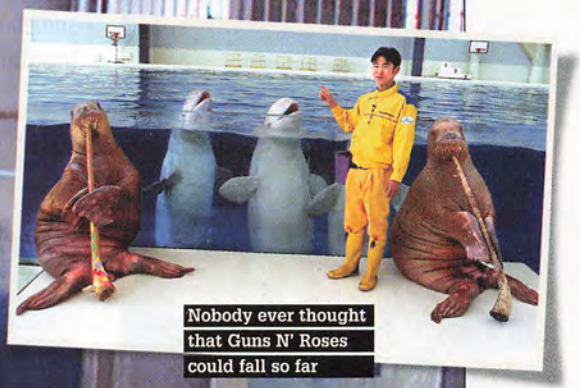
MOTOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON CYCLES

A Maxim View of the World

CIRCUS M

This is when you know you've done way too much LSD



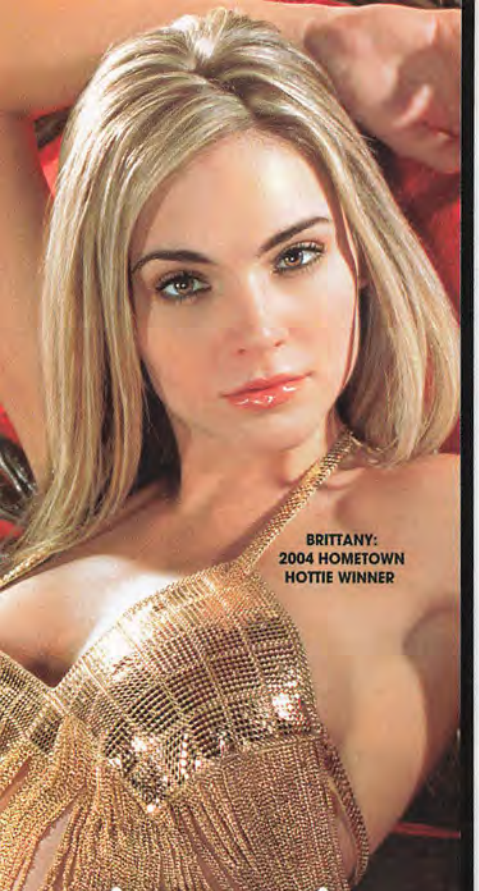
Nobody ever thought that Guns N' Roses could fall so far

TONS OF MUSIC!

THEY ARE THE WALRUS

They've got whiskers, fish breath, suspect musical talents . . . and, no, they're not the Indigo Girls.

The lilting moans of humpback whales and the playful clicks of dolphins are staples in any tree-humping stoner's album collection, and now burnouts can augment their libraries with the musical stylings of alphorn-honking walruses. With backing vocals by three beluga whales, these two Kirstie Alleys of the sea—females known as Moko and Piko—kick out the jams at the Hakkeijima Sea Paradise in Yokohama, Japan as part of the 13-strong Marine Animals Band. Besides putting on a singing and dancing extravaganza, the group ends its show with the beasts blowing water and splashing one another like giddy beflippered schoolgirls. Animal rights Nazis whine that forcing Moko, Piko, and their sea friends to perform is an exploitation of the simple creatures, yet have no beef with the current Mötley Crüe reunion.



Maxim's
Hometown Hotties 2005

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100 HOTTIES A WEEK!
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TO HAVE YOUR SAY IN OUR
LATEST HOTTIE CONTEST

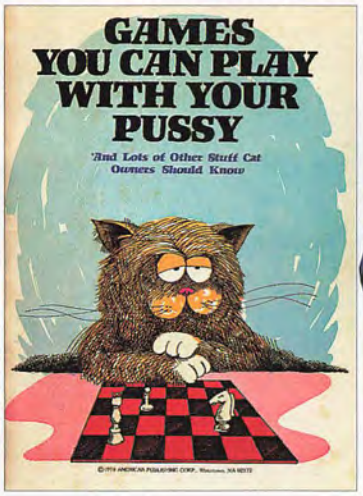
PLUS!
EXCLUSIVE PHOTO SHOOT
AND VIDEO WITH 2004
WINNER BRITTANY!

MAXIM ONLINE.COM

FOUND PORN

Somebody actually thought this stuff was innocent.

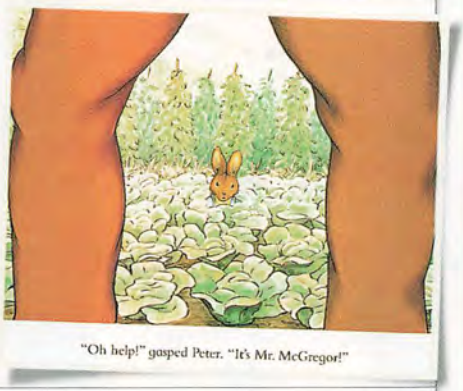
▼ **RUNNER-UP**
Can't seem to find any yarn? Don't worry: Any balls will do.—*Tom Sanders, Pittsburgh, PA*



▲ **THE $150 WINNER**
Shove one of these in your mouth and reminisce about the good ol' days of sexual recklessness.—*Chris Naylor, Ivanhoe, TX*

▼ **RUNNER-UP**
Getting to third base yourself? Now *that's* progress.—*Rory Taber, Armstrong, B.C.*

▶ **RUNNER-UP**
Peter Rabbit hated it when mean old Mr. McGregor made him play "hide the carrot in the cabbage patch."
—*Jennifer Austin, Victor, NY*



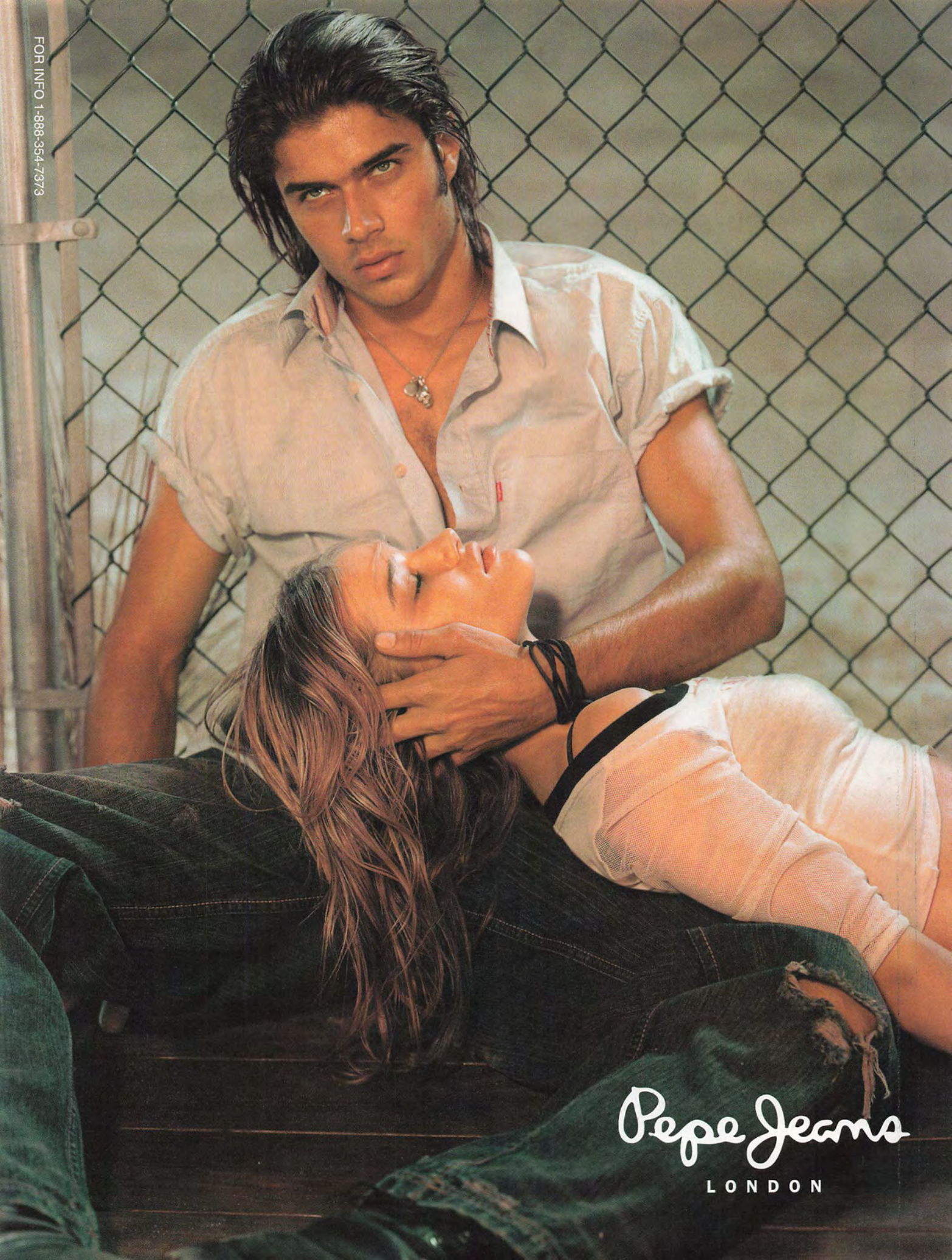
"Oh help!" gasped Peter. "It's Mr. McGregor!"

▲ **RUNNER-UP**
Bring the entire family down for a fun-filled day of rides, games, and, of course, embarrassing stains.—*Kari Dickinson, Redwood City, CA*

HEY, PERV—SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL PORN LATELY?
If it turns us on, we'll send you $150! Mail your entry to: Found Porn, *Maxim,* 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. It's more fun than, let's see…getting a wedgie from your sister.

Help a sea gull bomb beach bunnies. **tremor.com/news/News_flashgame.aspx?UID=367005**

Photographs, Steve Cohen (creme snacks, snatch hand)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LONDON

HOMETOWN HOTTIES

MISS MAXIM

Brittany took home our top honor in 2004—it's not hard to see why.

Maxim: What made you toss your hat into the Hometown Hotties contest?

Brittany: I talked to a girl who made the top 10 last year and thought, *I want to do that, too.*

M: Word is that you just barely made the entry deadline…

B: Yeah, I sent in my pictures on the last day. I didn't think I had a chance in hell. Being here is like winning the lottery after buying just one ticket.

M: How do you think you beat the other hottie hopefuls?

B: I'm a Southern belle to the core.

M: Ah, a lady. And what does a belle like you order at the bar?

B: Tequila shots.

M: Damn! Why the Mexican hot sauce?

B: I like to get things over with if I'm going to drink.

M: So you *are* a party girl. What's your best booze-fueled story?

B: I don't wanna say. My parents are going to read this.

M: C'mon—tequila drinkers always have dirt to share.

B: I'm a goody-goody. I've never done anything wrong.

M: Nothing?

B: Once I drove past a police roadblock because I thought it would take too long. The cops chased me, pulled me over, and searched my car for drugs. I didn't know you couldn't just drive away.

M: You can't?

IT'S HOTTIES 2005!

Go to maximonline.com and vote for America's sexiest girl next door now!

MAXIM ONLINE
Steal a computer and see more pics of Brittany at **maximonline.com.**

Styling, Emma Carlsen; hair, Steven Lake for Alterna at Luxe; makeup, Hiromi Inoko for Nars at Luxe

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLY CAMDEN

LEARN TO SPEAK GETAWAY

...and tell 'em this time I don't want claret all over the boot of my motor!
I want those geezers tooled up. Shooters, knuckledusters, the lot.
Straight off the back of a lorry. Fancy a butcher's?
Piss off or I'll sort you out!
I didn't know she was a bloody grass.
You wanna get nicked? Bloke in the corner looks like Old Bill.
Just give me the reddies, you tosser.
Better not be telling porkies, luv, or you'll be wearin' a Chelsea smile.

MOVING FORWARD

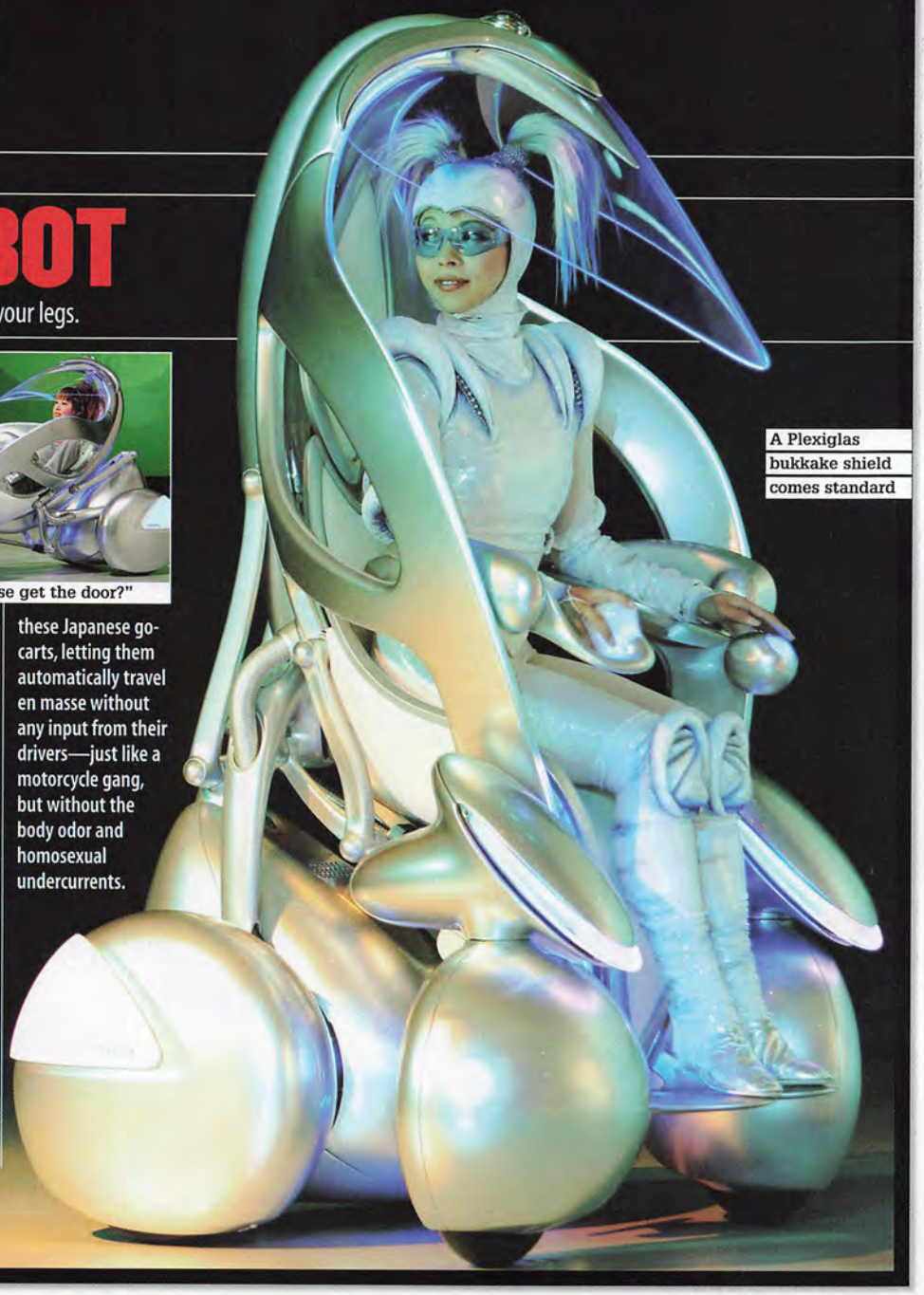
YOU, ROBOT

The future means never having to use your legs.

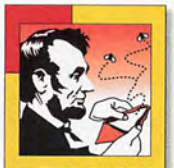
"This suit grants me a +10 geek powerup."

Concerned that the disabled don't have enough image problems, Toyota's made the prototype i-foot, a futuristic exoskeleton that provides the physically impaired with both more mobility and more uncomfortable stares than ever. Cradling its pilot atop two cyborg legs, the i-foot can walk anywhere the control joystick is nudged—even up and down stairs—at the unfortunate speed of roughly 1 mph. Then there's Toyota's i-unit, a one-seat cocoon with a holographic display and the magical ability to transform from a reclined position for high-speed cruising to an upright one for easy navigation around pedestrians wasting energy by using their feeble human muscles. And its autopilot mode wirelessly connects these Japanese go-carts, letting them automatically travel en masse without any input from their drivers—just like a motorcycle gang, but without the body odor and homosexual undercurrents.

"Will someone please get the door?"



A Plexiglas bukkake shield comes standard



> FUN FACT!

It costs .81 cents to mint a penny. The damn things pay for themselves!

ORAL TEST

FUZZWORDS

Which of these codes are real Five-0 radio squawk, and which should be?

1. **918A:** Escaped mental patient
2. **U-21:** Drunk minors. Alcohol currently being "discarded" by officers.
3. **10-91H:** Stray horse
4. **BL70:** Minority encountered. Please send all available units.
5. **203:** Mayhem
6. **13-02:** Jaywalker resisting arrest
7. **84-JBJ:** Shot to the heart
8. **Code 77:** Shattered billy club during arrest
9. **288A:** Oral copulation
10. **266H:** Pimping
11. **55:** Reporting to speed trap
12. **USPS-1:** Shots fired in post office
13. **65UP:** High-speed chase involving Camaro
14. **802D:** Dead cat
15. **81K:** Prostitutes encountered. Investigation ensuing.
16. **Code 7:** Out for lunch
17. **18-00:** Crystal-meth-induced fire
18. **11-25X:** Female motorist needs assistance
19. **2-12:** Request 7-Eleven Big Gulp

"I need an APB put out on my missing career. Over."

Real codes: 1, 3, 5, 9, 10, 14, 16, 18

WEB BYTES

Defend your cows from undue probing at **http://spil.positivt.dk/spillene2.php?spilnummer=1**

the Getaway Black Monday

How was I supposed to know she was a snitch?
Get lost or I'll hurt you!
I've got some stolen goods. Want to take a look?
Make sure they're armed to the teeth. Guns, brass knuckles...the works.
...and they better not get blood all over the trunk of my car!
Give me the money, you jerk.
You better not be lying, or I'll fix that pretty smile of yours.

Ruthless cops. Vicious criminals. Petty thieves. On the brutal streets of London, they all speak the same language. Learn it. With three playable characters, 25 miles of authentic locations, enhanced graphics and realistic A.I., your life depends on it.

speakgetaway.com

MATURE 17+ M CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Blood
Drug Reference
Intense Violence
Nudity
Sexual Themes
Strong Language

PlayStation.2

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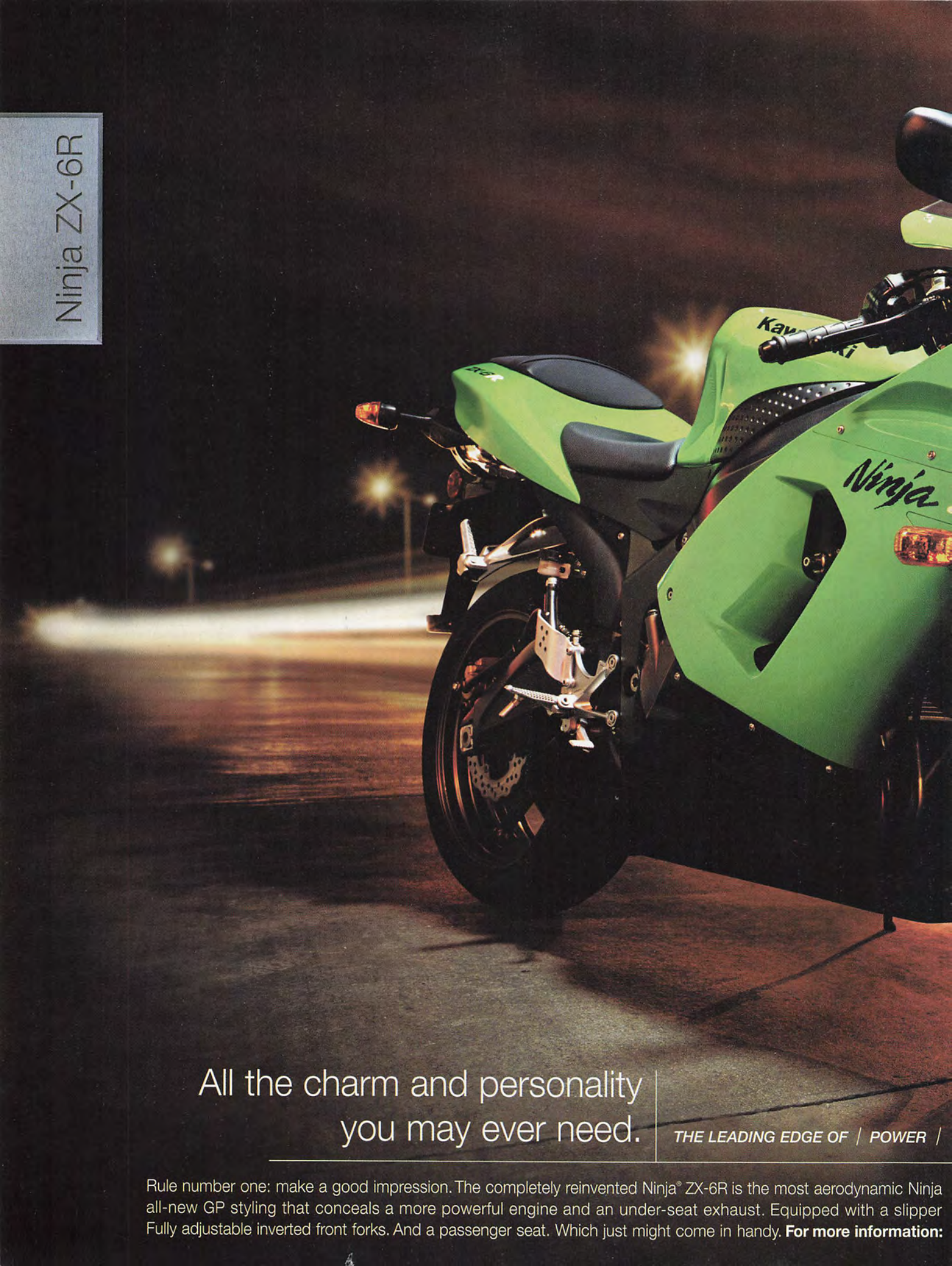

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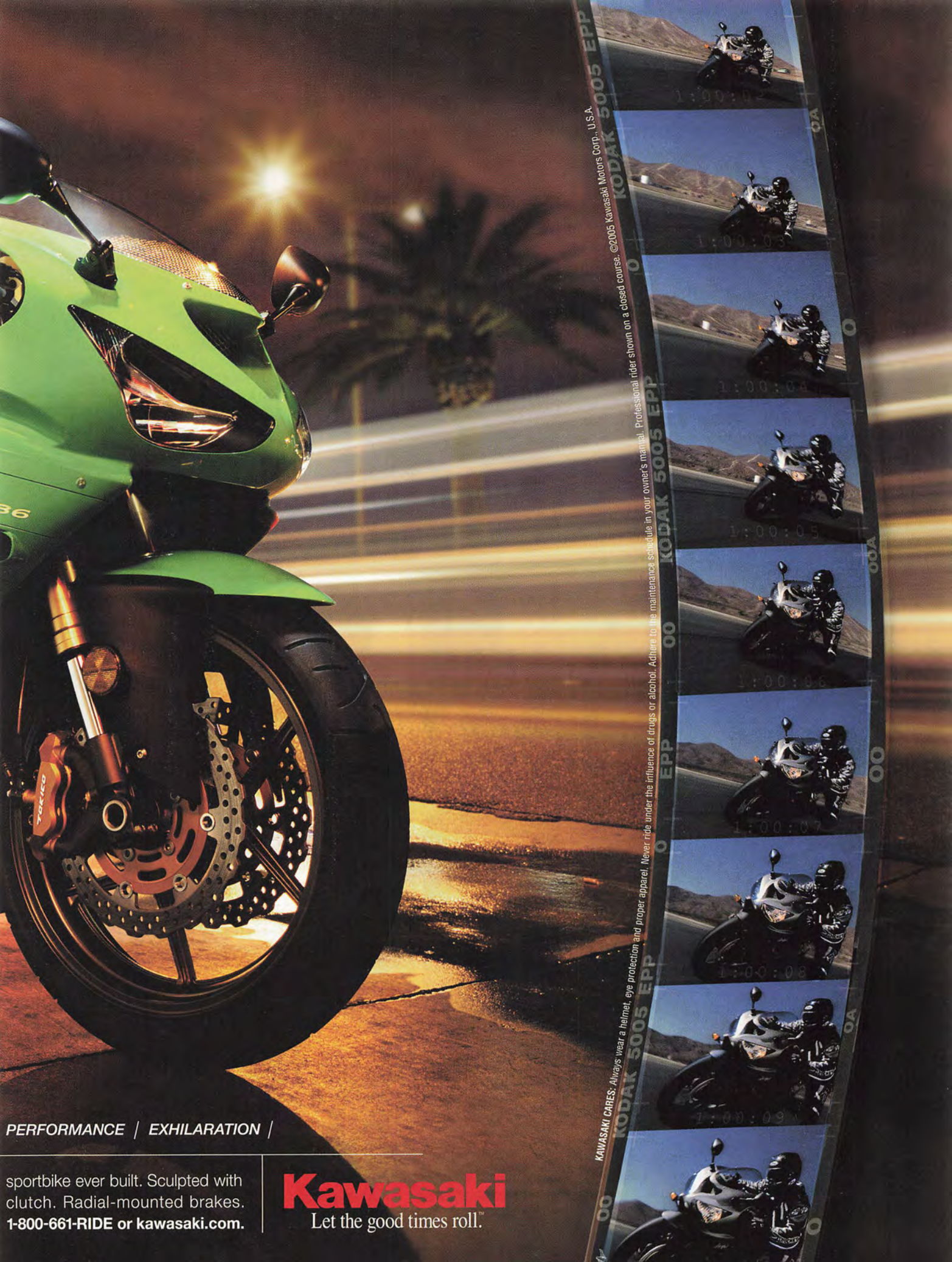
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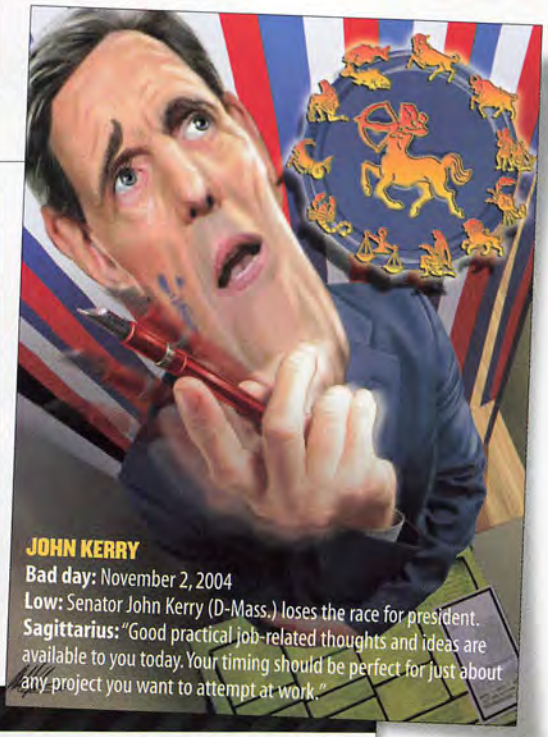
ALEX RODRIGUEZ
Bad day: October 27, 2004
Low: The Red Sox win their first World Series in 86 years. The Bambino weeps.
Leo: "Coworkers have good news because of your endeavors today—probably a raise or some other means that will increase your standard of living. Life keeps getting better."

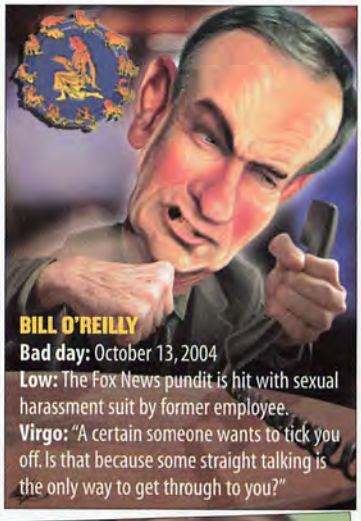


JOHN KERRY
Bad day: November 2, 2004
Low: Senator John Kerry (D-Mass.) loses the race for president.
Sagittarius: "Good practical job-related thoughts and ideas are available to you today. Your timing should be perfect for just about any project you want to attempt at work."

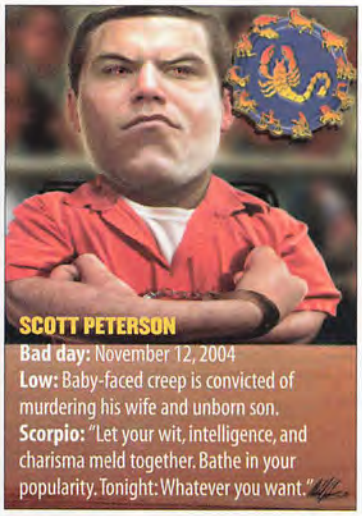
> FEMALE SCIENCES

HORROR SCOPES

Actual astrological predictions for less than lucky days.



BILL O'REILLY
Bad day: October 13, 2004
Low: The Fox News pundit is hit with sexual harassment suit by former employee.
Virgo: "A certain someone wants to tick you off. Is that because some straight talking is the only way to get through to you?"



SCOTT PETERSON
Bad day: November 12, 2004
Low: Baby-faced creep is convicted of murdering his wife and unborn son.
Scorpio: "Let your wit, intelligence, and charisma meld together. Bathe in your popularity. Tonight: Whatever you want."

MARTHA STEWART
Bad day: October 8, 2004
Low: Lifestyle ho starts her first day of a five-month term in prison for obstruction and false statements.
Leo: "This evening you are highly motivated regarding a particular romantic relationship, and you may find yourself showing off new clothes."

YASIR ARAFAT
Bad day: November 11, 2004
Low: PLO leader dies of mystery ailment.
Virgo: "Your thoughts take a very optimistic turn today. You're feeling self-assured and eager to give things a try. Beneficial colors are marmalade and cream."

> FUN FACT!

The average American eats almost 200 sandwiches a year. Time to shut your ham hole, Jared.

> FIVE QUESTIONS

EXQUISITE CORPSE

Danica Stewart gets stiffed on *CSI*, where playing dead is a big break.

Does William Petersen ever touch the corpses in inappropriate ways?
Oh, never! They're so professional and kind. They really look out for the dead person. I've been on both *CSI* and *CSI Miami* too.

Do they have acting classes for playing the victim of massive contusions and internal injuries?
There's no workshop for playing dead! I learned the breathing techniques to make sure my diaphragm isn't moving. I do it by taking really small breaths through my nose. People always ask me, "So are you holding your breath the whole time?" And I'm like, "That's impossible! Those scenes are long."

What kind of makeup do really trendy dead people use?
Well, I had a Y incision on my chest for the autopsy. And they use purplish color around my eyes. It looked really freaky.

Any fear of being stereotyped as morgue fodder?
Not really, because each of the characters was different. On *CSI* I was just a girl trying to fit in, and on *CSI: Miami* I was this model fighting with her mom. In the first one I was smothered, and in the other one I tripped.

How fabulously gory does it get?
The Y incision looked pretty gross. But the grossest part was on the last *CSI*. My character was doing drugs and drinking and ended up puking. So the makeup guy put stuff on my face that looked like puke. I walked around with it on my face all day.

Illustrations, Mick Coulas, coulaslourdes.com

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CIRCUS MAXIMUS

"Look at 'er go. Keep on runnin', Grandma!"

ARTS & CRAFTS

A CUT ABOVE

Fleet of novelty flying machines attacks Midwest!

Somewhere at a hobbyist air show, a fat little kid is crying his guts out because his radio-controlled gnat isn't as cool as the flying Snoopy buzzing around. The brat should've contacted model airplane maker FlyingThingZ (flyingthingz.com), a company envied by amateur aviators Henry Ramos and Spiro Markozanis... until they bought it from model airplane master Levi Jordan. Now Ramos is CEO and Markozanis is president, and for $90 they'll ship you the M1A1 Flying Tank, an Indy Sports Car, or the classic flying Sky Cutter lawn mower—all able to crash-land at speeds of at least 50 mph. Hit the deck!

"C'mon, Mickey—it's go time!"

"I'll show that Bette Midler."

The French join the coalition

GET IT RIGHT

GREAT QUOTES

Carl Spangler is "in the shit" against a furry, golf-course-chewing foe.

LICENSED TO KILL GOPHERS BY THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED NATIONS. MAN, FREE TO KILL GOPHERS AT WILL. TO KILL, YOU MUST KNOW YOUR ENEMY, AND IN THIS CASE MY ENEMY IS A VARMINT. AND A VARMINT WILL NEVER QUIT, EVER. THEY'RE LIKE THE VIETCONG—VARMINT CONG. SO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO, YOU GOTTA FALL BACK ON SUPERIOR FIREPOWER AND SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE. AND THAT'S ALL SHE WROTE.

FUN FACT!

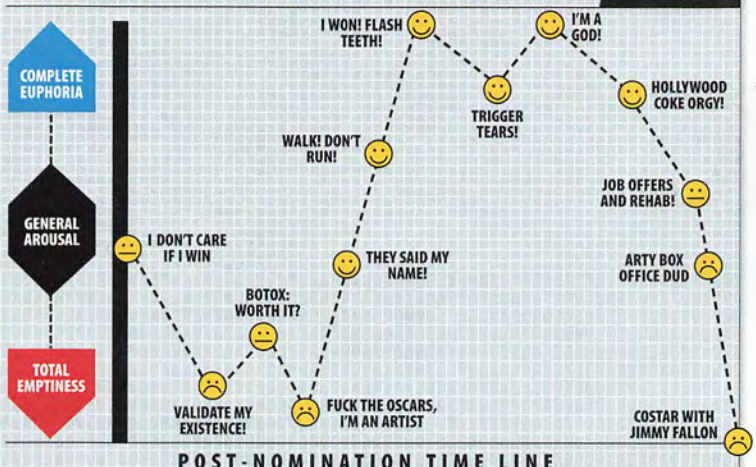
The average bank robbery yields a mere $4,400. And in a related matter, *Ocean's Twelve* sucked.

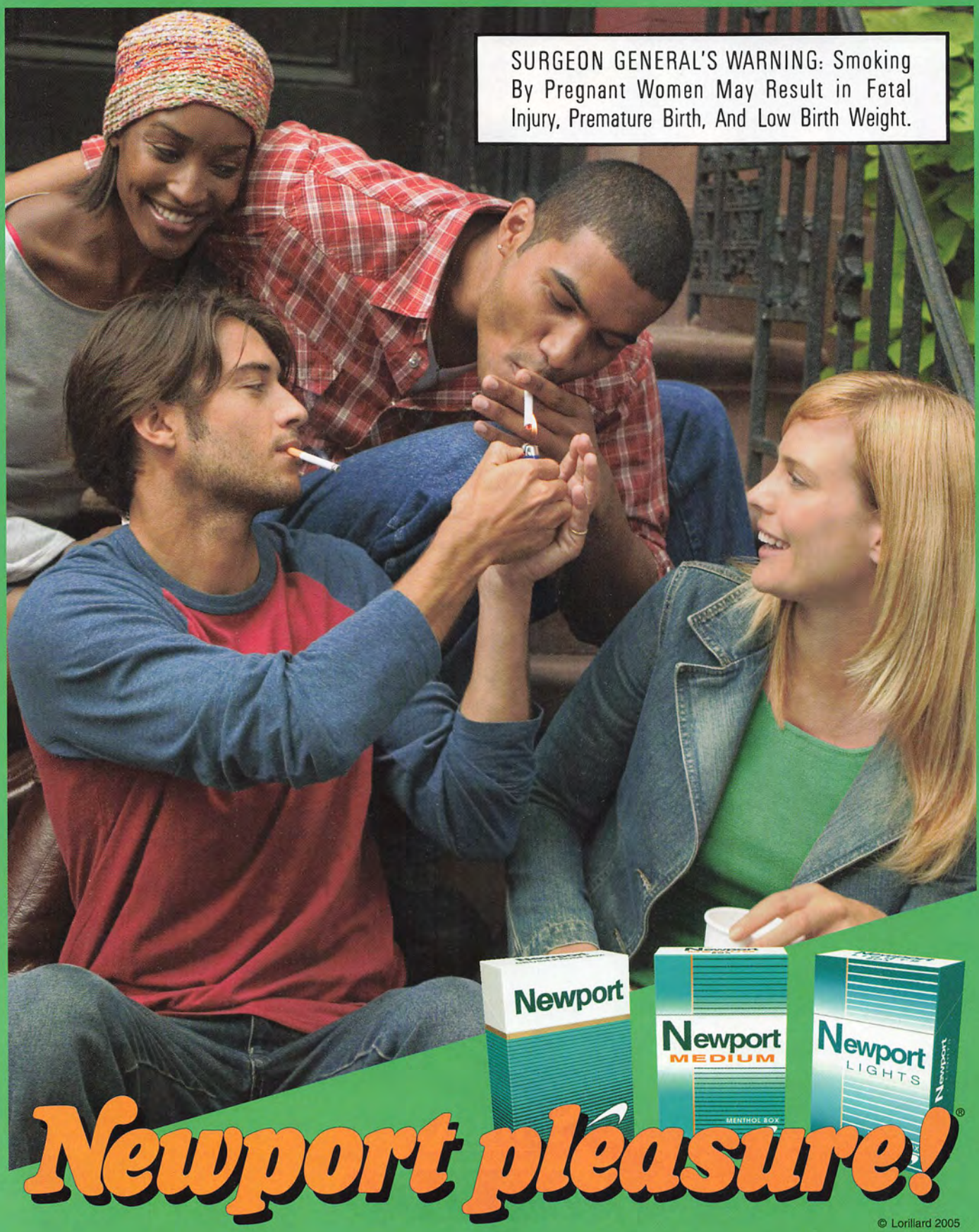
THE HALF-LIFE OF...

WINNING THE BEST SUPPORTING OSCAR

Hollywood's second-best honor is the beginning of the end.

"Next stop, *Patch Adams*!"





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Lights Box: 10 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine; Medium Box: 13 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; Box: 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Newport, Newport Medium, Newport (package design), Newport Lights Menthol Box (package design), Newport Pleasure and Newport Spinnaker TM Lorillard Licensing Company LLC Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off.

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Midnight™

Introducing the new Schick Quattro Midnight. 4 blades. 2 conditioning strips. 1 smooth face.

MAXIM WORLDWIDE

LORENA VAN HEERDE

Spain sends its apologies for the Macarena. And we gladly accept.

As seen in: Spanish *Maxim,* December 2004
Her story: At the tender age of 21, most girls are just starting to write their first phony résumés, but this sexy señorita already has the Miss Spain crown, a feature film, several television shows, and countless advertisements under her lucky garter belt. And it seems Lorena isn't opposed to showing off more of her talent in future on-screen roles. "I would do something risqué," she admits. "Although you do need a lot of experience to take on an erotically charged role."
Pickup tricks: Want to make a good impression on Lorena? Maintain eye contact. "If I talk to a guy and I'm wearing something low-cut, I have to say, 'Dude! I'm up here,'" she complains. "You guys need to learn how to hide it." Guess she doesn't know that in our culture it's a *compliment* when we ogle the twins. Besides, Lorena's got her own wandering eye. "I like nice cars a lot," she says. "It's true that if you see an ordinary guy in a sports car, at least you'll look at him." See? We always knew a midlife crisis could make dreams come true.

MAXIM ONLINE
Don't fight it—go and see more pics at **maximonline.com.**

At least she breezes straight through airport security

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JUANTO MOLINA

honda.com 1-800-33-Honda *Cargo capacity limited by weight and distribution.
4WD EX model shown with accessory roof rack. ©2004 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

64 seating configurations and side cargo doors. Where will it take you? The Element from Honda.

Michaela Duchamps, Skokie, IL

Whitney Kouvaris, Jacksonville, FL

Iliana Amarovych, Columbia, MO

GIRL QUIZ

GUY-Q TEST

Do any of these young lasses know who Broadway Joe is?

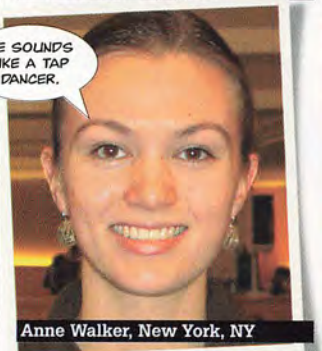
Janet Passanante, Cherry Hill, NJ

Karen Bjornsti, Carmel, NY

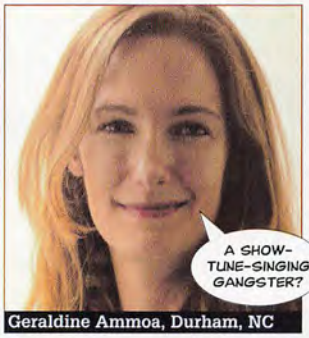
Erin Eber, Chicago, IL

Bea Cogenian, Overland Park, KS

Sarah Williams, New York, NY



Anne Walker, New York, NY



Geraldine Ammoa, Durham, NC

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL

Explain *The Phantom of the Opera's* plot:
"There's this phantom. And he always scares the crap out of people. I think."
—*Aaron Byrd, Brooklyn, NY*

BAIT & TACKLE

FLAME WARS

We screw with the Web trolls on a message board dedicated to prissy choirboy Clay Aiken. Why? *Why not?*

Myidol (a.k.a. MAXIM)
I heard a rumor that Clay is in talks to star in a possible *Blade* sequel. Is this true? Vampires are against God's plan. REPLY

Wind Goddess
The answer would be a resounding NOT! REPLY

KT Van
If Clay were to act he would want it to be a positive role. REPLY

FtrSaxyRN4CLAYnOK
The new *Blade* movie, *Blade Trinity*, stars Ryan Reynolds. His hair is just like Clay's and resembles him in a way. REPLY

Myidol
But Clay believes in the Savior, and only He is undead. REPLY

Thommy yorke
Vampires aren't real? It's a movie? REPLY

ClayLover4eva (a.k.a. MAXIM)
FYI, Thommy: Satan works through agents like vampires, hippies, and lawyers. REPLY

Thommy yorke
I'm offended, ClayLover4eva... REPLY

Bellyjeans
I come here to hopefully find a little joy in my life, not to be called names like "agent of Satan." Have a little ounce of respect and decency toward your fellow human beings, please. REPLY

Cheryl Schuetz
I thought it was disgusting. REPLY

Myidol
Can we agree that Clay is an angel? Gorgeous voice and hairless.

THE STUFF INSIDE MATTERS MOST.™

The year was 1934. Prohibition had ended. And James B. Beam rebuilt his family's distillery in 120 days. With his own 70-year-old hands. Today, his loyalty to the world's finest bourbon comes out in every bottle that bears his name.

JIM BEAM

Jim Beam® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 40% Alc./Vol. ©2004 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, KY. jimbeam.com

GORE STORE

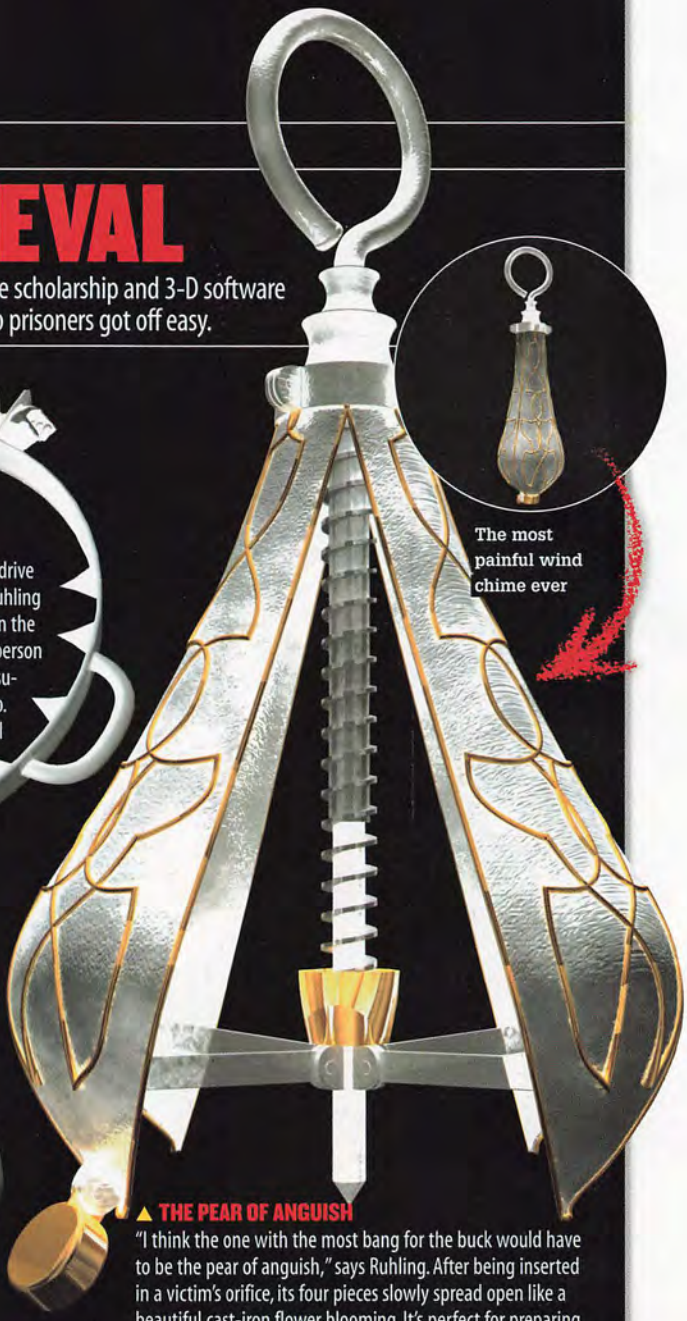
GETTING MEDIEVAL

Erik Ruhling, curator of occasionalhell.com, combines Dark Age scholarship and 3-D software to render these torture devices of yore. Man, those Abu Ghraib prisoners got off easy.

◀ THE HEAD CRUSHER
Tightening the screw obliterates the jaw and pops the eyes from their sockets. Then the skull cracks open and spills goodies like a Dahmer piñata.
Modern usage: Ruhling says it's still used for "interrogation." It also doubles as an orange juicer.

▲ THE SKULL SPLITTER
Screws in a "halo" are tightened to drive spikes into the sides of the head. Ruhling says his splitter "has two handles on the side where ropes were tied so the person could be jerked into the air." This usually ripped off the person's skull cap.
Modern usage: Play a wacky April Fools' joke on the folks at the spinal injury ward.

▶ THE BREAST RIPPER
Typically, it was heated till it glowed, then raked over a lady's chest with uncosmetic consequences. "This one seems to make the females in my audience squirm the most," Ruhling notes. Girls are such wusses.
Modern usage: Save money! Buy a pig, string it up, shred, and—voilà—instant bacon.



The most painful wind chime ever

▲ THE PEAR OF ANGUISH
"I think the one with the most bang for the buck would have to be the pear of anguish," says Ruhling. After being inserted in a victim's orifice, its four pieces slowly spread open like a beautiful cast-iron flower blooming. It's perfect for preparing an infidel's poop chute for a Ford Fiesta.
Modern usage: Constipated? Not anymore.

FARM FUN

MY LITTLE PONY

Now you won't be lying when you tell women you're hung like a horse.

It's nearly a fact that before the invention of tricycles, midgets on the go had to either hitch a ride on a compassionate normal-sizer's pant leg or furiously gallop atop a miniature horse like the 20-inch-tall pinto by the name of Peanut, seen here. Such quarter-scale equines, bred since at least as far back as the mid-1700s, grow to no more than 34 inches tall. But if they're useless as beasts of burden and lack enough flesh to become dog chow, what's a dwarf stallion good for? Not only do some devotees show the mutants as trophy animals, but since 1999 the miniature steeds have been used as guides for blind people with dog allergies and no aversion to stinking like a petting zoo.

"Do you have anything in a size 6?"

"I have no son," said a shamed Mr. Ed

"Bitch." "Slut." And they quickly became good friends

WORLD EVENTS

THOSE WACKY FOREIGNERS!

See how other countries are keeping themselves busy.

PAGEANT FINALISTS ENHANCED TO BE A CUT ABOVE

China A 22-year-old student took top honors in the Commie country's first-ever beauty pageant featuring only contestants who had undergone plastic surgery. Feng Qian of Jilin sported a teal bathing suit to match her redesigned cheeks and eyelids and took home a $6,000 country club membership as proof that the work was worth it. The man-made looker edged out 19 other finalists, including such tough competition as a 62-year-old retiree and a 21-year-old who, until three years ago, was a man.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN THINKS HE'S A PUSSY

Italy A man believing himself to be a cat had to be rescued from a tree by firefighters because he couldn't get down after clawing his way up. Nearby shoppers called in the rescuers after the 46-year-old Milanese cat-man spent an hour mewing for help, during which time local children failed to lure him from the perch with a saucer of milk. Once down, the feline freak took a ride to a psychiatric hospital, where he presumably underwent a barrage of tests and a neutering.

PARTYING PARENTS LOSE THE FAMILY'S BAGGAGE

Russia A vacationing Russian couple tried to save some rubles by hiding their three-year-old daughter in a suitcase, but their frugal plan was discovered when the bag was stolen. After arriving at a Moscow train station, the girl's parents passed the downtime with a few drinkskis—which is why they didn't notice when thieves ganked their progeny-hiding luggage. The perps kept the bag but ditched the tot, who was later found wandering the streets in search of both her lost parents and her childlike innocence.

SOUTH AMERICAN JAILBIRDS WATCHED BY JAIL BIRDS

Brazil Four prisons in São Paulo's Paraiba Valley have begun employing geese as warm-blooded alarms used to warn guards about escaping cons. Idalecio Pereira Campos, the director of Tremembe Prison, remembered being chased by geese as a kid and figured the fowl would make great deterrents. No inmates have escaped since the eagle-eyed geese started on the job, but the number of old ladies tossing breadcrumbs at the prison has dramatically increased.

THE PASSION OF THE CHRISTENSEN

HAIR CLUB FOR GIRLS

We test fur-removal products on editorial bitch Matt Christensen. He suffers so you don't have to.

TORTURE DEVICE: WAX

This'll put hair on your chest—finally

Beat-down: We pressed the wax-slathered cloth strip to Matt's pit hairs and told him to find his happy place ASAP. Three pulls later—the final one in the wrong direction—and we were holding a triad of pit scalps, all suitable for framing.

Matt says: "I didn't know that armpit pores could bleed."

Hurts so good:

TORTURE DEVICE: NAIR

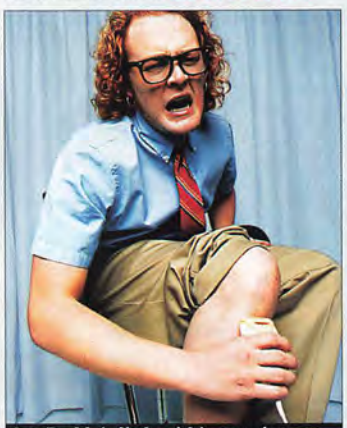
Fetch us a beer, *then* you can cry

Beat-down: Having taken too much pride in his lame beatnik chin scruff (his mother claims he was a late bloomer), Matt's penance was to have the left half covered with the famed hair-dissolving lotion/flesh napalm.

Matt says: "It's less the smell than the burning rash that makes me wish for death."

Hurts so good:

TORTURE DEVICE: BRAUN EPILATOR



Aw, Daddy's little girl is growing up

Beat-down: We figured there's no better way to say, "Good job, Matt," than by having his shin hair ripped out by the roots with an epilator—the unholy spawn of an electric razor and a wood chipper. His shrill, girlish screams were all the thanks we needed.

Matt says: "It's like being raped by a gang of tweezers."

Hurts so good:

Photographs, Lego (Matt Christensen)

> BIG GAME

CLICK AND DESTROY

Finally, a way to squirt lead at deer from the comfort of your own home.

The Internet isn't just for downloading cheerleader porn—it's also for blowing away God's disposable creations. Texas-based Web site Live-Shot.com, where you can currently go online and shoot at paper targets with a .22 caliber rifle, plans to allow couch potato hunters to blast away at Bambi via their computers. Live-Shot creator John Lockwood is developing a virtual hunt on his 335-acre ranch. "I hope it will allow more people the opportunity to have the hunting experience," says the thunderstick entrepreneur. The rifle will be attached to a modified security camera turret so that the barrel can be panned and tilted with great precision while a camcorder streams real-time video of the deer ambling up to a preset feeder. At first Texas Park and Wildlife officials weren't sure if the setup was legal. But since it's gun-loving Texas, certain lawmakers point out that existing rules don't prohibit blasting non-native deer.

After ranch hands retrieve your kills, the venison can be shipped home, or a taxidermist can stuff the carcass as a trophy. Pass the cough syrup, Cletus—we'll be perforating white-tailed bucks in our underwear all night long.

> INNOVATING INNOVATIONS

VIRTUAL MAYHEM

The Internet of the future will make hippies weep.

CLUB HOPPER
Beat adorable baby seals into bloody ice stains! Point and click to crash a robotic bat down onto the skulls of the pointless arctic vermin.

LICENSE TO DRILL
All that protected Alaska wilderness obscures delicious black gold. Plunge diamond-bit drills in search of oil while marring the clichéd landscape.

FEEL THE BURN
The problem with the rain forest is that there's so much of it! Take a flamethrower to this overrated ecosystem from your basement in Jersey!

> FUN FACT!

Half of young Americans will get an STD by age 25, most contracted via a toilet seat—wink, wink.

> BOWWOWS

DOG-BOY'S BIRTHDAY!

From a hirsute freak to my human masters: Thank you!

HAIR FIDO
Pampered Pooch Conditioner Mousse
Dog-Boy says: "I look like a stylin', disco-dancing Turk instead of the horrific abomination of God that I am!" *(petco.com, $25)*

MESS DRESS
Cozy Pet Panty & Pads
Dog-Boy says: "Dog-Girl had her monthly 'visitor' on master's duvet. Wish I'd had these pads. I loved that bitch so." *(petco.com, $12)*

LUCKY TREATS
Ha! Kung Fu Fido cookies
Dog-Boy says: "My fortune says, 'Life is like a leash—the longer, the better!' Funny 'cuz it's true!" *(kungfufido.com, $7)*

PIG FIZZ
Bubble Buddy bubble gun
Dog-Boy says: "I love chasing after bacon-scented suds even more than gnawing at my ringworms." *(happydogtoys.com, $9)*

ROYAL FLUSH
Little John toilet water bowl
Dog-Boy says: "If there's anything better than a water bowl, it's a novelty one! Beats being locked in the trunk of master's Miata!" *(jaminnov.com, $17)*

Photographs, Steve Cohen (dog products)

"ONE CANNOT HIDE FROM THE HIDDEN"

-Japanese proverb

"(TENCHU) FATAL SHADOWS REDEFINES THE STEALTH GENRE." *GameDaily*

Strike in silence. See and never be seen. The art of the ninja. An art mastered by two assassins, Rin and Ayame. Deadly swordplay. Ferocious hand-to-hand combat. And simultaneous multi-kill death moves. All executed without a sound. TENCHU:® Fatal Shadows.™ It's like nothing you've ever seen.

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WE'VE JUST RAISED THE BAR.

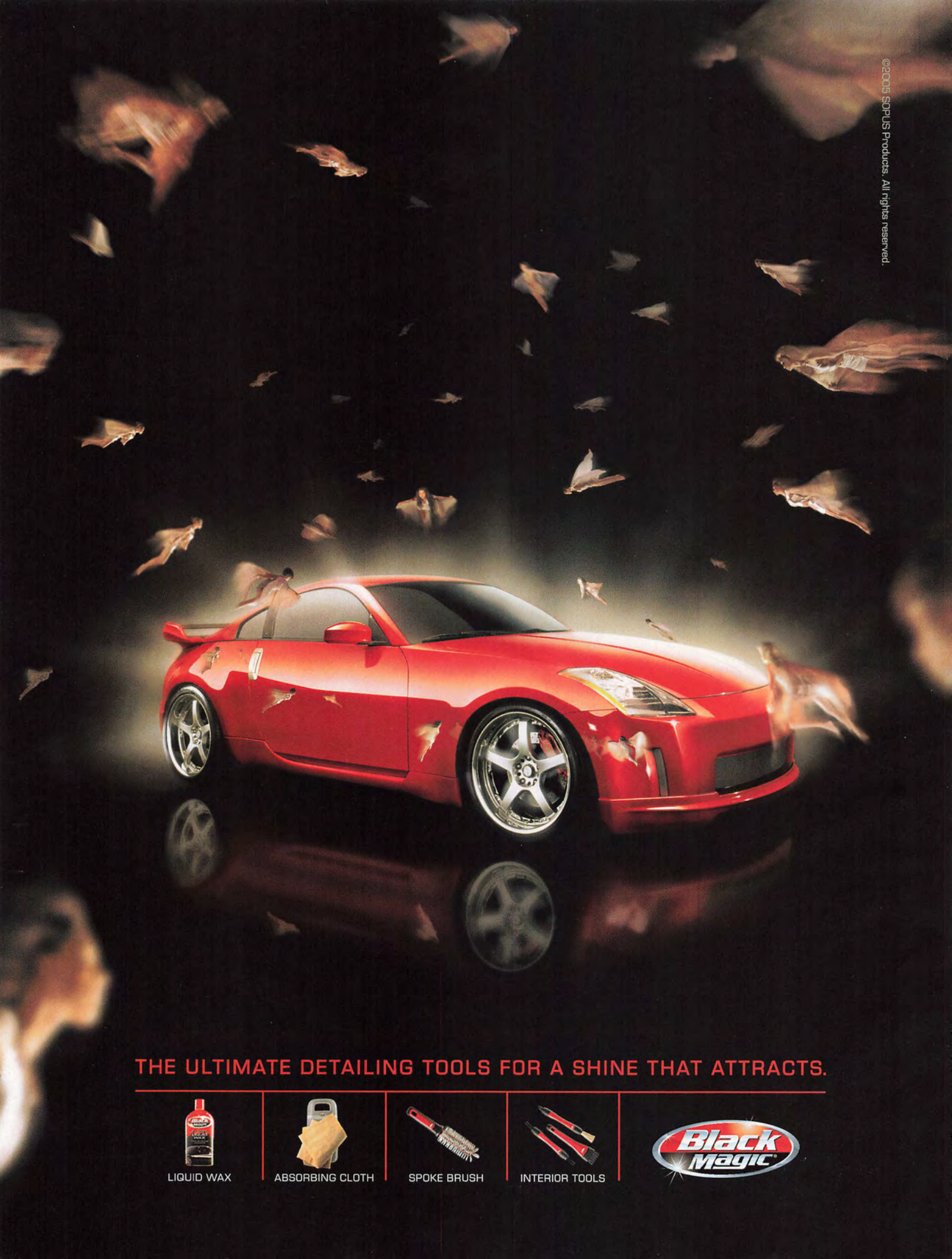
THE ALL-NEW DODGE DAKOTA. With the only V8 under $20,000,* the all-new Dakota is proof that real muscle can be real affordable. It can easily tow over 7,000 lbs†—that's 3,000 lbs more than some of the competition—and pumps out best-in-class available torque. Step inside Dakota and you'll even find best-in-class interior room‡ Put it all together and you'll see, no other mid-size pickup does as much heavy lifting. For more information, visit dodge.com or call 800-4ADODGE.

*As shown $30,496. MSRPs exclude tax. Manual transmission required. Late availability. †Maximum towing capacity is 7,050 lbs when properly equipped.

‡Based on the latest competitive information available at printing. Dodge Accessories by Mopar shown.

Chrysler Financial

BUCKLE UP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Do Everything Better (Except Airbrushing)

HOW TO M

BEAUTY AND THE BLEACH

SCORE AT A LAUNDROMAT

Women will cling to you like static if you take this freshly starched advice.

1 WATCH WITH CARE

Laundromats are basically singles bars with better lighting—and better odds. "Women aren't on their guard, and they're bored, so any company is good company," says Michelle Lia Lewis, author of *Flirting 101*. Scan for a prospect, then catch her eye and smile. If she smiles back, that's an invitation to chat her up. As in any situation, check her load first. Lewis notes, "If she's washing men's clothing, chances are it's not her brother's."

2 SET TO "HI"

Now it's time to make your approach. And, luckily, you've got plenty of props: See if she has change for a dollar. Ask her to help you fold a bedsheet. Or solicit her advice on how best to launder a tricky garment, like your treasured Be-Dazzled jeans. Any genuine, nonthreatening approach can start up a friendly conversation. Still, Lewis says, "'I see you like to wear G-strings' is really not a good opening line." Hey, it worked on us.

3 PRESS FOR DETAILS

Keep chatter flowing with environment-specific questions that can't be answered with a simple yes or no. It shouldn't be too tough for you to "play" stupid: Ask her to explain why it's important to separate darks and lights, or why you should use fabric softener. As she gets comfortable, you can notch it up to more personal questions, like "Where do you like to eat around here?" Here's the hard part: Actually listen to what she says.

4 IRON IT OUT

Before she wraps up, make your move. If she seems unhurried, ask if she wants to grab a cup of coffee while you're waiting for your Underoos to dry. If she's eager to get home with her pile of bras and panties, bring up that restaurant she mentioned and offer to take her to dinner there sometime. "If things are going well, it won't be difficult to ask for her number," Lewis says. Just remember to wear a clean shirt when you pick her up.

"Darn! They're still wet."

Styling, Krisana Palma; hair and makeup, Amanda Redgrave for aartistloft.com; location, Moschini Productions. Special thanks to the Newwave Laundromat, Chelsea, N.Y.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADFORD NOBLE

Childhood scarring never tasted so good

KIDS' KORNER

RUIN A CHILD'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

You know that kid next door who eggs your house, smashes your mailbox, pees his name in your snow, and otherwise emulates Mike Tyson? These handy tips will make him rue the very day he was born.

1 THE GIFTS

No one wants his present to be forgotten, so make sure you pick out something that'll leave a lasting impression his therapist will hear about for years to come. Is the birthday boy into nature? Buy him an ant farm, then bribe a partygoer to *accidentally* knock it over right next to the birthday cake. Does he prefer something soft and cuddly? Give him a nice, big teddy bear—after removing some of its cotton-based innards and replacing them with dark red paint. Imagine his surprise as his new toy begins to hemorrhage! Did someone else give him an adorable little puppy? When no one's looking, shave it bald and tell him it has cancer. It's the miraculous circle of life . . . and death!

2 THE GUESTS

You can't have a party without partygoers, so your easiest option is to contact everyone on the invite list and tell them the party's been canceled. When nobody shows up, play dumb and tell the kid he must not have as many friends as he thought. Or take it in the opposite direction, flooding the list with kids who have a history of bullying the birthday boy (or who could be persuaded to do so for a bag of candy). Hire local homeless guys to show up dressed as a clown, Santa Claus, and the Easter Bunny, then promptly pass out drunk on the lawn. For the coup de grâce, dump a bag of chicken bones and dirt on the dining table with a flourish and proudly announce, "Look, even Great Grandma made it!"

3 THE ENTERTAINMENT

After all that cake and ice cream, this bunch of ADD-afflicted kids will need to burn off a little sugar. One thing all children love is a pony ride. The special touch: Feed the pony several bowls of extra-spicy chili before the kids climb on. Next, have them compete in an exciting game of pin the tail on the (real) donkey. First one to get kicked in the face wins! And since few things are more fun than watching a blindfolded child wildly swing a bat in a tight circle of his friends, bring along a piñata . . . that you've surreptitiously cut open to replace the candy with an angry, swarming beehive. Your neighbor kid will never have friends over again, and all his sore, swollen guests will head home and straight to bed. Their parents will thank you!

LIQUOR LICENSE

INFUSE VODKA

Can't afford pricey spirits? Here's the perfect solution.

1 GATHER INGREDIENTS

For flavor you can use anything from herbs to chocolate, but a citrus fruit like lime is easy to start with. Use a tater peeler to shave the peel into an airtight jar filled with a mid-level vodka. "One bottle takes two to three limes," says Dimitri Dimitrov, manager of L.A.'s Diaghilev restaurant, which has been infusing for 19 years. Put the jar in a cool, dark place—like your heart!

2 TASTE TEST

Give the jar a daily shake to mix the ingredients. After three days, test it; open the jar and dip in a bit to check the smell and flavor. Flavors usually peak at seven to 10 days. "After a point it takes too much of the wrong flavors out of the ingredients," says Melkon Khosrovian, head infusologist at Modern Spirits Vodka. Which may explain why your month-old mu shu pork blend tastes a little "off."

3 COLD FILTER

When you have the flavor you want, get a funnel and an old bottle and pour the infusion through an unbleached coffee filter. The result should be clear and delicious or, with more unusual ingredients like chocolate or tea, tinted and delicious. Now slap a fancy label on it and start moving units. Trust us, there's a huge, untapped market out there for your Cheetos-flavored hooch.

"Here's your martini—splash of blood, pillaged, not stirred."

Photograph, Satoshi (birthday cake); food styling, Ed Gabriels at Halley Resources; prop styling, Jill Telesnicki at Halley Resources

ATTENTION!

DUE TO THE EXTENDED LIFE OF THE a³ CUSHIONING IN THE NEW ADIDAS AXIOM, IT HAS COME TO OUR LAWYER'S ATTENTION THAT THE LACES COULD WEAR OUT WAY, WAY BEFORE THE SHOE WILL EVER NEED REPLACING. SO IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THE CONSUMER, THAT WOULD BE YOU, WE ARE OFFERING A FREE LACE REPLACEMENT KIT IN ADVANCE OF YOUR NEW a³ AXIOM PURCHASE.

FREE LACE REPLACEMENT KIT

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Kit includes:

1 Pair (2 pcs) Axiom replacement laces

1 Instruction sheet

(for a³axiom use only)

Consumer: This coupon entitles holder to 1 (one) lace replacement kit. This kit includes 1 pair of shoelaces and 1 instruction sheet. Laces are for shoe use only and are not intended for use in hooded sweatshirts or any other non-shoe application. To get your free lace replacement kit, register at adidas.com/axiom using code enclosed on coupon. Limit one kit per household. Offer ends 03/31/05 or until supplies last. U.S. residents only.

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Installation *quickguide*

1. Remove worn lace from left shoe.

2. Install replacement lace.

3. Repeat for right shoe.

4. Run.

INTRODUCING THE UNSTOPPABLE a³ AXIOM

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What's really funny is his wife is sleeping with his brother!

THE WHEEL WORLD

SAVE MONEY ON CAR INSURANCE

Undertake a cautious, predictable, monotonous existence... and make out like a friggin' bandit!

1 BE CREATIVE

Lower risk means lower rates. So you *could* tell your carrier that your car is "principally garaged" in a safer area with lower rates. (North Dakota has the lowest average, at $533 per person per year, while New Jersey's is $1,113.) But that requires proof of residency, a matching driver's license, and a reason for living in East Bumblefuck. An easier scam: Claim you take the bus to work, thus relegating your baby to the low-mileage "personal use only" category. "Insurers can't afford to verify this stuff," says one insurance executive, who wishes to remain anonymous. Gee, wonder why.

2 WORK THE SYSTEM

To earn legit savings, take a defensive-driving class, get some antitheft gear, and buy auto and home insurance from the same outfit. Credit problems? Ask if paying your entire premium up front will keep you out of the dreaded "higher tier." Forget agents—save five to 10 percent by using a direct insurance writer like Geico, AIG, Insurance.com, or Progressive. But first get copies of your driving record and any police reports from accidents you didn't cause. "Probably half the people involved in accidents that aren't their fault get charged for them anyway," our source admits.

3 TRIM THE FAT

Rules differ by state, but liability coverage, which pays for injuries and property damage you cause to others, is usually the only one required by law. Collision and comprehensive will cover damage and theft of your car and are based on its overall value. (Your '88 Monte Carlo is actually good for something!) Choosing $500 or even $1,000 for your deductible will also reduce costs, but the real deal is tort reform—agreeing in your policy to limit the amount you can claim in a pain-and-suffering lawsuit. You may lose a limb, but you could save a few hundred bucks... per year!

READER TIPS

FIX DRINK RINGS

To get beer glass stains off a wooden coffee table, spread mayo over the ring, then rub it clean with a dry cloth.
—Dave Rossy
Ottawa, ON

QUICK DRAWL

TALK FAST

Joan Rivers' remains

Tired of people always interrupting you? Timetoturnupthespeed.

1 WARM UP

Begin with simple exercises to get your mouth moving fast, says former speed-talking world record holder John Moschitta Jr., the voice of Blurr in *The Transformers* and best known as "the Micro Machines guy." His faves: "Papa dada," "Mama's a mean mama," "Daddy's a dear daddy," and "Baby's a bad baby." Start slowly, then up the speed as you repeat them over and over to yourself. Just like Grandpa!

2 TWIST YOUR TONGUE

As you improve, move on to stuff that's harder to say fast, like, "Mrs. Smith's fish sauce shop," "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," or Moschitta's favorite, "She stood on a balcony inexplicably mimicking him hiccuping and amicably welcoming him in." As a kid Moschitta holed up in his room for hours to practice. If only you hadn't wasted all that time attending school...

3 TALK WITHOUT THINKING

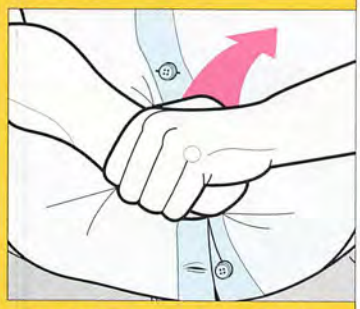
Thinking in the present only causes trouble, especially when you're trying to speak quickly. "The key is to think about what you're going to say *next*, not what you're saying right now," Moschitta advises. Map it out in advance so you don't screw up. Stick with it, and someday you may work up to his best: 586 words a minute. What girl *wouldn't* go for a tongue that fast?

The man who made ADD cool

GAG ORDERS

HEIMLICH YOURSELF

Hump a table, save your life!



PUNCH IT UP
Choking alone again? "Place a fist under your ribs, right above your navel," says EMT Al Crespo. "Grab it with your other hand and press it into your abdomen with an upward thrusting motion until the object dislodges." Aim for that photo of your ex.

THRUST IT IN
If your girly punches don't work, get freaky. "Find a table edge, chair back, or some other protruding surface and press your upper abdomen against it," says Crespo. "If you thrust forward and downward quickly, you can pop the object out." And get off!

CHECK IT OUT
Even after you eject the killer grub, your troubles may not be over. "It's not uncommon to damage your ribs or throat in a choking situation," Crespo explains. "If you have discomfort later, call a doctor." And be sure to cuddle with the table.

If you happen to choke on this, see story to the left

HOT BEEF CONVECTION

MICROWAVE MEAT

Why spend hours on a gourmet meal when you can have an "edible" meal in minutes?

1 CHICKEN
Lay two breasts thin side in, thick side out, in a deep dish for even nuking. Then douse them with a quarter-cup of chicken broth, says Barbara Kafka, author of, amazingly, *Microwave Gourmet*. Cover with plastic wrap—make sure it doesn't touch the meat or it could melt into the chicken, giving you a pretty glaze but something a bit chewier than you'd like—and cook for three minutes. Steam will cause the plastic wrap to puff up, but that's normal. "Let it stay like that, then prick it with a sharp knife before taking it out of the microwave," says Kafka. If you'd like to get fancy, throw some frozen mixed vegetables in the middle and cook a little longer. Now you've got chicken pot pie! Well, minus the pie.

2 BEEF
"If by beef you mean steaks, chops, and roasts, forget it," says Kafka. "You'll just get something tough that you'll have to throw out." Meat loaf is cheaper and faster anyway. Get Mom's recipe, or stir together two pounds of ground beef with two cups canned tomato purée, one cup breadcrumbs, one diced onion, and the spices of your choice. Form this into a ring around a small upside-down bowl in the center of your cooking dish. "You want a thinner glop of meat so you don't get uneven cooking," says Kafka, the first chef we've ever heard use the phrase "glop of meat." Cook for nine minutes on high, then cool for 10. Squirt ketchup in the middle, put on *Bat Out of Hell*, and chow down.

3 FISH
As long as you're not looking to sear or brown anything, fish microwaves surprisingly well. For large whole fish or fillets, fold the tail end under the fish so the thickness stays even. "Don't leave that thin piece hanging out or you'll have sawdust," Kafka warns. (Yes, but *fishy* sawdust, which is a delicacy in Norway.) For a quick, easy halibut, pour a teaspoon of olive oil in a dish, drop in a half-pound fillet, and dump some shrimp, herbs (tarragon or parsley work best), a few lemon slices, salt, pepper, and a tablespoon of white wine on top. Cover with plastic wrap, cook at full power for three minutes, and you've got a lonely man's instant meal. Or double the recipe, heat for four and a half minutes, and you'll cook the pants off any gal who happens to be really, really hungry.

Photographs, Satoshi; food styling, Ed Gabriels at Halley Resources; prop styling, Jill Telesnicki at Halley Resources

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"Cheer up, man; in the NFC 7-9 would mean the playoffs!"

Vermeil on one of his "up" days

PEP TALK

STOP PEOPLE FROM CRYING

Rough season? Chiefs All-Pro tight end Tony Gonzalez explains how to dry the tears of those around you. Now buck up, little camper!

1 HEARTBROKEN HONEYS

When it's time to bench a babe, the NFL's resident pretty boy sticks to his game plan. "You have to be gentle with a woman. I always practice CCR—compliment, console, and reassure. You compliment her, tell her how great she is, and how much fun you've had with her. Then when you say, 'I'm breaking up with you,' you console her and hold her hand while she's crying. Finally, you reassure her that this isn't the end. Say, 'We can be friends,' and that she's a beautiful person inside and out."

2 DEPRESSED DUDES

"I'm the 'moving forward, everything happens for a reason' type. When a guy loses a girl, I say, 'Man, don't worry about it. You had fun. Don't get mad at her, don't get mad at yourself—you'll be all right. We'll go out and have a beer.' I try to be there for my boys." And during a game? "I don't believe in consoling during the battle, so I try to keep it as short as possible. I tell them, 'Don't even worry about it. Next play.' I use tough love and profanity, like, 'This is bullshit if you keep worrying about it.'"

3 CRANKY KIDS

"When my little boy comes up crying, I pick him up, rub his head, and ask, 'What's wrong? Tell me what happened.' Then I reassure him that everything is going to be OK. And I let him know he's safe. That's the most important thing with kids. With *anybody*, actually. Make them feel they're in a comfortable environment, that they aren't vulnerable anymore. The thing is to be gentle, and let down your guard. But I encourage crying in my little boy. I don't want him to hold in his feelings."

4 DICK VERMEIL

"Coach Vermeil cries more when we win, like, 'I'm proud of you guys.' The human spirit, that really makes him emotional. He cries an average of twice a week. If he's crying tears of joy, then I want him to cry all the time. But if it's because of the way we're playing, and he feels like he's letting us down, I reassure him that he's not. I try to tell him every once in a while that he's doing a good job, because he is, and I want him to know that... I guess you could use the CCR with everybody."

READER TIPS

TIGHT SHOES?
Fill large Ziploc bags with water to fit the shoes and put them in the freezer. The freezing will gently stretch them out.
—Roberto Richards
St. Louis, MO

THE UNSTOPPABLE
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AVAILABLE AT DICK'S SPORTING GOODS
EVERY SEASON STARTS AT DICK'S

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SECRET DRAWER

Reading your girlfriend's diary is totally off-limits, but peeking into her secret drawer is just as titillating. Better take notes.

VA-VA-VOOM
"I wore this corset for an ex on Valentine's Day. He had no idea where it came from or what it was made of; he just knew it turned him on. At $500, it is my favorite piece of lingerie."

THE FULL PICTURE
"An ex hit the jackpot with this babydoll. Men have no clue how women are built— they can only see the whole package. But tell him your size and he'll surprise you."

TIE ONE ON
"I love feathers, blindfolds, and men's ties. They add fun in the bedroom. My drawer reveals that I can be crazy but still traditional. Because I'm monogamous, I can plan ahead."

SEXY SOUNDTRACK
"I love to listen to music— anything jazzy. Al Green's 'Let's Stay Together' is a classic. I love Barry White's deep voice. But absolutely no techno or country in the bedroom!"

INNOCENCE IS BLISS
"I think guys like boy shorts because they show a little ass cheek. I love that this white set is very pure and sexy, but no matter what it's still appealing and sweet."

UNDER WRAPS
"It bothers me to see young girls showing their thongs above their waistbands. I don't think guys should see that right away; it says you're easy. Showing your thong is gross."

TIFFANY SCOTT

By the looks of her lingerie drawer, times are sexy for Tiffany Scott, our 28-year-old New York girl. But it wasn't always that way for this model. "I admit," she says, "I had a silver hologram tank top and boy short set when I was younger. Silver lingerie and pigtails...it wasn't working!" Tiffany's lingerie fetish has resulted in a drawer stuffed with all types of outfits. "I have everything from expensive lingerie to T-shirts with holes. I think men just think girls spend lots of money. They don't realize we have some funky stuff." For the men waiting in line to add to her collection, heed Tiffany's warning: "No neon. It's for hookers."

SAUCY SIGNALS

"I love wearing men's T-shirts. I think it's sexy, too, like the down-to-earth girl next door. Even so, if I'm in the mood for some lovin', my hair and makeup will be done."

HAZARDOUS WATERS

"I modeled this robe at Hedonism II in Jamaica. The beach was divided into the nudes and the prudes. I stayed away from the pool—people were, um, very free-spirited."

ALL ABOUT HER

"I bet 90 percent of men don't notice what panties a woman wears. Sexy lingerie is more about the woman's frame of mind, not the man's. Women are so psychological."

KAMA SUTRA COMEDY

"I admit this video did teach me techniques with feathers and awakening different parts of the body. However, the man in the video looked so much like Fabio that I had to laugh."

JUNGLE FEVER

"I don't wear much animal print, even though I like it. It's just not for every day. It makes me think of a Las Vegas show girl. Nevertheless, the fabric photographs beautifully."

RED-HOT TIPS

"Red is a tough color and can't be worn by everyone. But, gentlemen, the cut and fabric determine if red is sexy or trashy. Don't buy it if you think it's too sheer!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GARY McLEOD

"Beware of the Incredible, Edible Hulk!"

A VERY SPECIAL MAXIM SPECIAL

HAVE FRIES, WILL TRAVEL

There's a growing underground movement in America to replace gas with the slop left over from cooking French fries and chicken wings. We were curious, we were hungry, so we decided to check it out. BY JOSH DEAN

There are people who would tell you that the key to saving America from bloodthirsty terrorists is found under a sink full of dishes coated in the remnants of guacamole and refried beans. Josh Tickell is one of those people, and right now he's a slip-on-the-salsa away from bathing in a bucket of used frying oil.

To Tickell—a skinny, blond, motor-mouthed Louisianan who moved himself to L.A. in an RV painted with sunflowers and butterflies—that's no ordinary greasy slop. To him that's fuel, the very fuel, in fact, that powered his hippie van and brought him here today, to a Santa Monica outpost of the Tex-Mex chain Baja Fresh.

Tickell is a grease preacher, the self-proclaimed poster boy for biodiesel, an alternative fuel source made primarily of vegetable oil that can be poured directly into diesel engines after it's mixed with methanol and lye to separate out the glycerol, which isn't good for engines. Biodiesel is based on materials grown, not mined, making it, in theory, sustainable, and thus, Tickell will gladly tell you, one step toward energy independence, clean air, and a shiny, happy planet free of wars for oil.

The two look like elephant gynecologists.

The trouble is, biodiesel isn't available at the local filling station. If you want to scarf down some French fries and then drive your car home on the grease that made them crispy, you've gotta make it yourself.

Home brewing

Tickell's pal John Ketcham provided the wheels that got us here—he drives a diesel Mercedes E300—and he also provided the buckets, the lab gloves, and the crude hand pump Tickell is using to fill another bucket with tortilla slop. Equipment-wise, they look like elephant gynecologists, and for good reason: Things get messy.

Two Mexican guys chop tomatoes and look at us like our jobs are crappy. Can't blame them.

Daryl Hannah greased up? We like.

MAIN PHOTOGRAPHS BY JUSTIN STEPHENS

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Get slinky.

BREATH DEFYING

Ketcham is a film producer with a nice wife and a nice house and a nice career that included producing *The Hurricane,* a movie starring Denzel Washington as a boxer who would probably kick the ass of any environmentalist who crossed his path. Ketcham could easily be filling a gas-guzzling sports car with 94-octane, but instead he fills buckets in fast-food kitchens and takes them home to make biodiesel using a plastic container and an electric boat motor.

That's because, like a lot of people in Hollywood, Ketcham loves Mother Earth, and curbing automobile carbon monoxide emissions is his pet cause. After getting his fill of an electric car that had to be recharged every 120 miles, he read about biodiesel in *From the Fryer to the Fuel Tank,* Tickell's self-published

At MIT this is considered illicit porn

1999 book that helped give birth to the biodiesel subculture in the U.S.A.

Tickell got the idea on an East German farm while on hiatus from studying at Florida's crunchy New College. In Europe the stuff had been around for a century; Rudolf Diesel, inventor of a type of engine with a name that isn't Rudolf, was known to use various organic oils as fuel. The version he showed at the 1900 World Exhibition ran on peanut oil. While gas engines require spark plugs to ignite the fuel-air mixture, diesel engines use high pressure and heat—enough pressure and heat to ignite biodiesel, which doesn't combust as easily as gas.

Tickell's book ushered in an Internet-based mini-mania that turned him into a "full-time biodiesel crusader" who travels the country in his Veggie Van, giving speeches to eager converts looking for new and cheaper ways to get their Jettas to Whole Foods. "It's kind of like being in charge of a combination political organization and religious movement," Tickell says.

At this point buying commercial biodiesel is near impossible, and it's very expensive when you can find it. So proponents make it themselves; hence the buckets and rubber gloves.

Behind Tickell's ramshackle Venice Beach bungalow stand two plastic vats connected by a tangle of plastic tubes and valves. It looks like a moonshine still, but it's actually the FuelMeister, a do-it-yourself biodiesel maker invented and now marketed by a Silicon Valley exec turned biodiesel nut named Rudi Wiedemann. Once users have followed instructions to get the proportions of lye and methanol right, all ingredients are pumped into the FuelMeister's main tank, where they're mixed until the glycerol separates out and is drained from the bottom. Then the biodiesel is washed by a delicate spray of water and, voilà, six hours later it's ready for fueling via an attached gas pump.

"And here's one of the Olsen twins in lime thongs."

The FuelMeister retails for $3,000 and more than 200 have been sold, but Tickell is using it for the first time. Which is probably why, when he inserts a tube into one of the tubs of veggie oil and attempts to pump it up into the biggest of the FuelMeister vats, it instead pours out of the side, over one guy's arms, and onto the pavement. "One of the great things about biodiesel," Ketcham says, "is that it's biodegradable, so we're not creating a toxic spill here."

Tickell's grease parties proved unpopular with the college crowd

'Wal-Mart has tested B2 on its truck fleet.'

Oil seeps out of the hose and onto Richard, a friendly, bespectacled Brit who used to set up visual effects for clubs on the Spanish isle of Ibiza before moving to America to join the revolution.

"Send me back to Ibiza," he says as sludge drips down his arms. "Screw the environment."

Richard found Tickell through his fancy Web site (joshuatickell.com), set up in part to help him raise funds for a documentary he hopes to debut one day at Sundance.

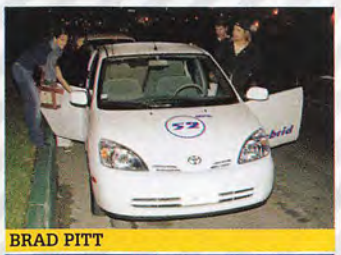
Grease fight

That's the sort of self-promotion that upsets Maria Alovert (below), a Berkeley activist who goes by the Internet code name Girl Mark, and is the Web's foremost proponent of what she calls "home brewing." She believes Tickell stole many of his ideas from a 1994 film called *Fat of the Land,* which dealt, in part, with biodiesel. And

"Take your blood pressure, sir? It won't hurt much."

CURRENT AFFAIR

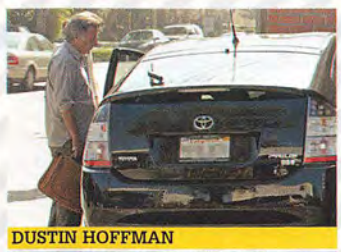
Celebs become eco-friendly... at least until it's not trendy.



BRAD PITT
Achilles uses his hybrid car to escape angry mobs of Greek historians.

DARYL HANNAH
If only JFK Jr. had stayed with her, he'd still be alive and saving gas!

LEONARDO DICAPRIO
Earthy Leo says, "Catch me if you can. (All you need is a tricycle.)"



DUSTIN HOFFMAN
Saving the environment is Rain Man's way of apologizing for *Hook.*

ASHTON KUTCHER
His gas guzzler isn't eco-safe, but now he can justify those keen hats.

© 2005 Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co.

Live la vida fajita.

BREATH DEFYING

while Tickell has allied himself with the Fuel-Meister and companies seeking large-scale commercialization ("I want to see biodiesel at every gas station," he says), Alovert prefers sharing her secrets by converting new users over the Internet and plotting to grow the movement, um, organically. "I consider it open source," she says, "just like the way the Linux crowd spreads the software coding, letting anyone take it and make improvements." She's happy to share recipes, blueprints, and anything else that helps a junkie get started on the grease.

"Hey, ladies, tapered jeans and flames... think it over"

Another area where the two activists differ is the price of their mini-refineries. Alovert's homemade biodiesel kit uses an old water heater as the main component and costs about $200 to build from scratch. She doesn't make any money off of it.

Alovert and Tickell have become bitter rivals. He dismisses her as a "radical" resisting progress, while she writes him off as a publicity whore doing injustice to the cause.

Who's right? Who cares? What you want to know is: Can I run a Porsche on melted Crisco?

Technically, yes, if Porsche made a diesel. Which it doesn't—yet.

And all it took was a six-pack of Schlitz...

'Send me back to Ibiza. Screw the environment.'

The road ahead

Although any Texan would argue that these guys could use a good pummeling, biodiesel is finding allies in unlikely places. The soybean industry loves the possibility of a huge new market for its oil. Trucking fleets are studying its viability as a lower-cost alternative. Obviously, biodiesel is not replacing gasoline anytime soon. In fact, if all waste vegetable oil and animal fat in the U.S. were turned into biodiesel, it would still barely cover 15 percent of our fuel needs—but it is taking baby steps. All diesel sold in France is made up of five percent biodiesel. The state of Minnesota is on the verge of selling B2 diesel (that's two percent bio) at all stations. The U.S. government now offers a tax incentive to producers. "And the big secret," Tickell says, "is that Wal-Mart has tested B2 on its truck fleet."

For obvious reasons, that's not something this red-state-loving chain makes a big deal about but it shows that biodiesel is far more mainstream than patchouli oil.

"Really, when you think about who drives diesels," says Justin Carven, founder and owner of a company called Greasecar, "it's not long-haired stoners; it's contractors and ditch diggers and people who are actually working."

Greasecar skips the messy fuel-making process altogether. Instead, Carven company sells a $795 conversion kit easily patched into your diesel that eliminates the need to deal with pesky chemicals like methanol or lye. With a Greasecar, you just filter the oil and pour it right into your tank. Fry grease, canola . . . hell, even olive oil, if you're stupid rich and looking to piss off the Vespa-driving Italian who screwed your girlfriend during her trip to Rome. Any of them will power the Greasecar.

"This is something that's good for the U.S. economy and the environment," says Carven. He has a point. Though biodiesel emissions are slightly higher in nitrogen oxides, they are significantly lower in carbon dioxide, sulfur, and particulate matter. "And even if it impacts one percent of the market, those figures are enormous."

Unlike Carven, though, Tickell warns that many new diesels don't adapt well to biodiesel or straight vegetable oil. Really, only German diesels like Volkswagens and Mercedes have sturdy enough engines to work on the stuff long-term, which is probably the real knock on ditching gas. Sure, it's great to do your part for progress, but not if you have to give up your ride.

Tickell's not stupid. Though he insists that the Veggie Van is a chick magnet, he hedged his bets: He dropped a diesel engine into a bright red 240Z and is now on the lookout for an old 'Vette to convert. M

> CAR OF THE MONTH

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Drawbacks: Though fuel economy is rated at 29/37, we found it closer to 22/32. Plus, the lack of a spare tire (you get a repair kit) could be a real pain should you get a flat in the middle of nowhere: Hello, Mr. Work-Release Tow Truck Driver!"

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"Think I can help you manage your equipment?"

Warrick and G-Mac get ready to tie one on

THE 'CUSE IS LOOSE

BIG ORANGEMEN ON CAMPUS

I used to feel bad that college athletes don't get paid. Then I hung out with the Syracuse basketball team. BY DIANE HILL

It's almost closing time, and I can't possibly ingest another shot—but they keep appearing in front of me. We've toasted so many things, now we're on to the color orange. "I want to have sex with you," someone says. I'm dizzy.

A typical night of guys liquoring me up? Almost. Except hot girls are buying, and they're not after me. They're groupies for modest, lanky guys who wouldn't get a second look at a lot of other bars around the country. Welcome to life as a Syracuse basketball player. After spending time with stars Gerry McNamara, Josh Pace, and Hakim Warrick, I now know why Tommy Lee went back to school. When you're the big men on campus, who needs rock'n'roll?

Holding court

Flash back 24 hours. I'm in the locker room at the Carrier Dome minutes after the Orangemen's thrashing of St. Bonaventure. It's the standard postgame zoo, with tired players enduring cameras and mikes shoved in their faces. It's like the Lakers' locker room, except when it's over, these guys have homework. One stayed up late last night to finish a paper: Gerry McNamara, the cocky kid who hit six threes in the first half of the NCAA final two years ago (and who had 17 points tonight), is yawning between sentences. But he perks up when I sidle over. "*Maxim's* my magazine!" he says. "I'm a faithful subscriber."

Back at the Dome the next day, I spot a MARRY ME, GERRY sign. Almost every fan sports a jersey, and kids clutch team posters and Sharpies. Then the guys hit the court, and the crowd goes wild. This all seems perfectly normal except, to quote Allen Iverson, *we're talking about practice.* Coach Jim Boeheim leans over and says, "Isn't this nuts?" I nod in disbelief as Warrick jogs over to grab a drink. "Sign my jersey, Hakim!" a kid yells. The guy who blocked Kansas' last shot at the 2003 NCAA title obliges, and the kid celebrates like he just met MJ.

That's when I realize these guys are the Red Sox of upstate New York. They brought the school its first B-ball title two years ago, then all stuck around (sans Carmelo) to try to do it again. In a town of 150,000 without any pro teams or other major colleges, the only color that matters is orange. And just about anything these guys want—outside of money—they get.

"Hey, look! An elephant!"

'I was at a Halloween party and someone there was dressed up as me. It's humbling.'

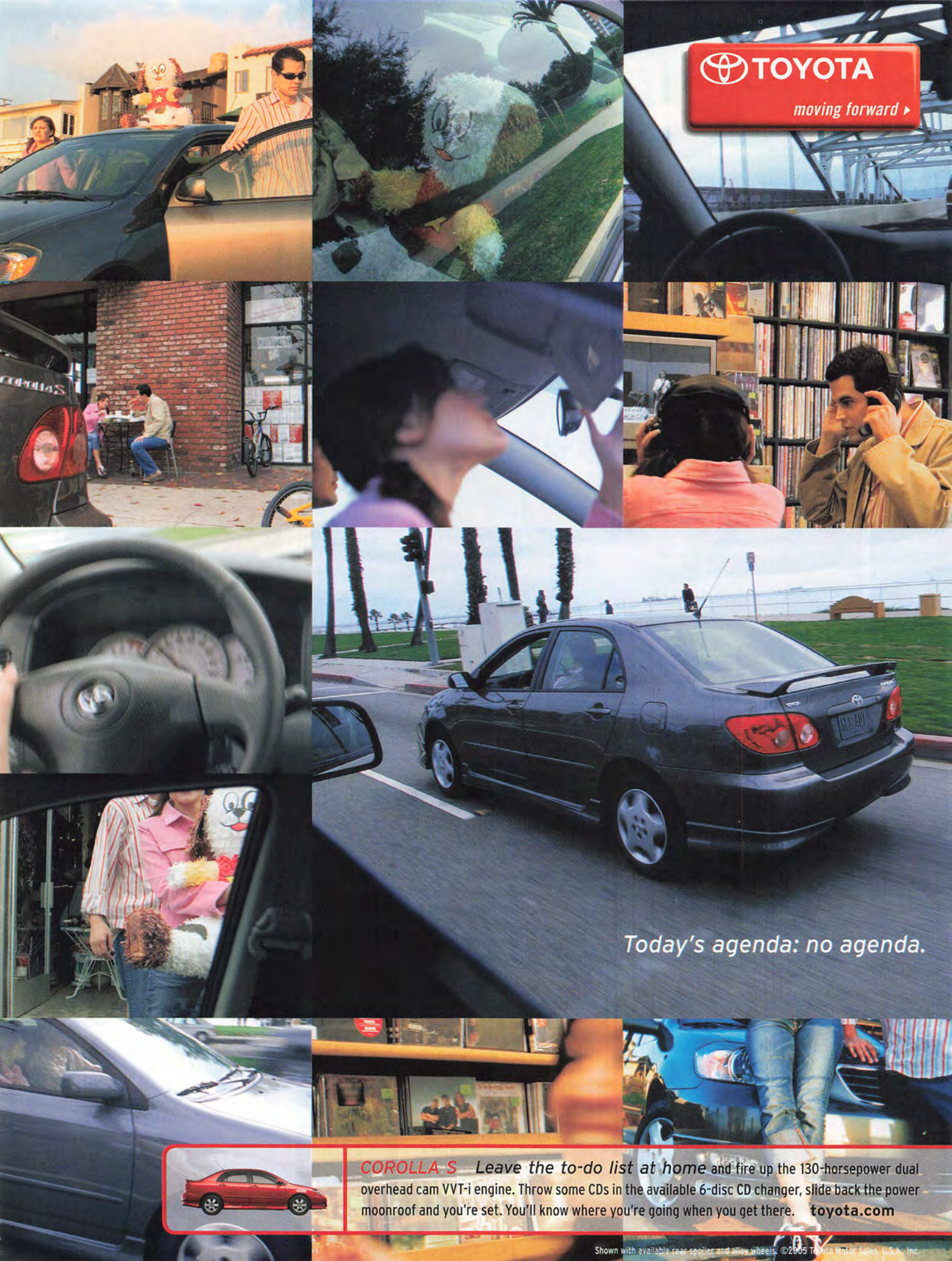
Player's club

After practice Boeheim sends McNamara and Pace over to me. While we talk, G-Mac, as the guys call him, keeps looking over my shoulder. A line of more than 40 people has formed, taking photos and waiting to pounce on their heroes.

I ask G-Mac for his take on star treatment. "It freaked me out when I went to a Halloween party and someone was dressed up as me," he answers. "It humbles you. At another party, I was

MAIN PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

Styling Krisana Palma; hair and makeup Sacha Harford for aartistloft.com.



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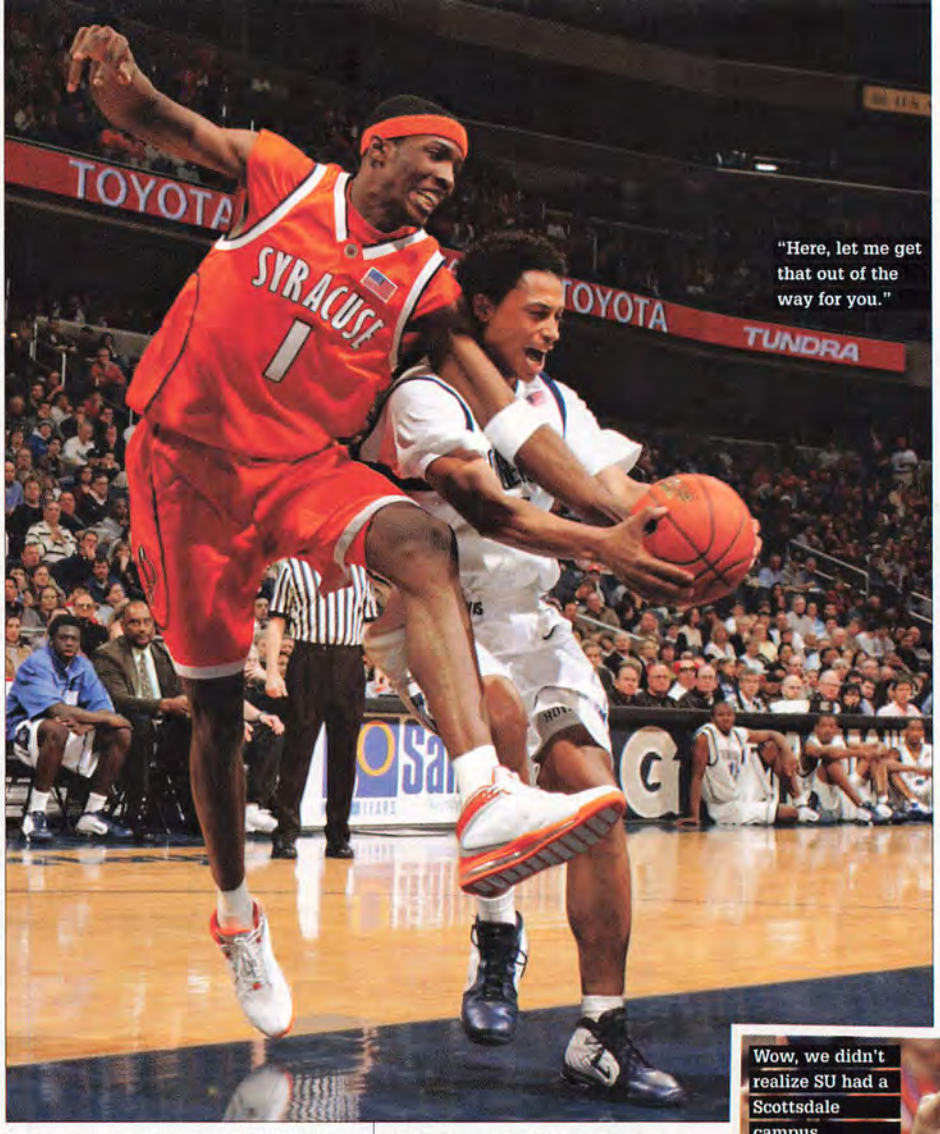
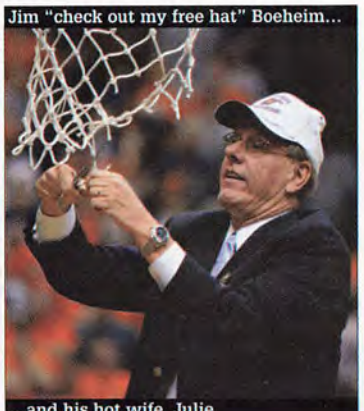


"Here, let me get that out of the way for you."

Jim "check out my free hat" Boeheim...



...and his hot wife, Julie

Wow, we didn't realize SU had a Scottsdale campus

leaving when I heard someone yell, 'Gerry! I want to have your baby!' This girl I don't know looks at me dead serious and says again, 'I want to have your baby.'" Keep in mind, Gerry's no Jesse Palmer—just a pale, goofy-grinned normal kid with one hell of a jump shot.

The attention isn't confined to campus. "I was back home in Scranton getting a fishing license at Wal-Mart at 3 A.M.," he recalls. "Someone comes up with a basketball and asks me to sign it. I do. Someone else comes up with a basketball, and I sign that one, too. Then a third person comes up, and I'm thinking, *Where are these basketballs coming from?* All these people were taking them off the shelves and getting them signed at three in the morning."

Like the pros, these guys get constant reminders that a smokin' one-night stand is just a dorm room away. "This girl came up one time and told me I was her favorite player, she loved me, and she'd do *whatever* I wanted her to do," says Pace, a senior who's also Warrick's roommate. Not that he feels special—groupies aren't overly picky. "Hakim and I were standing in the corner at a bar, and some girl was throwing herself on us," McNamara says. "Hakim would say no, so she'd come back to me, and I'd say no. She just kept going back and forth. She wouldn't give up."

These guys all have (hot) girlfriends who may read this, so of course they say *they* don't take advantage of the chance to bed a different girl every night. But somebody has to. "You get a couple of guys on the team who bring them home, but I try to stay away from them," Warrick assures me. If you say so, but I see the way women behave around these guys. That's not an easy thing to turn down.

"I think I'll sign this one 'G-Mac Daddy.' Ha!"

Orange bounty

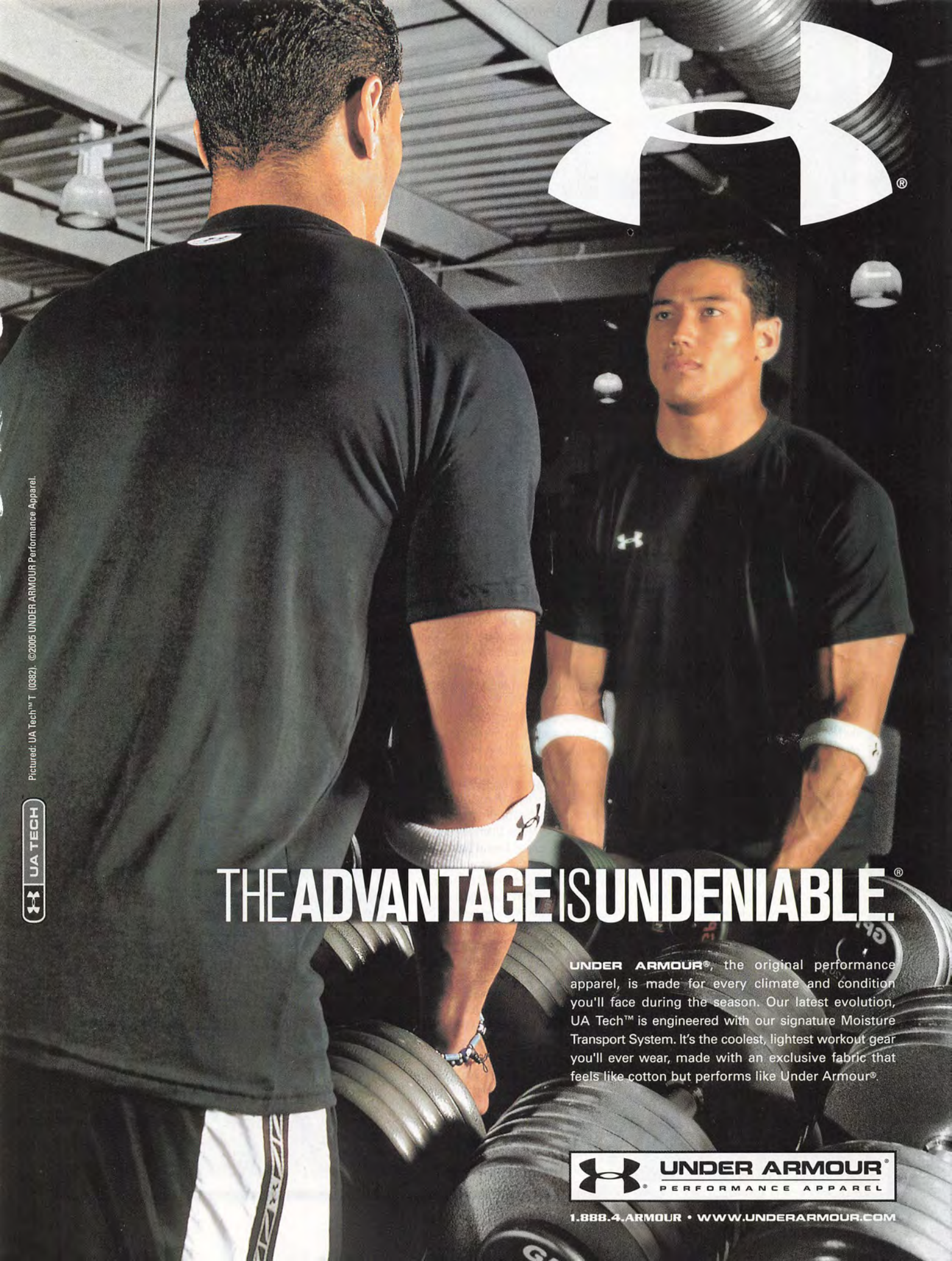
Then again, Warrick's used to things not being easy. Now he's scoring 20 points a game for the seventh-ranked Orangemen, but four years ago, as a high school senior looking to get recruited, his phone never rang. Then an encounter with Boeheim at a camp landed him a scholarship. "It's crazy," he says. "If not for that, I wouldn't even be at a Division I school. The way things turned around, it's crazy to think that people consider me a lottery pick."

If these guys want them, hot one-night stands are but a dorm room away.

With a championship in hand, he could have entered the 2003 draft with his good friend Carmelo Anthony. But he thought his school had a shot at another title, and he wanted a degree. Plus, college life was just too damn good. As he puts it, "You can't get your senior year back."

I liked college, too, but I got a little tired of ramen noodles. Not these guys. After practice I follow them to the Food Table, a team-only eating area above the regular students' dining hall. I brace myself for the usual college slop—and enter a room that could pass as a five-star restaurant. Tables covered in white linens and a chef bringing out trays and trays of food: salad, veggies, rolls, lasagna, prime rib, *lobster tail.*

The players load up, dig in, then return for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"Oh, did you want this? You can have it back in a second. Promise."

seconds, thirds, and fourths, while the chef goes from table to table to check in. A team assistant gives him hell. "From now on, when we have lobster tail, at least two lobster tails for each player," he demands. I find everything delicious, but what do I know? "Oh, man, lobster again?" Warrick groans. "Lobster is *so* overrated. And the prime rib is way too rare today." He then consoles himself with a giant slice of New York–style cheesecake. This man is ready for the NBA.

Night moves

A few hours later, after a mandatory study session, we head downtown to a bar called Chuck's, which has a line down the block. In a blink the manager runs out, ushers us in, kicks some unfortunate nobodies out of a booth, and clears it for us. The room gets quiet as everyone stares. G-Mac and some teammates arrive a few minutes later, and the liquid-courage-fueled ladies start circling us like moths around a flame.

Cue the cheesy lines: "Great game, Hakim." "Gerry, I saw you in *Sports Illustrated*." "Oh, my God, you're so much taller than me—I only come up to your waist!" Some guy in Warrick's jersey thrusts a cell phone in his face and says, "Tell my brother it's really you." I start counting the people who come up, but I lose track at 43.

Meanwhile, G-Mac fills my ear about his girlfriend. He assures me *he* doesn't take advantage of these situations, but that *someone* should reap the benefits. He calls some girls over and tells them one of his buddies—a Syracuse grad who looks a lot older than 17—is a recruit. Someone chimes in that I'm one of the player's sisters and work for *Maxim*. Utter confusion washes over the groupies' faces as they consider whom to work first. Then they do what any sleazy *guy* would: Order drinks for both of us.

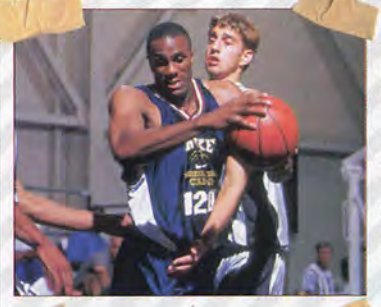
The other jock sniffers follow suit, and soon I'm looking at 10 shots. We down them like it's New Year's, though I catch Warrick (who doesn't drink) throwing his away. I sense that having a reporter around has people on their best behavior, but then the hotties strip off their sweaters and start grinding on each other, giving guys come-hither looks and generally evoking *Girls Gone Wild*.

The players just shake their heads. Is it because they've seen it all before, or because I'm taking notes? I'd say a little of both. And as fans snap photos, girls offer post-bar hookups, and alcohol washes over me, I can't help but think for a moment that maybe Kobe, Tracy, LeBron, and all those other bank-making school skippers really missed out. M

"Let's hear it for face painting!"

BUST OF THE BUST

Not all guys who skip college turn out like LeBron.



KORLEONE YOUNG
The Pistons picked this 1997–98 *USA Today* high school all-American in the second round. He appeared in just three NBA games his rookie year—which turned out to be his last.

LEON SMITH
This first-rounder joined the Mavs in 1999, before a suicide attempt and then two arrests in 24 hours got him cut. After a stint with the Hawks, he was waived by the Sonics last fall.

DESAGANA DIOP
A massive center (7 ft., 280 lbs.) who averaged nearly a triple double in high school, Diop was picked eighth by the Cavs in 2001. He's rewarded them with fewer than two points a game.

BILL WILLOUGHBY
Dwight Morrow H.S.'s finest entered the draft in 1975 and hung around for eight years, with his play ranging from below average (7.8 ppg in '81–'82) to well below average (4.5 ppg in '83–'84).

TONY KEY
Of the six high-schoolers who entered the 2001 draft, only "the One" went unpicked. Thus ineligible for NCAA ball, he has since landed at Mountain State University—in the kick-ass NAIA.

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FLAVOR OF THE MONTH

FLAVOR FLAV

Priceless life lessons straight from the mouth of golden teeth.

Q This girl I'm with isn't into having sex before she gets married. But I really want to sleep with her. How can I get her to loosen up?
Joey Stein, Wichita, KS
A Just keep rubbing on the booty. First thing you should do is get her to lie down next to you. Tell her you just want to have a friendly conversation. Then press her up real close against you so she can feel the extra goodness coming from you. Let her feel that third leg, and I guarantee you she's gonna want to walk on it. Word up.

Q I forgot to give my girlfriend a present for Valentine's Day, and I don't want her to break up with me. What should I do?
Brian B., Salt Lake City, UT
A You should turn yourself into Cupid and hope you can shoot yourself through her heart. Otherwise you're just dead, playa. Actually, what should you do? One word: nothin'! And then K.I.M.—keep it movin', baby.

Q Is there any color a guy should never wear?
Jonas Riconiosto, Las Vegas, NV
A Hell, man, Flavor Flav will wear any color, and he is a guy. I can't be a pot calling the kettle black. I can't do that.

Q My roommate has really bad musical taste. What can I do?
Sean Riley, Philadelphia, PA
A Break up his records, tapes, and CDs. Then tell him someone snuck in and did it. Just break stuff, then deny it.

Q I hate to admit this, but it's been burning when I pee for about two weeks. What's wrong with me?
B. McDougal, New York, NY
A To tell you the truth, I think your dick has turned itself into a lighter, my man. Don't pee on the side of nobody's house or you might burn down a city. Word.

Q I found a sex toy in my girlfriend's dresser drawer. Should I ask her about it or forget it and pretend like nothing ever happened?
Dave, Moosejaw, Saskatchewan
A Pretend nothing happened. Then shock her by saying, "Here's a cup of coffee for you." And you give her a cup of coffee with no spoon. And then you say, "Oh, by the way, here's a spoon you can stir that coffee with." And you give her the dildo. Yeah, boyeee!

'I don't care how drunk you are, a man is gonna know he's kissin' another man.'

Q I want to date an older woman. How do I win her heart?
Brandon, Xenia, OH
A That's a good question right there. You don't win her heart, dog, you *take* her heart—take it over. Take her out for a lobster dinner and a glass of champagne. A bottle of champagne and you got her.

Q I just got a new boss, and I don't want to get fired. What can I do to impress him?
Kimmy Refkin, Chicago, IL
A Buy a big case of Velamints for your breath. Show him you care. A box of Velamints, a dozen roses, and a bottle of whiskey. And throw in a pack of Newports for the hell of it.

Q All my friends say I got wasted one night and kissed another guy. How can I clear my name?
Spanyo, via e-mail
A You got wasted and kissed another guy by *accident*? That's bullshit. We know what time it is with that. I don't care how drunk you are, a man is gonna know he's kissin' another man. That's a straight up Flavor Flav answer.

Q I really enjoy playing board games. Is there any way I can introduce them to my girlfriend?
Robbie Kalbach, Atlanta, GA
A Yeah, just make sure she's involved. The only board game I ever played was Sorry. I'm down for shit like Strip Sorry. Like, "I'll strip yo' ass and say I'm sorry." There's a tight game.

Q I was pet-sitting my friend's goldfish, and it died. What should I do?
Kaitlin Daley, Jamestown, NY
A Yo, yo! Eat the poor fish and go get another one. Poor fish.

Q Is it safe to put my money back in the stock market? What investments can you recommend?
James Noisewater, San Diego, CA
A The stock market is totally safe. You should put all your money in the stock market because Flavor Flav is in the stock market and you can invest in my new toilet tissue company.

Q I have three nipples. How do I keep from grossing women out in bed?
Wally J., Louisville, KY
A What? Cover the third one up with a light switch.

Q I walked in on my parents having sex. Now it's hard to look them in the face. How can I get over it?
Dave Landes, Washington, D.C.
A Let them see *you* having sex, then let them look *you* in the face.

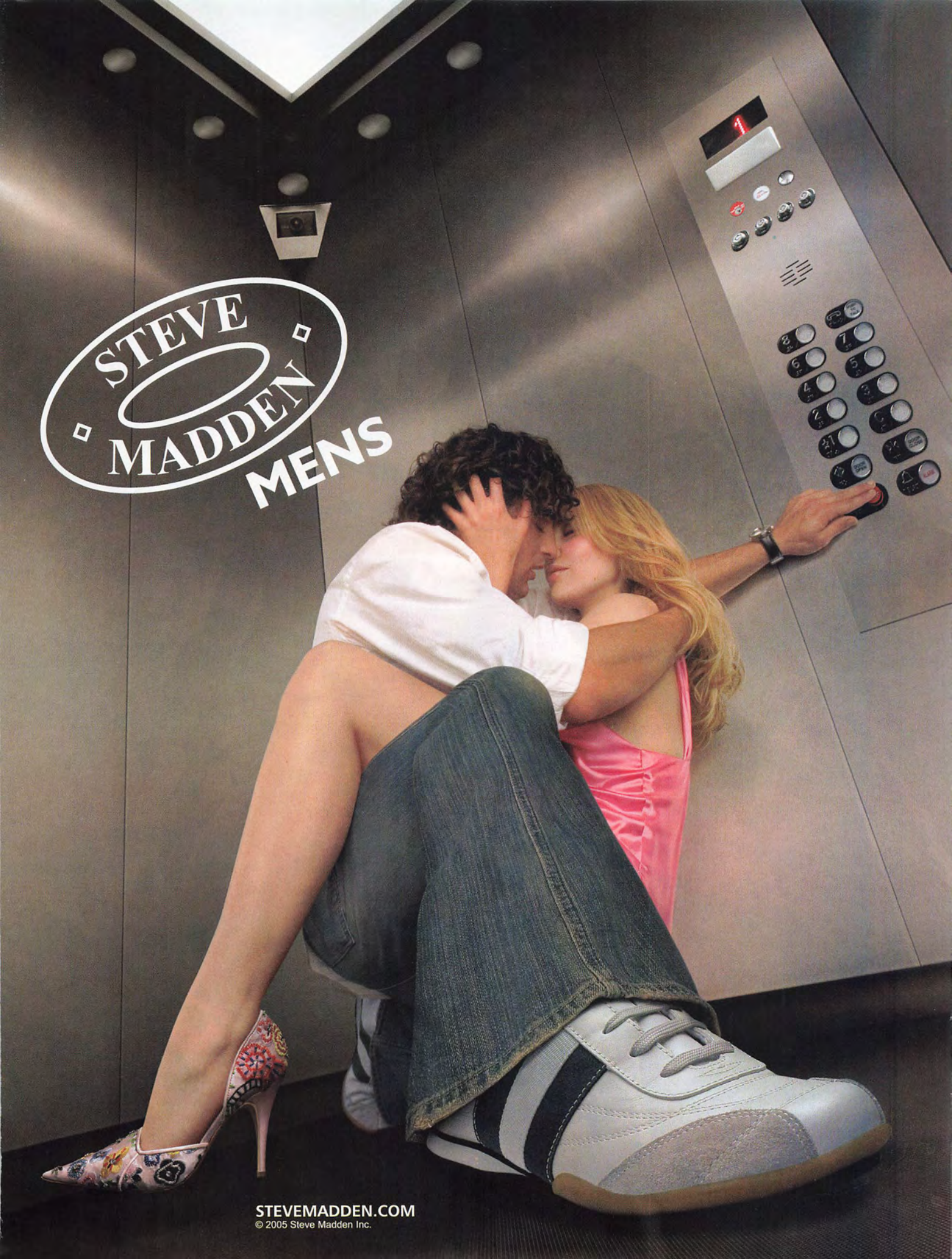
Q My girlfriend always says she's too fat. How do I get her to stop?
Darius Jones, Erie, PA
A Make her eat while she sits on the scale. That way you can tell her she's right. That'll definitely make her shut up.

Q I had sex with a hooker, and now I have the clap. How should I tell my girlfriend?
August B., Los Angeles, CA
A Don't tell her. Her body will tell her. Just run for your life. I know that shit.

NEED ANSWERS?

Want your very own quirky query answered by one of our cerebral celebrities? You got it! E-mail us at celebadviser@maximmag.com for your chance to win...nothing, besides having your silly name in print and getting mocked by your friends.

ILLUSTRATION BY THE BOY FITZ HAMMOND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> KILL YOUR FRIENDS

BLOOD SPORT

Unreal Championship 2: The Liandri Conflict *is finally here, with more characters, weapons, and levels to love. Oh, baby. You are so going down.*

The newest chapter in gaming's rowdiest run 'n' gun franchise is a brazen blend of fighter and futuristic shooter (think *Halo 2* meets *Heavy Metal*). The action's a teenage fan boy's wet dream, all leering lizard-men and sneering, scantily clad vixens who exchange gunplay and close-range combat moves like speed freaks in a slap fight. Sprinting around more than 40 different levels, from fortresses to burial grounds and underwater research centers, you'll aid hero Anubis as he avenges his honor...or just skip to the fun part and unload from a first- or third-person perspective on up to seven other warm bodies online. You can customize your arsenal before each encounter, selecting such charmers as fists, staves, swords, sniper rifles, and clever classic contraptions like the ripjack, which shoots spinning buzz-saw blades—plus fancy-pants combos. Work up enough adrenaline bouncing off walls and bitch-slapping buddies and you'll be able to siphon off your adversary's health or spank friends with supercharged strikes. (It's even more fun when you find the invisibility power up; they'll never see it coming!) And when taunting your comrades over the built-in voice-chat capabilities gets old (scratch that—calling complete strangers "bitch" never gets old), set your sights on a bevy of original multiplayer modes. Old standbys like Deathmatch, Capture the Flag, and team-based tourney scenarios are joined by fresh additions Overdose and Nali Slaughter, where you get to run around and kill as many civilians as fast as you can. As gloriously trashy as it is testosterone-fueled, the outing has a total of 14 characters, seven playable and seven that are locked. And *Unreal 2* even features a special guest star—*Mortal Kombat*'s Raiden. Unlike the thunder deity's signature fatality, which you can actually administer on opponents, you're gonna want to ride this lightning.—*Scott Steinberg*

***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★★

> SHOOTING GALLERY

THE UNREAL WORLD

The new* Unreal *has more ass-kickers than the '85 Bears. Here's a look.

ANUBIS

Like Moses, Anubis returned from a desert sojourn to fry aliens with his energy staff. Hey, that's what it said in *our* Bible.

ARCLITE

Arclite's a big man who packs a wallop, knocking opponents unconscious so he can pummel them into paste. Like Ray Lewis.

BROCK

Brock was toasted by Gorge...only to be brought back from the dead to try and get back with his former flame Lauren.

DEVASTATION

With eyes that shoot frickin' laser beams and a body modeled after a holographic porn star, this robotess is truly devastating.

GORGE

A former prison inmate, the juggernaut Gorge has a mean streak that would've made Uday Hussein wince.

LAUREN

This vampire vixen can suck power from foes and summon her own ghost—making her even harder to pick up. Damn.

MALCOLM

Malcolm's the Unreal Tournament champ, but after a spine injury, he did what all washed-up athletes do: color commentary.

RAIDEN

Like a living electric chair, *Mortal Kombat*'s lightning god can teleport and fry opponents into an unrecognizable crisp.

RAPTOR

Raptor was originally designed to work in a coal mine. Like his black-lunged counterpart, he has the ability to self-destruct.

SAPPHIRE

The Natalie Portman of the tournament, Sapphire looks sweet and innocent...until she freezes you with her ice burst.

SELKET

The sexy Selket is a princess who won't let little things like morality get in the way of sticking her foot in your ass.

SOBEK

The armor-plated sergeant is Anubis' ally, but that friendship will go the way of Jay Z–R. Kelly once they square off.

SZALOR

It slices. It dices. It's Szalor, whose blade burst attack shreds enemies, makes cole slaw, and juliennes potatoes in seconds.

TORGR

Like a frat guy at a kicked kegger, Torgr hopes beating the crap out of other dudes will impress the queen of his tribe.

And John Travolta never washed his left hand again

> MAIN ATTRACTION

BE COOL

Ten years later Get Shorty *gets a sequel.*

Out: March 4 **Director:** F. Gary Gray
Stars: John Travolta, Uma Thurman, Vince Vaughn, Christina Milian, Harvey Keitel, Cedric the Entertainer, André 3000, Steven Tyler, the Rock
The story: In the curiously tardy sequel to 1995's *Get Shorty,* Travolta's stealth mobster, Chili Palmer, leaves the movies to muscle into the music biz. . . only to discover it's also filled with scumbags! (You don't fool us, Clay Aiken.) The plot rambles along as the giant cast forms up like Voltron and chews the scenery—the Rock as a flamboyant bodyguard, André 3000 as a hapless gangbanger, and Uma Thurman's still-impressive rack in an itsy-bitsy bikini. (We smell a best supporting actress nod.)
The buzz: After 10 years this film will determine if *Get Shorty* is a franchise-in-waiting or if audiences had enough the first time. (See *Dumb and Dumberer* and *Son of the Mask*—wait, actually, *don't* see them.) The slew of music cameos and Milian's scorching bod mean you can expect a third film. This is five-alarm chili.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✩

GET THIS!
> In June 2001, Vince Vaughn defended Steve Buscemi in a bar brawl.

"Hey, man, at least she *looked* 18."

> DON'T MISS

Naomi enjoys Wet and Wild Newark!

THE RING 2

The Ring *returns. Hasn't anyone learned? Switch to DVD already!*

Out: March 18
Director: Hideo Nakata
Stars: Naomi Watts, Sissy Spacek, scary things
The story: After escaping the cursed videotape, Naomi Watts' investigative reporter, Rachel, takes her son and heads to a new town for a fresh start. But like the sex tape from Tonya Harding's honeymoon, some things scar you for life. The video pops up yet again to cause mayhem, begging the question: Who watches videotapes anymore?
The buzz: Since *The Ring* came out, it's been knocked off more times than an Atlanta Braves playoff team. So the sequel will need to pull out all the stops to scare audiences. By delving into the mystery of Samara, the terrifying girl at the center of *The Ring*, instead of simply trotting out the same tired trick, *The Ring Two* should have enough juice left in it to give audiences a jolt.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✩✩

"Look! Godzilla!"

RATINGS:

CORN POPS	✪✪✪✪✪
FROSTED FLAKES	✪✪✪✪✩
KIX	✪✪✪✩✩
GRAPENUTS	✪✪✩✩✩
FIBER ONE	✪✩✩✩✩

> ALSO PLAYING

CURSED
Out: February 25 **Director:** Wes Craven
Craven and *Scream* scribe Kevin Williamson team for *Cursed,* featuring Christina Ricci on the run from a bloodthirsty werewolf, hopefully in slo-mo.
We're guessing: ✪✪✩✩✩

MAN OF THE HOUSE
Out: February 25 **Director:** Stephen Herek
A squad of nubile cheerleaders witnesses a murder, and Tommy Lee Jones must protect them. Dear God, please include a 15-minute shower scene.
We're guessing: ✪✪✩✩✩

ROBOTS
Out: March 11 **Directors:** C. Wedge, C. Saldanha
A kindly robot leader has been replaced by a fascist dictator who wants every robot to look the same. Like Stalin's Soviet Union, but cuter.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✩✩

THE JACKET
Out: March 4 **Director:** John Maybury
A Gulf War vet (Adrien Brody) believes he's a time traveler in search of a woman (Keira Knightley). And people say Gulf War syndrome is imaginary.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✩✩

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"He-e-e-re's... What's my name again?"

MAXIM WHO'S THAT?

> DESK JOCKEY

NAME THAT DUDE

Meet Craig Ferguson, the brand-new host of The Late Late Show, *whom you may remember from that show he was in that time with that guy.*

Wait...so who the hell *are* you?
I'm some uppity, lucky immigrant, I guess. I came here 10 years ago to get into the big-timey show business, and I landed a spot on *The Drew Carey Show* fairly quickly. (I played his boss.) That came and went and paid a bill or two, and then I did a movie or three and then ended up being a talk show host.

Who knew?
I know! I got a real job. I'm absolutely horrified. Oh, my God. I have an office. I have a desk. I sometimes have to wear a suit and be nice to people. It's intense! At first I thought it was just a lark, like they wanted some kind of novelty thing, like a puppy or Kermit the Frog to host the show: "Let's have a Scottish guy do it!" Then I realized they were serious.

What was your reaction when you got the gig?
I was in Vancouver working on an ABC show called *Life as We Know It*. I was playing Kelly Osbourne's father. Er, her fictional father, as opposed to Ozzy. My first reaction was to scream like a little girl. Then I tried to stop that as soon as I could.

Overseas you're known for a character called Bing Hitler. What's *that* about?
[laughs] I was starting out, and I wanted a name that would get me press. I toyed with other ideas. Adolf Crosby. Corky Mussolini. Zippy Stalin. But they didn't play.

What does your "work" entail these days, exactly?
You gotta write comedy. Over and over and over again. It's like the comedy mincing machine. You write comedy and pour it into the shredder. You write some more, and you pour it in.

If you could pick anyone, alive or dead, to be on your show, what's your lineup?
Alive or dead? I think I'd have Jesus, Regis Philbin, and, um, who's a good talker... probably Plato. And for the band, I'd have the Beatles or Elvis wrap up.

Elvis *with* the Beatles!
Elvis with the Beatles! And the puppet Alf, singing some Band Aid charity number.

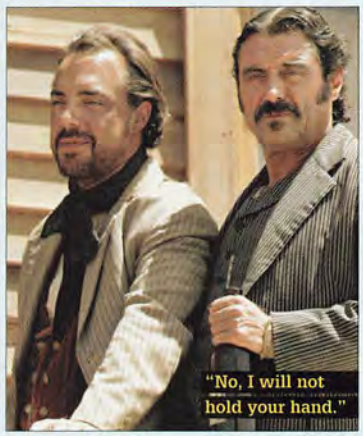
What were you doing a year ago at 12:35 in the morning?
I was watching *The Late Late Show*, of course. Actually, to be honest, I used to watch Conan.

Does the accent help at all?
I think it helps with chicks. I would recommend that young American males learn how to do a Scottish accent, or an Irish or English one—especially English. If you have an English accent, women think you're gay, so they'll tell you their secrets. You can get away with saying any rude stuff that you want to American women when you have an accent. They think it's charming!

And here she is... Miss Scotland!

GET THIS!
> Kojak sucks lollipops to try to quit smoking.

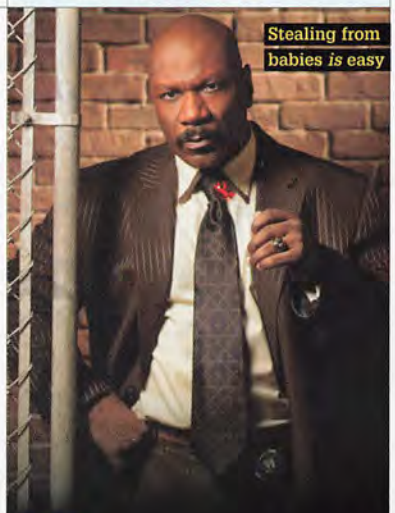
> TUBE'S TOPS


"No, I will not hold your hand."

DEADWOOD, SEASON TWO

Airs: HBO, March 6
Before *Deadwood* aired, the TV western was about as cool as wearing assless chaps to coach a Little League game. *Deadwood*'s second season continues the brew of vendettas and violence you know and love. An emissary arrives, throwing everyone's gold claims into question. Black-hearted brothel owner Al Swearengen and recently appointed sheriff Seth Bullock continue their cold war, while a host of new arrivals come in from the trail to complicate matters. Sound good, cocksucker?

We're guessing: ★★★★★


Stealing from babies *is* easy

KOJAK

Airs: USA Network, March 6
The lollipop-loving detective gets made over in this update of the 1970s cop drama. Now Ving Rhames fills Telly Savalas' cheerful shoes—and promptly uses them to curb-stomp criminals. In episode one a serial killer murders prostitutes by duct-taping their mouths shut—with a razor blade inside—forcing them to choke on their own blood. By the end Kojak has caught the killer, thwarted a hostage crisis, and helped get a fellow cop killed. Yup, this ain't your dad's Kojak.

We're guessing: ★★★★★

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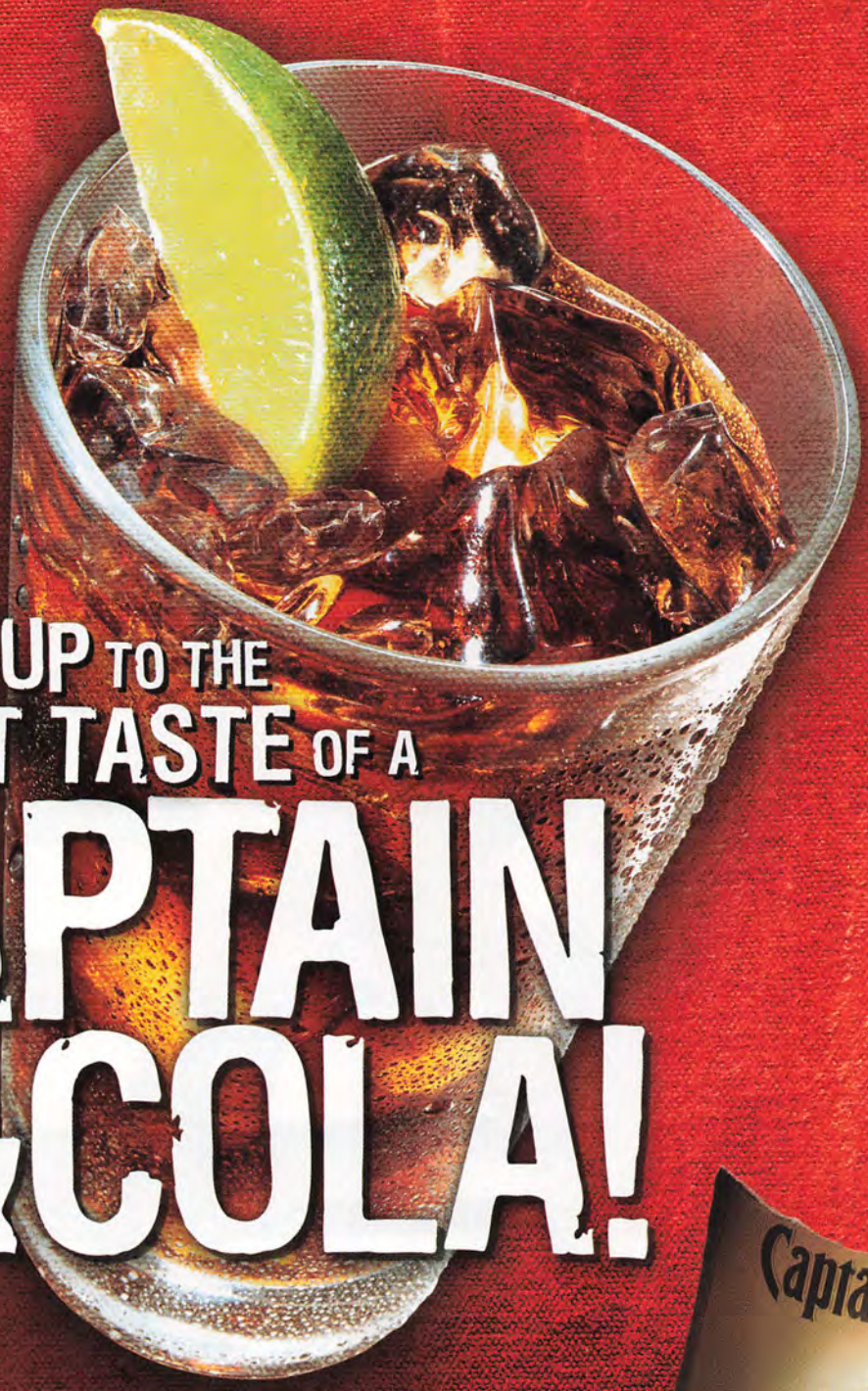

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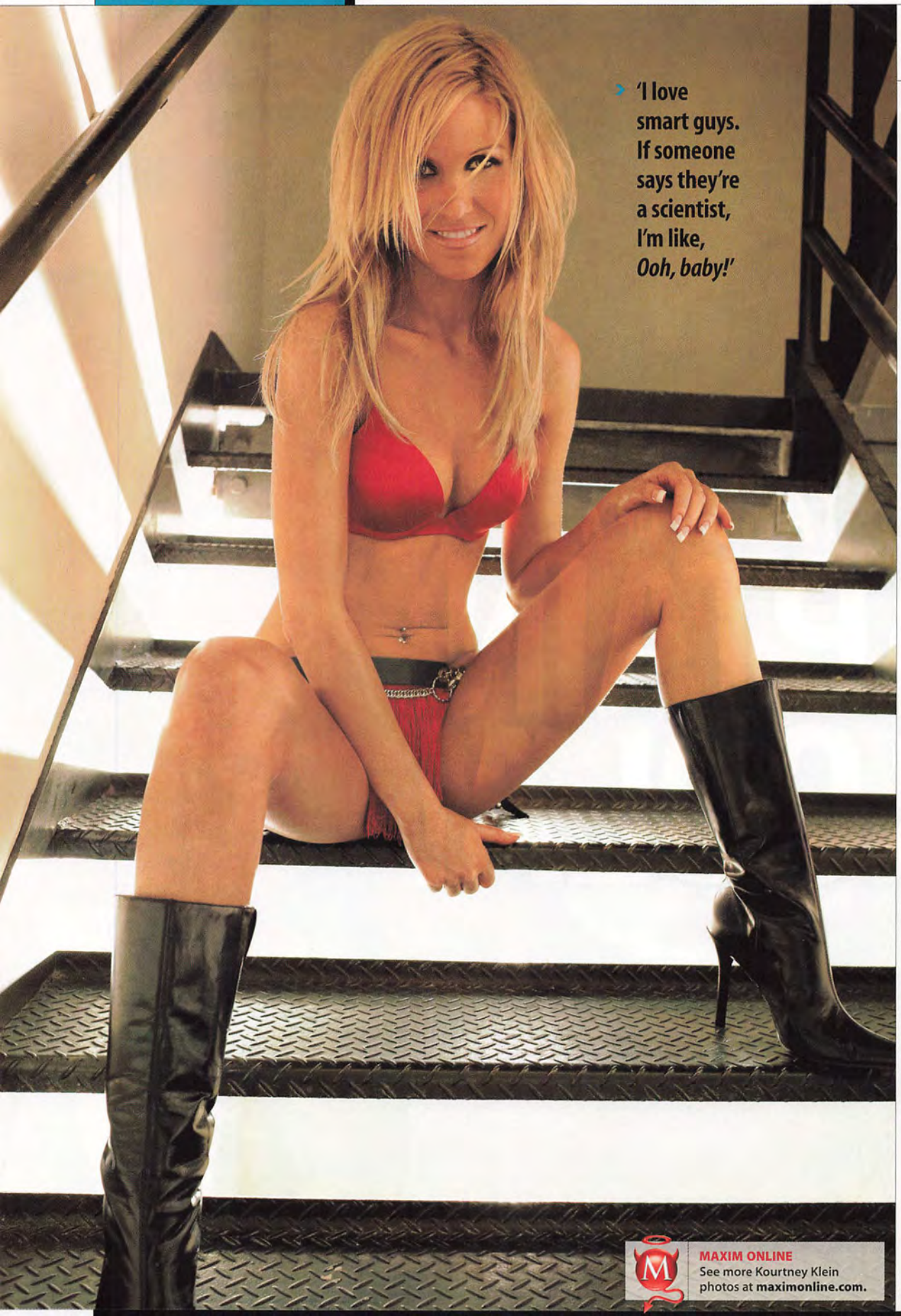

> 'I love smart guys. If someone says they're a scientist, I'm like, *Ooh, baby!*'

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Real name: Kourtney Klein
Better known as: The host of *BOOM* on Spike TV.
Her story: Kourtney Klein was born to be the host of *BOOM*, a new show where large, expensive things are made much smaller with the help of crowbars, sledgehammers, and explosives. Raised in Temecula, California, the pyromaniacal Kourtney discovered the joys of WD-40 and a Bic lighter at a young age, toying around in her dad's garage. "I love fire," she says, "It's captivating to me, so powerful and exciting." At 16 she found something new to beat the hell out of—a drum kit. Now the 23-year-old provides the backbeat for Lithium, an L.A.-based hard rock band, for which she gets her fair share of groupies . . . *girl groupies*. "The whole drummer thing, girls just love it," she says. "One ripped off her shirt and started waving her big boobs right in my face." Time to sign up for those drum lessons!

BEAT IT

> **Hey, kids! Kourtney has her own line of signature drumsticks!**

MAXIM ONLINE
See more Kourtney Klein photos at **maximonline.com.**

Photograph, Randall Slavin; styling, Seneca Moss; hair, David Shannon for Cloutier Agency; makeup, Hiromi for Luxe

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Think about Czech models.

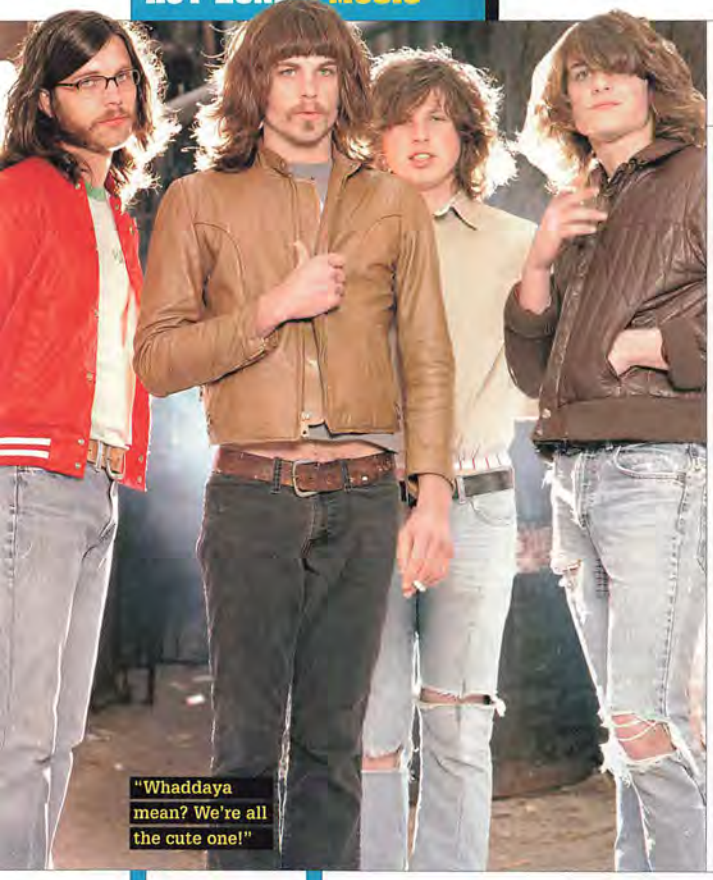
Think about Swedish models.

Eat lunch.

Think about Russian models.

Crisp, clean lemon-lime taste.

Chill your own way.


"Whaddaya mean? We're all the cute one!"

> RED STATE ROCK!

MAXIM ALBUM OF THE MONTH

KINGS OF LEON

Aha Shake Heartbreak (RCA)

The Dixie-fried garage rock on Kings of Leon's debut came packaged with a great backstory: Three hairy young brothers (and a cousin) grew up traversing the rural South with their preacher dad but were ultimately seduced by the devil's music. (Yes! Fear the reaper!) Of course, Europe ate it up and turned the Kings into, well, kings. Here in the U.S., where rednecks are about as exotic as cans of Copenhagen and gun racks, the reaction was more muted. Their second record will make it harder for the natives to resist. *Aha Shake Heartbreak* is what happens when four boozy hillbillies let loose on bohemia. "The Bucket" rumbles and struts, connecting the dots between hipster Brooklyn and white-trash Tennessee, revealing the fuck-you swagger they have in common. Similarly, "Soft" crosses the Strokes' sharp, bouncy guitars with a hazy Allman groove. The songs aren't exactly profound, but the way frontman Caleb Followill rolls lyrics like "I hate her face but enjoy the company" around his mouth, then spits them out in a toxic snarl, is a reminder that attitude trumps profundity every time.

***Maxim* rating:**

LIKE THIS? TRY THESE

Two Cow Garage
The Wall Against Our Backs (Shelterhouse, 2004)

Jason & the Scorchers
Both Sides of the Line (EMI, 1996)

GET THIS!

> **Shooter plays his dad in *Walk the Line*, an upcoming biopic about Johnny Cash.**

RATINGS:

- THE SHIZZLE
- THE RIZZLE
- THE MIZZLE
- THE PIZZLE
- THE FIZZLE

> RELEASES MAKING NOISE

SHOOTER JENNINGS
Put the 'O' Back in Country
(Universal South)
When your daddy is Waylon Jennings, you've got some serious shoes to fill. Well, shee-it! Looky here, Waylon's boy Shooter has got his ass-kickin' boots on! His debut plants one of those shoes squarely in Nashville's glitzy butt. The title track may be a wince-worthy, corny country song, but it's the only misstep on an album filled with twangy hee-haws, boozy bruisers, and lonely cowboy laments. Pops would be proud.

AMERICAN HI-FI
Hearts on Parade
(Maverick)
Half of American Hi-Fi's third album is the kind of derivative, by-the-numbers modern rock crap you'd expect. So's the other half, but it's frequently forgivable: These guys could craft a chorus for a bowel movement that would sound catchy. Unsubtle nods to Elvis Costello, Joe Jackson, and *Miami Vice* (seriously!) speak to both their '80s geek-chic fetish and a refreshing refusal to take themselves too seriously.

BEN LEE
Awake Is the New Sleep
(New West)
You must do a lot of thinking after getting dumped, because this record feels like a weekend of journal entries and rainy windowpanes. If you're into that, then *Awake* is your cup of lukewarm chamomile tea. Mostly, the album sticks to a midtempo march as Lee tells story-songs in sing-speak, occasionally perking up for catchy pop ditties, brightened by keyboardy bits. But play it backward and you still don't get Claire Danes back.

CROOKED FINGERS
Dignity and Shame (Merge)
Fingers' frontman Eric Bachmann (Archers of Loaf) has delivered depressing tunes of self-destruction with a voice blending Tom Waits with an indie-rock Neil Diamond. But now, dammit, Bachmann seems to be getting laid regularly. Luckily, the love songs here mostly involve love lost, or at least love caught spying through a window. In between is melancholy music best enjoyed in a dark room, alone, fist firmly clenching a whiskey bottle.

REVIEWS IN HAIKU

More new CDs, described in 17 syllables.

THE BRAVERY
The Bravery (Island)
These new wave heroes/May have equaled the Killers/With their first album.

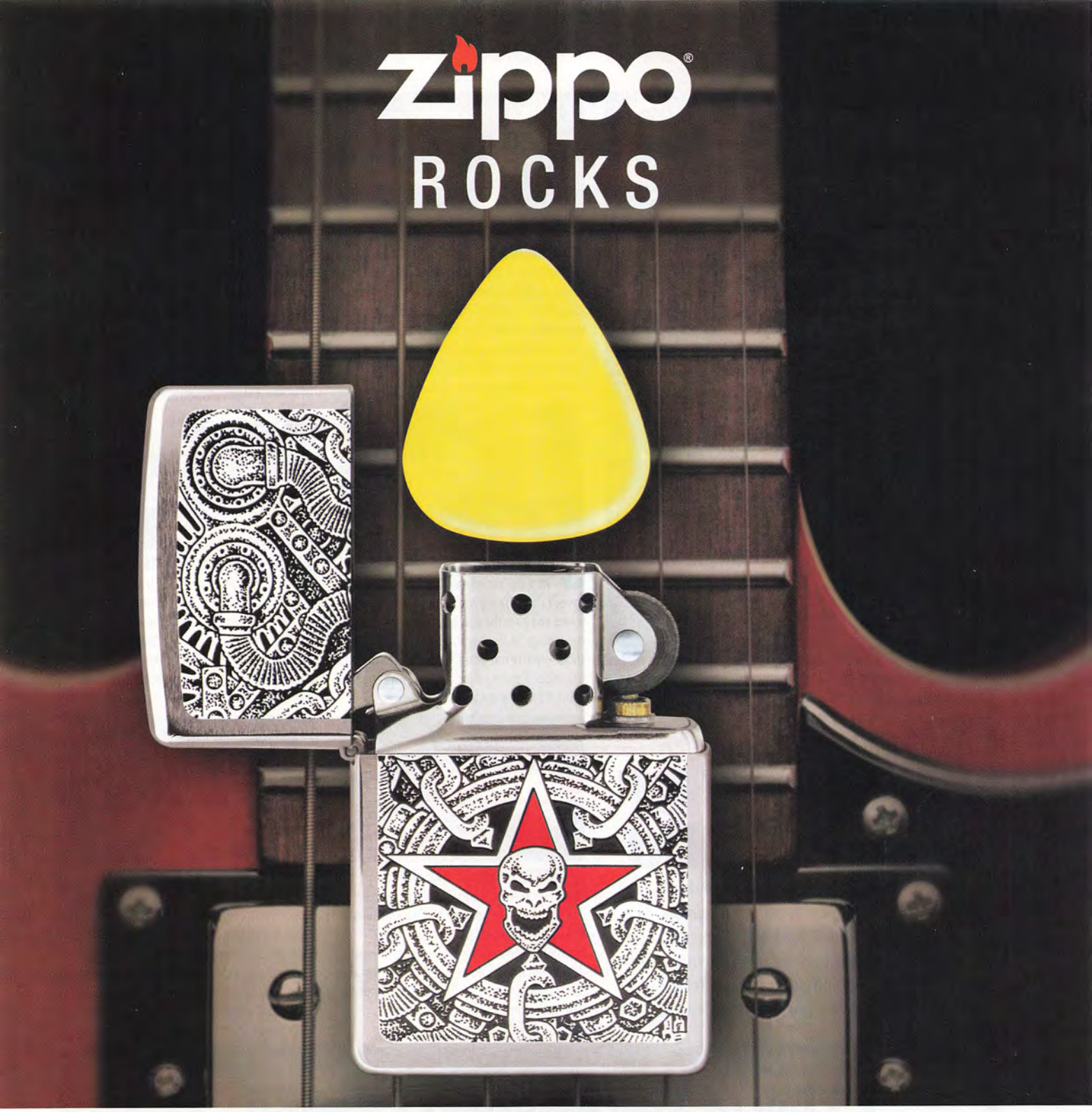
KASABIAN
Kasabian (RCA)
Rock guitars and drums/Boops, bleeps, electronic sweeps/Man, this band is sweet.

IVY
In the Clear (Nettwerk)
You love the '80s?/Soft-sung songs, sighing guitars?/Ivy might be it.

BRENDAN BENSON
The Alternative to Love (V2 Records)
If all four Beatles/Were inside of the same guy/They'd make this record.

MARS VOLTA
Frances the Mute (Universal)
Loud, screamy, crazy/Noisy, trippy, hair-raising/But not amazing.

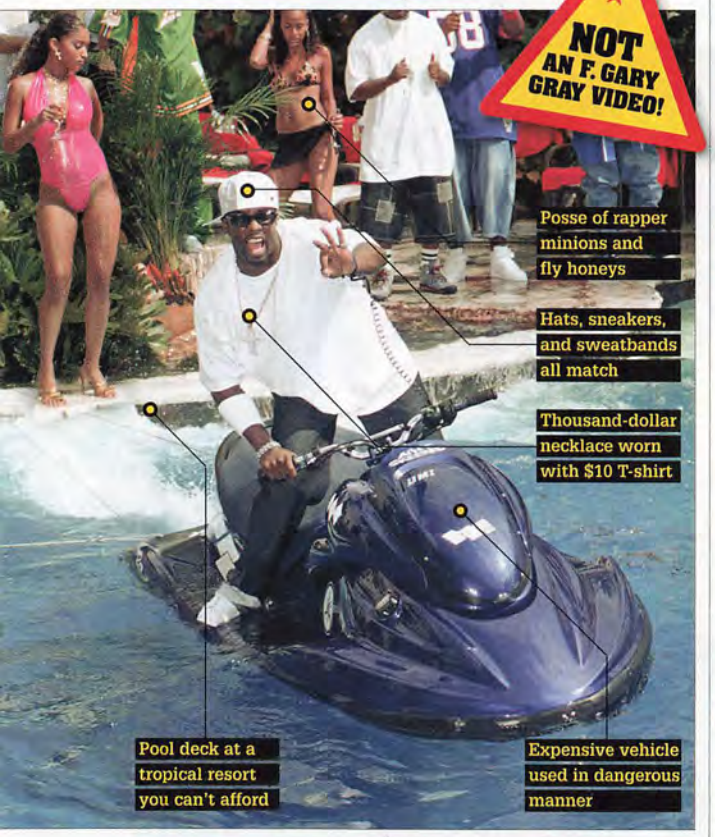
TORI AMOS
The Beekeeper (Sony)
Piano siren/Tries some funk, but tinkles the/Ivories to sleep.



The fans choose the bands on the 2005 Zippo Hot Tour, as unsigned local rockers battle it out online and on stage in selected cities nationwide. The winner gets an A&R showcase with Capitol Records, a new equipment package and an opening spot with a national headliner this November. For more details on breaking the next big band and the chance to win cool prizes, visit **zippohottour.com**.

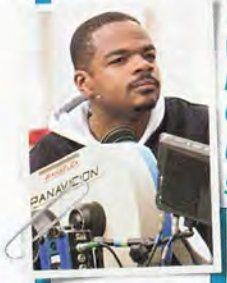
Zippo HOT TOUR

Capitol. ESP PEAVEY TAMA pro-mark purevolume www.purevolume.com DiscFarm.


NOT AN F. GARY GRAY VIDEO!
Posse of rapper minions and fly honeys
Hats, sneakers, and sweatbands all match
Thousand-dollar necklace worn with $10 T-shirt
Pool deck at a tropical resort you can't afford
Expensive vehicle used in dangerous manner

> DO IT CHO DAMN SELF!

GRAY'S ANATOMY OF A RAP VIDEO



Today's rap videos are tired, filled with corny ballers in pimped out rides. F. Gary Gray, director of Be Cool *and the award-winning mind behind dozens of music videos, shows you how to do it right.*

1 BE ORIGINAL

"Step one is to think of a good idea and then throw it out. *Everyone* else will have that same idea. With my R. Kelly video ['If I Could Turn Back the Hands of Time'], the first idea was to show him facing all these problems . . . which sucks. But what if I told the story completely in reverse? I hadn't seen that before."

3 SAY NO TO CRACK

"With the exception of 'Fantastic Voyage,' I haven't done the supermodel video yet, the one where you have the girls bouncing their asses in the camera. So those gratuitous fat booty shots—you're not going to get that in a Gary Gray video. I'm not taking anything away from it, but it's not my style."

5 KEEP IT REAL AT ALL TIMES

"People in hip-hop respond to credibility. I don't think I've ever done something that didn't feel relatively plausible. Look at the R. Kelly video where he smashes his Mercedes-Benz on its side and it slides down the street in reverse: You actually believe R. Kelly could have flipped that car *[laughs]*. You know I'm joking."

2 CARS EQUAL CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT

"Los Angeles has this culture where you're defined by what you drive. In 'Fantastic Voyage,' obviously it wasn't just a lowrider. It was like Coolio's fantastic spaceship. He just happens to have gotten his spaceship from the 'hood. And a mariachi band can emerge from his trunk."

4 KEEP SPECIAL EFFECTS *SPECIAL*

"Special effects are icing on the cake—not the cake. With the video for Outkast's 'Miss Jackson,' rain was the only digital effect we had. The animals moving their heads wasn't a computer trick—we took a piece of meat, put it on the end of a stick, and bobbed it up and down to the beat of the song."

6 REMEMBER THE MONEY SHOT

"I've done motion-control shots and action stunts. I've shot everywhere from Hawaii to France, from a helicopter in the sky to underwater. But the closeup of the artist is the most important shot. I love using long lenses because they tend to be more flattering. Get that closeup first. That's the money."

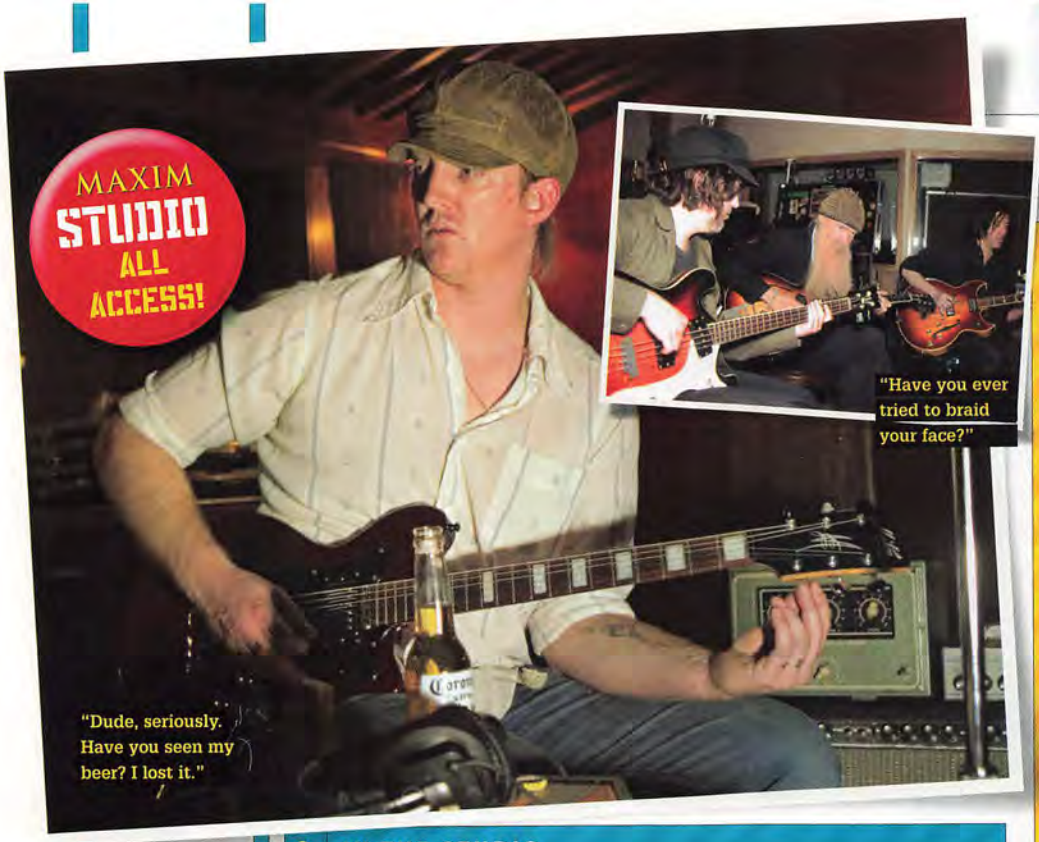
> RAPTIVITY CORNER

FILL IN THE BLANKETY BLANK

Bad words can hurt, like in "Big Booty Hoes" by the Notorious B.I.G. Your job: Clean up the lyrics.

"I got a (1) _____ that suck my (2) _____ till (3) _____. Spit it on my (4) _____ and slurp that (5) _____ back up. Ain't that a (6) _____ she even take it in the (7) _____. (8) _____ for 'bout an hour, now she want a golden (9) _____. You didn't know that we be (10) _____ on (11) _____. Luke and Biggie straight (12) _____ on (13) _____. Lick your toes, (14) _____? (15) _____, you must be crazy. (16) _____ in your face and then I'm (17) _____.

1. Petting zoo animal
2. Exotic fruit
3. Action verb
4. Part of your face
5. Dollar Menu food item
6. Cartoon character
7. Body part
8. Verb
9. Piece of jewelry
10. Verb ending in *-ing*
11. Word that rhymes with *eight*
12. Verb ending in *-ing*
13. Plural noun
14. Nickname
15. Something you'd scream at a dog
16. Hungarian for *jiggle*
17. Name of washed-up 1980s action star



> IN THE STUDIO

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE

Josh Homme is a home-wreckin', band-bustin' badass with a new record out. We watched him make it.

After a string of successful records, Josh Homme is the last man standing in the Queens of the Stone Age. Drummer Dave Grohl's gone back to the Foo Fighters, and Homme dismissed bassist Nick Oliveri in a public squabble, then played tonsil hockey with Distillers singer Brody Dalle—just after she dumped Rancid singer Tim Armstrong. Not surprisingly, the band took a bit of a break. But the Queens are back—well, Homme is—with a new album, *Lullabies to Paralyze*. *Maxim* sat in on the studio sessions.

Billy Gibbons of ZZ Top is on the record. Did you grow a matching beard?

His song's called "Burn the Witch." Billy Gibbons is playing lead, and he and [former Screaming Trees frontman Mark] Lanegan are singing in the background. How often does that happen?

I wore diapers.

I'm glad I wasn't here to smell that. How'd you replace Nick?

As Mary J. Blige once sang: "No More Drama." It's just rock'n'roll. I love Nick. But it's rock'n'roll music. We're just a band playing music. We're taking a casual face to that process. We don't do auditions and shit like that; we've got to know somebody. This is like the Super Friends, except we don't have any actual superpowers, or an office, or colorful tights.

You leave mistakes on albums. What's the best fuckup on this record?

The beard harmonic. Want to hear it? *[Homme hits play on "Burn the Witch" and dances wildly, then points out the moment when Billy Gibbons' beard hit his guitar strings by giving the stereo the bird.]*

Slow down there, Josh. Did you have this much fun with the lyrics?

They're much more confessional, without being Staind, where [their lyrics] sound like you're writing in your journal. *It's been a while since I could say I love myself.* I'm like, "Oh, God, I'll buy you the pens and journal, just don't go there." The lyrics are just about life, man, the things you go through. It's been an interesting year with a lot of drama. It's hard not to indulge those people with what they're looking for—which is a severe beating.

Are you ready for people assuming the lyrics are about your relationship with Brody and the split with Nick? Please don't hit me.

Yeah. I'm ready for people to read the lyrics and find what they find. Maybe "Burn the Witch" isn't about actual witches. There are moments where you try to make your commentary on life in a poetic way. I'm not down with the emo style, where it's like, "Hi, I'm a total fucking pussy." You have to try for the poetry that gets across the emotion without being verbose. A poet would use that really colorful language that feels nice, even if it is a dark subject. From now on I'll be teaching at the Learning Annex.

You and Dr. Phil. Do you ever learn anything from this process?

This is a kick-ass learning process. I play music for a living. I love the process. I'm not going to piss away the opportunity to play music. Not for a drug habit, or a sense of entitlement, or arrogance. None of those reasons are good enough, you know. Although porn's an interesting escape. I don't like to watch it so much as I want to be a best boy or a key grip.

You ready to make porno tunes?

Oh, we're bringing sexy back into music. This music's pretty slinky.—*Jeff Miller*

GET THIS!

> **While playing guitar in Screaming Trees, Homme also hauled gear for the Ramones.**

> ROYAL REVIEW

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE
Lullabies to Paralyze
(Interscope)

Members come and members go (OK, they mostly go), but Queens of the Stone Age frontman Josh Homme didn't stop the rock on the band's fourth full-length record. Instead, he upped the ante on the guitar lines, which roar through "Tangled Up in Plaid" and the biting "Everybody Knows That You're Insane" with raw passion and dirty thoughts. Guest spots include everyone from ZZ Top's Billy Gibbons (the bluesy "Burn the Witch") to Homme's girlfriend (and Distillers frontwoman) Brody Dalle. And there's more variety, too, like on "Lullaby," a quiet (but not wimpy) acoustic lament. Yeah, there's piano and strings on some tracks—but at heart they're still the same ol' stoner rockers. "Someones in the Wolf," the album's best cut, billows and burps before becoming a full-on jam, with dual piercing Zappa guitars blasting their way through charging drums. Pass that shit over here.

***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★½

"You playin' footsie with me? I'm the only one here..."

"Is this Hoobastank? Or Yellowcard? Or is it..."

> WORTH WATCHING

I ❤ HUCKABEES

Release date: February 22

OK, so you're 25 years old and suffering one of those life crises where you're locked in a struggle against a massive corporation. (And who isn't, really?) What to do? Well, if you're hipster dork Jason Schwartzman in David O. Russell's *I Heart Huckabees,* you go on a philosophical journey, call in existential detectives played by Dustin Hoffman and Lily Tomlin, and develop a serious loathing for Jude Law. Hey, us too!
Extras! Finally, the perfect DVD for those Sartre junkies in your life! The extras are what you'd expect, with the obligatory director and cast commentary, extended and deleted scenes, and everyone's favorite filler...the gag reel. And if you want to know how to make a postmodern flop with an ensemble cast of hot Hollywood talent, there's a "making of" featurette, too.
Trivia: Hoffman's character was based on Robert Thurman, Russell's theology teacher at Amherst University. Nice, but Thurman's real claim to fame is his sperm: He's Uma's dad.

Movie: ✪✪✪
Special features: ✪✪✪

> MUST OWN

Movie: ✪✪✪✪✪
Special features: ✪✪✪✪

MAXIM DVD OF THE MONTH ✪✪✪✪✪

HEAT
SPECIAL EDITION

Release date: February 22

What happens when a heist movie is about personal relationships instead of explosions? No, they don't hold hands and sing "Kumbaya" over the closing credits—when it's De Niro and Pacino, you get a damn fine flick. Over the course of three hours, Al Pacino's cop and Robert De Niro's robber play cat and mouse like Itchy and Scratchy and meet at a diner to talk before the epic bank shootout that's edited into oblivion when they show it on TV.
Extra! After the flick's three-hour run time, you'll need some Adderall to get through the rest of the two-disc set, which includes five—count 'em, five—documentaries. The best explores the police and criminals who inspired the movie, but for film geeks there's a shot-by-shot breakdown on how they filmed the massive ending.
Trivia: Val Kilmer, Robert De Niro, and Michael Madsen cased a real bank to prepare for their big robbery scene.

"Dammit. I said 42 long. A 42 long!"

GET THIS!
> Quentin Tarantino convinced Travolta to play Chili.

> ALSO PLAYING

GET SHORTY SPECIAL EDITION
Out: February 22 **Director:** Barry Sonnenfeld
Look at Chili Palmer. No, *look* at him, and remember that in 1995, before he made a billion awful flicks, John Travolta was still cool.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪

LADDER 49
Out: March 8 **Director:** Jay Russell
This movie was better the first time, when it was called *Backdraft* and starred Kurt Russell. At least there's still stuff on fire in this one.
We're guessing: ✪✪

EXORCIST: THE BEGINNING
Out: March 1 **Director:** Renny Harlin
Sadly, this prequel to *The Exorcist* doesn't come with a priest so you can perform last rites on this horrible movie at home. Rest in peace.
We're guessing: ✪

HOOSIERS COLLECTOR'S EDITION
Out: March 1 **Director:** David Anspaugh
Yes, you *can* improve a classic! Extras include a documentary behind the hicks-to-riches story, 13 deleted scenes, and commentary tracks. It's good!
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✪

HOW A MORE POWERFUL ENGINE HELPED FUEL ECONOMY CLIMB.

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MAXIM TOP PLAY!

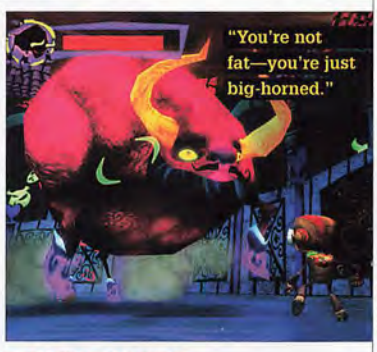
> GAME ON!

AREA 51

Midway [Xbox, PS2]

Finally, a first-person fracas that answers life's most probing questions, like, "How, exactly, am I supposed to kill 15 extraterrestrials in five seconds?" As Hazmat specialist Ethan Cole (voiced by David "Will Work for Food" Duchovny), gamers explore a top-secret government testing facility. Cue brutal standoffs against toothy, goo-spewing mutants—the spawn of Hollywood special-effects whiz Stan Winston—who are partial toward entrances that will make your pants quite damp. Your only salvation: a steady aim, a spastic trigger finger, and an arsenal of high-tech shotguns, plasma rifles, and lasers. The action's intense and immediate, with heated shootouts alongside computerized companions who bite it mere inches away. But the hero has an ace up his armor in the form of alien Edgar, voiced by shock-rocker Marilyn Manson, and exposure to a debilitating virus that grants bearers superhuman powers. Conspiracy theorists can enjoy a spirited solo campaign or spread the love online with as many as 15 friends. All this proves what we've long suspected: The truth is out there...living to tell about it is the tricky part.—*Scott Steinberg*

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪



PSYCHONAUTS

Majesco [Xbox, PS2, PC]

Video games have explored many genres—but "psychic therapist" is a first. You play Raz, a cadet at an academy where students with special mental powers are trained to be secret operatives. (Hmm, sounds familiar...) Something's screwy upstairs, and Raz has to dive into their minds to make things right. The game's a third-person *Super Mario*–style adventure, but instead of lost princesses, you get Brazilians who are haunted by buried memories of burning children. You know, fun for the whole family!

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪

> MONKEY GAME OF THE MONTH

SUPER MONKEY BALL DELUXE

Sega [Xbox, PS2]

Monkey Ball Deluxe isn't the secret lunch special at your local Thai restaurant—it's Sega's new monkey-trapped-in-a-giant-ball game! You roll a captive chimp around 300 abstract checkerboard levels collecting bananas...and it seems to make him happy. But you'll have even more fun with bonus games like *Monkey Bowling, Monkey Tennis, Monkey Baseball*...Who knew monkeys trapped in giant balls could be this much fun? Well, other than Michael Jackson.

STAR PICK

JAROME IGINLA, CALGARY FLAMES

AGE OF EMPIRES II: THE CONQUERERS

"The team played it a lot on plane last year; we'd link and play three-on-three. It's like electronic chess—you're trying to take over the world, but there's always a countermove."

> BLIPS ON THE SCREEN

DEATH BY DEGREES **Namco** [PS2]

Tekken's token fox Nina tips her head—and scantily clad chest—to James Bond, exploring a mysterious cruise liner while crippling corny villains via joystick-driven attacks. Pussy Galore? Try Lotta Fagina. Lame.

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪

SHADOW OF ROME **Capcom** [PS2]

Behead, bludgeon, and eviscerate adversaries as gladiator Agrippa, or solve Caesar's murder by sneaking around as his associate Octavius. Despite horrible camera positioning, its atmospheric plot and intuitive interface kick maximus assus.

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪

WARIOWARE TOUCHED! **Nintendo** [DS]

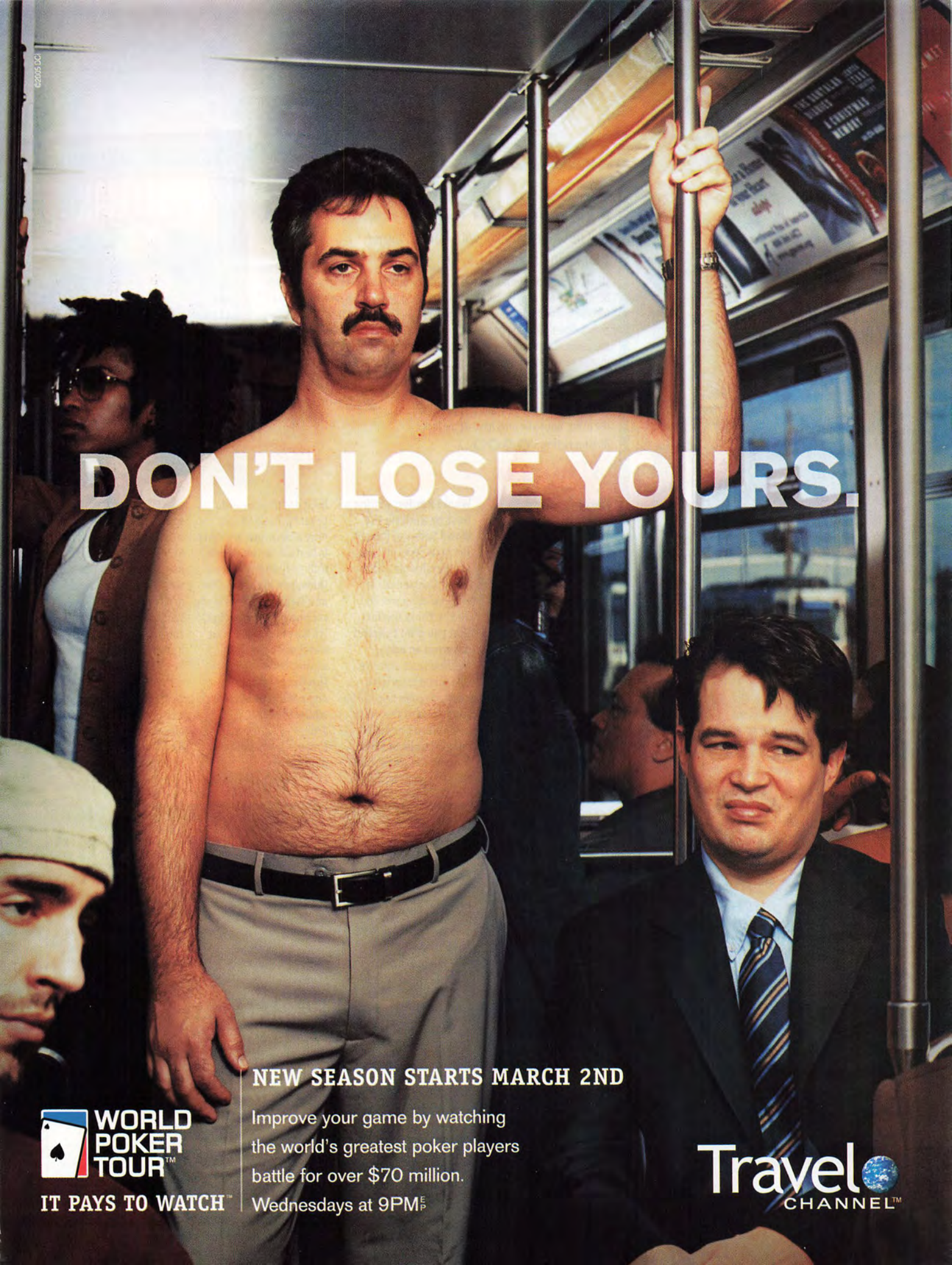
Pick nose hairs, chisel statues, piss off cats, and waste toilet paper in an avalanche of 180 insane, fast, and heart-attack-inducing five-second mini-games played using the DS touch screen. Pass the Ritalin! *Faster!*

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪

FORZA MOTORSPORT **Microsoft** [Xbox]

Gran Turismo's great and all, but you can't play online and your car never gets thrashed. *Forza* fixes that with realistic fender benders, Xbox Live tournaments and customized car trading, which allows you to pimp your ride.

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪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THE KILLERS GO ON A RAMPAGE

NEW ISSUE OUT NOW!

COMING NEXT MONTH

JENNIFER LOPEZ
TAKES ON THE HATERS

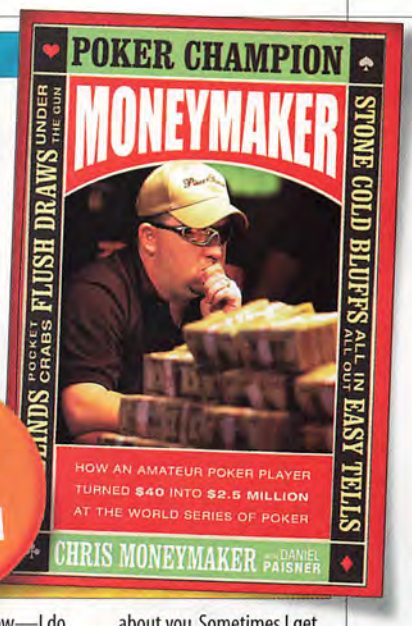
> SPORTS BOOK

MONEYMAKER

By Chris Moneymaker with Daniel Paisner (HarperEntertainment, $24)

Until Chris Moneymaker won the 2003 World Series of Poker, he was a Joe Schmo with a crappy accounting job, mounting debts, and a newborn baby to feed. Before the tournament, he dumped $1,800 betting on the Atlanta Braves, then overslept, arriving late—and unshowered—during the second day of the series. (That's one way to intimidate the competition.) Ultimately, he mortally wounded Sam Farha with an unsuited four-five to win $2.5 million. To celebrate, Moneymaker racked up a $25,000 tab at a strip club, passed out drunk at the airport gate, and had to be dragged onto the plane. Yup, some guys have all the luck.

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪


POKER CHAMPION
MONEYMAKER
STONE COLD BLUFFS ALL IN ALL OUT EASY TELLS
FLUSH DRAWS UNDER THE GUN
POCKET CRABS
HOW AN AMATEUR POKER PLAYER TURNED $40 INTO $2.5 MILLION AT THE WORLD SERIES OF POKER
CHRIS MONEYMAKER with DANIEL PAISNER

MAXIM BOOK OF THE MONTH ✪✪✪✪

> MONEY TALKS

In addition to being the luckiest bastard on Earth, Chris Moneymaker is now a published author as well. He shuffles. We deal.

What's harder: writing a book or winning the World Series of Poker?
The World Series of Poker. Anyone can write a book—just sit there and talk to someone about your life.

Do you think the fact that you didn't shower gave you an edge?
Aw, there's a lot of people who did the same thing. Maybe my odors helped a bit.

You're one of the most recognized people in poker thanks to ESPN. Are you a marked man?
It hurt my game for a while, but it doesn't now—I do better. I get paid off a lot more when people are trying to beat me. Everyone thinks I bluff every single time I bet.

Dude, you blew $25,000 at a strip joint. How'd you rack up *that* kind of bill?
You have to work at it. That was almost harder than winning the World Series. That was a feat in itself.

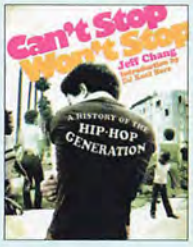
Any advice for playing while drunk?
Don't.

C'mon—you know you play drunk.
Just try to keep your head about you. Sometimes I get so bent that I probably shouldn't be playing. It's hard to know when to quit. I'll have one or two, maybe three. I'm not going to go more than that.

What's your take on all this poker mania?
It's weird. I'd never imagine in a million years that I'd be doing this. After I won I went back to work. I was an accountant for nine months.

And now?
I play poker for a living.

> THE FINE PRINT



CAN'T STOP WON'T STOP

By Jeff Chang (St. Martin's Press, $28)

There's more to hip-hop than chrome spinners and recycled hooks from 1980s pop hits. (There's also big-booty hos!) The fascinating *Can't Stop* traces the roots of hip-hop from the Jamaican sound systems of the late 1960s through the Bronx street gangs of the early 1970s all the way up until the mid-1980s, when rap finally went mainstream. The book loses steam when major labels get involved, barely mentioning the deaths of Tupac and Biggie. But it's a must-read for anyone who thinks rap began with Nelly. (We're looking at you, Fred Durst.)

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪

PONZI'S SCHEME: THE TRUE STORY OF A FINANCIAL LEGEND

By Mitchell Zuckoff (Random House, $26)

It's doubtful that Enron execs would have changed their ways after reading this account of Charles Ponzi and his eponymous investment scheme, which has bilked millions from gullible saps looking to get rich quick. (You know the drill: Rob Peter to pay Paul, then find a new sucker to pay Peter. . .) Sadly, this straightforward tale lacks suspense, but it's jam-packed with details on Ponzi's early failures, the people he ripped off, his self-delusions, and the newspaper that eventually took him down. Note to self: After swindling people of their life savings, remember to flee the country.

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪

You may not have noticed, but women also have noses.
Get clean.
Feel clean.
Smell clean.
That's 3X clean.
Spice things up.
NEW
Old Spice
HIGH ENDURANCE
BODY WASH
3X CLEAN
pacific surge
©2005 PSG

THE ODDS OF MAR

Rule your office NCAA pool—or be that annoying guy spouting factoids during time-outs. Your pick.

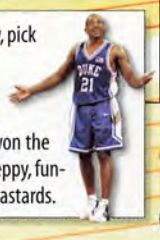
BY SEAN CUNNINGHAM ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEONELLO CALVETTI

SOW YOUR SEEDS

- Sucker bet: Since the tournament expanded to 64 (now, uh, 65) teams in 1985, no 16 seed has *ever* won, though Princeton gave Georgetown a coronary in '89 before losing 50-49. Geeks drool!
- Four 15 seeds have escaped round one (Richmond, 1991; Santa Clara, 1993; Coppin St., 1997; and Hampton, 2001), which still ain't great odds. And none of them got past the second round.
- Since 1989 nine 14s have beaten 3s. Two (Cleveland St., 1986; and Chattanooga, 1997) made the Sweet 16, but, like you "accidentally" grazing the intern's tush, the action stopped there.
- The 13 seeds win about 20 percent of first-round games, with at least one advancing in 10 of the past 15 years. Three (Richmond, 1988; Valpo, 1998; and Oklahoma, 1999) reached the Elite Eight.
- Upset special: In 15 of the past 16 years, at least one 12 has knocked off a 5. Two (Manhattan and Pacific) did it last year. Stick with these upstarts; they've made the Sweet 16 a dozen times.
- Though 11 is the lowest seed to reach the Final Four (LSU in '86), they actually tend to do worse in the first round than the 12s, going 15-45 since 1990 (12 seeds are 22-38). Deadbeats.
- The 10 vs. 7 matchup is practically a tossup, with the 7s winning only six more games over the past 15 years. The furthest either has gone is the Final Four (7 seed UVA reached in 1984).
- Sometimes it pays to favor the underdog: 9 seeds actually hold a 32-28 edge over the 8s since 1990. Then again, 8 is the lowest seed ever to win it all—Villanova in '85. Go, Cats!

GOING DEEPER

- When in doubt, pick the ACC. Since 1990 its teams have made 16 Final Four appearances and won five titles (rest of the nation: 10), with four different schools reaching the final game. Them boys can play.



- More specifically, pick Duke. In the past 19 years, the Blue Devils have gone to 10 Final Fours and won the title three times. Preppy, fundamentally sound bastards.

- Early exit: Arizona has made a staggering 20 straight tourney appearances (winning it all in '97), but they've lost in the first round eight times, including last year. Hey, that's consistency.

- The America East, Big Sky, Big South, Ivy League, Mid-Continent, Northeast, Ohio Valley, Patriot League, Southern, Southland, SWAC, and Sun Belt conferences haven't won a game in five years. Pick accordingly.

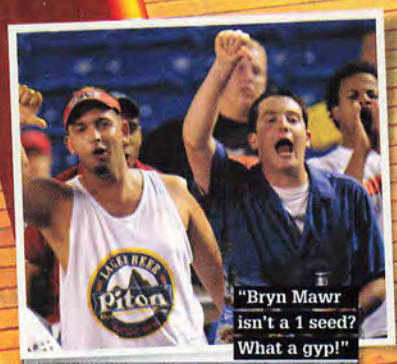
FINAL FOUR PLAY

- Teams seeded 9 through 16 have reached the Final Four only twice (LSU, '86; and Penn, '79). In the past 25 years, the champ has been an 8 seed once, a 6 twice, a 4 once, a 3 three times, a 2 five times, and a 1 seed 13 times. At least one top seed has made the Final Four every year except 1980. Seems the best teams get the higher seeds. (We smell conspiracy.)

- Go west, young man, go west… but not if you want to win an NCAA basketball title. In the past decade, 27 of 40 Final Four teams came from east of the Mississippi River, including seven straight champions and counting. Where have you gone, Miles Simon?

AND THE WINNER IS...

- Ask yourself, "Which team has the best go-to guy?" No recent squad—from Maryland with Juan Dixon (20.4 points and 2.5 steals per game) to Syracuse with Carmelo Anthony (22.2 ppg, 10 rpg) to Connecticut with Emeka Okafor (17.6 ppg, 11.5 rpg) last year—has gone all the way without a superstar leading the way. This year, watch out for KU (Wayne Simien), Wake Forest (Chris Paul), Duke (J.J. Redick) and Syracuse (Hakim Warrick). Up yours, balanced scoring!



BRACKET RACKET

BUBBLE BOYS

So your school missed the cut? Here's who to blame.

Since 2001, when the NCAA added a play-in game for the 64th and 65th seeds, 65 schools (duh) get to join the March Madness. Of those, 31 conference champs get automatic bids. But what about the other 34? They're decided the second weekend in March, when the Division I Men's Basketball Committee (a group of 10 athletic directors and conference commissioners serving five-year terms) gathers at the Westin hotel in Indianapolis.

Over two 8 A.M.–10 P.M. meetings and a final 8 A.M.–5:30 P.M. session on Selection Sunday, they pick, seed, and place teams in brackets. Schools are picked initially in groups of four. As the remaining slots dwindle, the scrutiny intensifies. Now only two teams are voted in at a time, and, finally, they're chosen one by one.

What determines how a member votes? A mix of factors, including "computerized rankings, head-to-head competition, results in the last 10 games, injuries to key players, and home and away results," explains NCAA media coordinator Bill Hancock. Beyond that it's a matter of "subjective opinion" leading to "spirited and thoughtful discussion about those last teams." Maybe 2005 will be your time at last, Vassar!

COLLEGE KNOWLEDGE

FUN WITH TOURNEY TRIVIA

You may know the all-time record of airborne vs. aquatic mascots, but how 'bout these facts?

■ Oregon won the first NCAA tournament in 1939 but hasn't been to the Final Four since. What's up, Ducks?

■ **The phrase "March Madness" was coined by Henry V. Porter in 1939…to describe an Illinois high school basketball tourney. It wasn't until 1982 that Brent Musburger first used it during NCAA coverage. Thief!**

■ Each year Horner Flooring provides a new Final Four floor, then puts it up for sale to the champ or another Final Four team. And sometimes they actually buy it!

■ **In 1942 Stanford beat Dartmouth to win the title…and $93.75. In 2005 teams will score up to $760,000 for their conferences by reaching the Final Four. And yet some people still believe players should be paid. (The nerve.)**

■ The defending champ has returned to the final 20 times, but only in 1962 was it complete déjà vu, when Cincinnati spanked Ohio State for the title—just like in 1961.

■ **In 1989 Michigan's Glen Rice scored the most individual points ever (184). A year later UNLV set the team mark with 571. Oddly enough, that's also how many towels coach Jerry Tarkanian chewed through on the sideline.**

■ March Madness is estimated to cost U.S. employers over 96 million man-hours and $1.5 billion in lost productivity each year. (Not that *you're* part of that or anything…)

COSMIC GIRL

Battlestar Galactica's Grace Park is the hottest celestial body this side of the Crab Nebula.

BY JORDAN RIEFE PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTOINE VERGLAS

'Oh, my God! I am making out with this guy and completely grinding him!'

How does the Sci Fi Channel's update of *Galactica* differ from the '70s original?
The direction the show is taking is very dark. We're going into serious drama. It's not the campy *Battlestar Galactica* it used to be.

You play Lt. Sharon "Boomer" Valerii, a Cylon on the earthling side of a war against her own kind. How does she fit into the dramatics?
My character is at the heart of a lot of this battle because she is conflicted with her true nature, which is a Cylon. I would just love for her to accept who she really is and either hate it or love it, but move through it.

Now the crucial query: Do Cylons get it on?
I had to do this one sex scene for *Battlestar* that wasn't a bedroom scene. It was outside in a forest under a lightning and thunder shower. I was like, "So you want some crazy forest sex? OK, I gotcha." In the end they had to totally edit it down and take out all my moaning.

Any other X-rated bloopers?
Yeah, one of the wardrobe ladies offered me this neoprene little patch before the scene. We told her we were already sitting on a blanket and didn't need it. We do the whole scene and both suddenly realize, *We were supposed to use the pad in between us.* Ha-ha!

So that performance was quite realistic.
I know. I remember thinking, *Oh, my God! I am totally making out with this guy and completely grinding him! What the hell's going on?* And that thought just completely pulled me out of the scene because I was so into the action.

Was he into it?
He might have done a *Something About Mary* afterward, but I recommend every guy who's going to do a love scene with a girl do that first.

OK, enough about alien sex. How should men on Earth interface with women?
They shouldn't play grab-ass, that's for sure.

We didn't do anything!
It was in Vegas on New Year's on the strip. It's packed with 2,000 people on the street. Someone grabbed my ass, and I whipped around and there were 10 people. I picked one guy and I fuckin' reamed him! I scared the shit out of this guy. It was the wrong guy, but I didn't care...

Supposing we resist the urge to grab your ass long enough to get a date—what kind of an evening could we expect?
The craziest thing I did on a date was probably cutting through the lobby of the Wickaninnish Inn buck naked except for a yellow rain jacket and rubber boots, stripping down, and jumping into the ocean right in front of the hotel. Mind you, it was October and we were in Canada. Not only was it freezing; it was night and we couldn't see our clothes. So guess what we had to do?

Let's see. Bitter cold, no clothes, Canada. Nude hockey night, it is!

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
See exclusive video and pics of Grace at **maximonline.com.**

'Someone grabbed my ass, and I whipped around and reamed this one guy.'

Styling, Karen Shapiro; hair, Laurent D. for Prive Arts; makeup, Elan Vongiorno for celestineagency.com; prop styling, Kyle Kannenberg

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THE SECOND WAVE

A year before 9/11, **Maxim** *ran an eerily prophetic feature warning of a massive Al Qaeda attack on American soil. The White House claims another attack is only a matter of time, so we asked the same expert to identify the terrorists' most likely targets. We're almost sorry we did.*

These accounts are purely fictional.
All the characters depicted within are not real.

As George W. Bush saddles up for his second term, Osama bin Laden is still at large and in charge, his sleeper cells awaiting the signal to strike while the U.S. military finds itself in an uphill battle to bring security to Iraq. With the war on terror ramping us into the zone of the unthinkable, *Maxim* asked Col. David H. Hackworth, the U.S. Army's legendary guerrilla fighter and best-selling author, if he could get into the terrorist's head. After conversations with high-level intelligence and security sources, Hack came back with five plausible scenarios for Al Qaeda's next surprise attack. But he warns that these are just a few of the hundreds of equally horrible 9/11-type events that may hit the homeland sooner than we think...

BY COL. DAVID H. HACKWORTH, UNITED STATES ARMY (RET.)
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONDOLITHIC STUDIOS

THE PERFECT TARGET

NUKED YORK CITY

An act that seemed unthinkable during the Cold War is now more plausible than ever—and some say inevitable.

Somewhere in Russia's Zlatoust-Karabash-Chelyabinsk triangle, a center of nuclear surplus, a military truck pulls up to a gate outside one of the region's dozens of aging nuclear storage facilities. Kapitan Pavel Raatko, the driver, is an officer with the 12th Main Directorate of the Russian Ministry of Defense. Known by the acronym 12th GUMO, the service is charged with protecting Russia's massive nuclear weapons stockpile. With Raatko is a young lieutenant, Sergei Toroyev. Both men consider themselves members of an elite force.

"A delivery, Kapitan?" the gate officer asks.

"More American blankets," Raatko sighs.

The gate officer smiles. The "blankets," actually Kevlar tarps, are designed to protect nuclear weapons in transit between storage and disassembly facilities. Like virtually every upgrade to the 12th GUMO since the Soviet collapse, it's a gift from the United States, which is rightfully paranoid that Russia has a security problem with its old nukes. While the gate officer checks IDs and orders and notes the log, two other guards open a box in the back and see blankets.

The gate officer waves Raatko through.

Inside the compound, Toroyev and Raatko park and load two boxes of blankets onto a handcart. They wheel it to a building with a large steel door, where they meet two more guards and First Lieutenant Vassily Deranomov, the desk officer on duty. All three officers then sign in; according to procedure, no fewer than three men may pass beyond the door at any given time.

Whoever came up with that rule, thinks Raatko, *had a lot of faith*. Like many older GUMO officers, he's nursing a grudge as big as the Ural Mountains. He's 52, still a captain, and mired in a military with a limited future. He makes $70 a month, thinks Vladimir Putin is a loser, and longs for the days when he defended the largest empire in the world. Toroyev and Deranomov aren't much happier. At times they've actually had to leave their posts to go scavenge for food.

N.Y.C. has always been a juicy target for bin Laden. Getting a nuke is a top Al Qaeda priority.

Since the facility lacks modern surveillance devices, no cameras record what happens next.

Raatko and Deranomov produce keys, unlock the doors, and enter. In front of them are hundreds of green metal canisters, each containing a 2S7 artillery round for a Russian howitzer, one of at least several thousand still mothballed. Tipped with a nuke, it's similar to the American W79 Artillery-Fired Atomic Projectile. But with a two kiloton yield, it has double the punch.

"Are you sure about this, Kapitan?" ▶

The Port of New York and New Jersey: Some three million containers pass through each year.

Deranomov asks nervously.

"*Da.* These things are older than you. Even if they get through the lockouts, they'll never get a chain reaction."

Deranomov and Toroyev quickly unlock and open a canister, revealing an artillery shell about the size of a liquid propane gas cylinder. They bury it beneath the Kevlar blankets on the cart, replacing it with a dummy round. Half an hour later, after unloading the rest of their cargo, they wheel the concealed warhead back through the door.

"Three extra blankets," Raatko informs the door guards, who give the box a cursory nod.

Three hours later Raatko pulls into a dingy garage. Inside is a tiny office, where two young men are waiting. Mohammed al Zofari, the shorter of the two, looks at Raatko icily.

"You have the produce?" he asks, garbling the word for product.

"*Da,*" Raatko smiles, "the mushrooms."

The three men return to the truck, where Hassan Razouli, the second man, digs out Kapitan Raatko's contribution to the cause. He humps the box onto the floor and pries it open.

"And the $5 million?" Kapitan Raatko grunts.

"God will pay you," al Zofari says dreamily. From under his jacket he pulls out a Makarov PM pistol, a souvenir from his days with the Afghan mujahideen. He shoots Raatko in the head.

The two Al Qaeda operatives smuggle the box to a safe house in Novorossiysk, Russia's most important port on the Black Sea. There al Zofari prepares triggers and a detonator for the mini-nuke and sorts through the arming codes with an Apple PowerBook. Cracking the codes takes focus, but it's not so difficult for an MIT-educated Saudi. The job takes four days.

While al Zofari does the high tech, Razouli buys 400 stainless-steel water coolers from a Russian exporter and hires an Irish packing company to box 399 of them in identical crates. He places Al Qaeda's bomb in the 400th box, lined with lead to foil radiation sniffers and wrapped with antenna wire threaded back to the nuke.

With the maritime alert system at a sleepy Level 1, he puts his finger on the detonator.

The shipment is packed into a standard TEU (20-foot equivalent unit) container identical to the millions that arrive at U.S. ports each year. At the dock a crane swings it onto a container ship manned by a crew that includes 11 men from the vanished Muslim republics of the old Soviet Union. Before sailing, a seaman named Abdul Rissani meets al Zofari, who equips him with a detonator no bigger than a TV remote.

Ten days later the ship surges under the Verrazano Narrows Bridge, then swings left through Kill Van Kull to Newark. No one inspects the containers aboard. From the stern Rissani eyes the huge Panamax cranes towering over the Port Newark Container Terminal. It's 3 P.M., an hour before the New York Stock Exchange closes. The terminal's MARSEC reading, the maritime equivalent of the Homeland Security Department's red-orange-yellow alerts, is at a sleepy Level 1. He puts his finger on the detonator.

Then he loses his nerve.

Bin Laden makes allowances for such moments of weakness. At precisely that moment, in the Stella Maris Chapel onshore, a Roman Catholic convenience for sailors and longshoremen half a mile from the dock, a fellow traveler punches a number into a cell phone.

In an instant the ship, the container docks, Newark Airport, and everyone within a half-mile radius is vaporized. Seconds later the shock wave smashes into lower Manhattan, knocking the Statue of Liberty off her pedestal and blowing out skyscraper windows in the financial district. Shattering glass cuts down thousands, while a poisonous nuclear squall rises from the blast zone and rains over a 10-mile area. In a microsecond, 15,000 people in New Jersey and New York are killed or wounded, and 200,000 absorb enough gamma rays to keep their doctors counting for the rest of their lives.

The economic damage only begins with the hole blown through the $100 billion annual revenues of the Port of New York and New Jersey. Within half an hour every port in the United States is closed and every container in the global shipping lanes suddenly looks like it's hiding a potential Hiroshima or Nagasaki.

HOW LIKELY IS THIS?

Some experts give this or a similar scenario a 51 percent probability over the next 10 years. "This is a real danger," John F. Lehman, Ronald Reagan's Secretary of the Navy and a member of the 9-11 Commission, told me. "Getting a nuke is Al Qaeda's top priority. New York City remains front and center as the dwelling place of the devil, of America's corrupting media and high-rises stuffed full of infidels." Russia's nuclear security failures, combined with the fact that only two percent of the annual seven million incoming containers get checked, make the scenario ripe.

In 2003 Tom Ridge went to the Port of Newark and announced that we would soon be scrutinizing 100 percent of "high-risk" vessels from the 20 ports that supply 68 percent of all cargo containers coming into the United States. But he didn't say what would happen if a terrorist decided to put a nuke on a low-risk vessel from a port not under his eye. Thinking about this, I called Richard A. Clarke, former White House advisor and author of *Against All Enemies: Inside America's War on Terror,* and asked his opinion about the shipping initiative. "The administration says they have a container shipping security initiative," he said. "But basically, it's asking the commercial shippers to know their customers. That's not enough. It doesn't tell you what's really in all those containers."

APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION

For every documented case of nuclear materials theft, experts say, nine go unnoticed.

NOV. 1993
SEVMORPUT SHIPYARD, RUSSIA
Three local Russians steal 4.5 kilos of uranium in the form of fuel rods used to power nuclear submarines. Nobody notices the theft for a day; arrests come months later, when one of the men asks an officer to help him sell the uranium.

MAY 1994
TENGEN, GERMANY
Police raid the home of businessman Adolf Jaekle in connection with a counterfeiting investigation and find a lead cylinder containing 6.15 grams of ultrapure plutonium-239. The plutonium's source remains a mystery to this day. Jaekle gets 5 1/2 years.

NOV. 1995
MOSCOW
Chechen terrorist Shamil Basayev directs a Russian TV reporter to a spot in Moscow's Izmailovsky Park, where she finds a package containing cesium-137—ideal for use in a "dirty bomb." It's believed the cesium came from a cancer treatment facility.

JULY 2002
ROSTOV-ON-DON, RUSSIA The British paper *The Guardian* reports that Chechen terrorists have stolen radioactive metals from a nearby nuclear power plant. Plant authorities deny a theft occurred, but American intelligence believes the materials include weapons-grade plutonium.

SEPT. 2004
JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA
Police investigating Pakistani nuclear proliferater Abdul Qadeer Khan raid a factory and find parts for a nuclear enrichment plant bound for Libya. Assembled, the plant could have produced enough uranium for several bombs a year.—*Todd Katz*

Number of nukes on the planet in 2002: 20,190

CAPITOL CRIME

SNATCH AND GRAB

When one man represents millions, his head is priceless.

The dirtiest politics: A U.S. congressman is held hostage.

The Yoshino cherry trees, blinding white with flashes of pink, swell up around the Jefferson Memorial in full, glorious blossom. It's April 5, and just after sunup a youthfully athletic red state senator jogs around the tidal basin.

The senator's mind is on tax reform, not terrorism. Off to his right as he comes down the homestretch he can see the Washington Monument. As usual his car, driver, and U.S. Capitol Police escort are waiting up ahead near the Korean War Veterans Memorial with its bronzed GI platoon. As usual the engine is humming. As usual the rear door opens.

Then everything turns to shit.

The senator is looking into the business end of a 9 mm pistol. The guy holding it hasn't even bothered with a mask. He doesn't give a damn who recognizes him—not a good sign. He's a Moroccan named Nawaf Akbar. For two years he's been working at a bakery in Takoma Park just beyond the District line. The flour-white day job covered his connection to a two-man sleeper cell activated by code signals in bin Laden's irregular video appearances on Islamic newscasts in the Middle East and Asia and predictably relayed to the U.S. by CNN.

Pulling a roll of duct tape from his pocket, Akbar gags the senator, drags a sack over his head, and shoves him to the floor next to his dead bodyguard. Up front Akbar's muscle, who's whacked the driver, eases into the early morning traffic on Independence Avenue.

No one notices the senator's missing for over half an hour. His office staff isn't alarmed; sometimes he goes home to shower, and the morning traffic in the District is a killer. Not until the bodyguard fails to report does anyone start to worry. And when the security tracker on the limo fails to respond, we're talking a terrorist's wet dream: confusion, chaos, panic.

The chief of the U.S. Capitol Police and the head of the FBI empty the locker rooms. Five thousand agents, the most since the anthrax scare, start working the phones, the computers, and the streets. While they fall all over each other trying to sort out the first 2,000 leads, an independent cameraman films the senator's six-year-old daughter as agents whisk her from her ballet class. That evening she's on the news in her pink tutu, tears running down her cheeks.

For an entire week the senator goes off the scope. Nada. Then come the videos. The first appears on an obscure Web site in Yemen. A hooded man with a sword in one hand and the scruff of the senator's neck in the other peers into the camcorder and says, "We are holding a senator infidel." Then the screen goes blank. Two days later a second tape surfaces on the Internet, this one in British Columbia. Holding the sword over the senator's head, the hooded figure gives the president three days to release all Muslim prisoners in Guantánamo Bay.

D.C.'s Capitol Police are all that stand between Al Qaeda and our reps.

The president offers prayers for the senator and his family and says, "We don't negotiate with terror." *60 Minutes* does some tech work with the video: In the grainy image, the senator appears to be saying "fuck you" to his captor, a signal that he stands with the commander in chief. The deadline passes. The last video appears on a Web site at MIT that mirrors the home page of the Department of Homeland Security. Somehow the terrorists have hacked into MIT's system to create the page, and before the rest of the world is entirely clear on whether it's looking at the real thing or a mockery, the sword swings, the senator is beheaded, and the page gets five million hits. And, yes, Bush's refusal to negotiate suited Al Qaeda to a terrorist T. What they really wanted was to step up the media frenzy so Americans would be scared to death in front of a TV audience from Casablanca to Jakarta.

The sword swings, the senator is beheaded, and the Web page gets five million hits.

Twenty-four hours later a hiker in the Potomac River Valley finds a headless body near the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal. The next morning an Express Mail package postmarked Leesburg, Virginia arrives at the senator's office. Inside is the senator's head, wrapped in a printout taken off the official Web site of the U.S. State Department: Response to Terrorism. "The war on terror is a different kind of war, waged capture by capture, cell by cell, and victory by victory. Our security is assured by our perseverance and by our sure belief in the success of liberty.—President George W. Bush."

HOW LIKELY IS THIS?

It's a miracle it hasn't happened already. The U.S. Capitol Police, responsible for the 535 members of Congress, are a hardworking outfit. Still I heard that some yo-yos have told their CP bodyguards that they can pack, but they have to keep their pistol under a buttoned jacket. Remembering this, I checked with a pal in counterterror who started out with Special Forces, worked for a long time as a cop, then went into private practice. "Could terrorists snatch a U.S. senator?" I asked. "Right in the middle of Washington, D.C.?"

"God, yes," he replied. "Easy. You could take the guard down before he got his jacket unbuttoned, throw the senator's ass in the limo, and be out of there in 30 seconds."

CRUDE METHODS

HOUSTON HAS A PROBLEM

From sea to shining sea, America's ports remain wide open for the import of a catastrophic terrorist attack.

Dreaming of Maui and the giant curlers of Jaws Beach, Hoyt Masterson, 26, and a buddy drift in a motorboat in Galveston Bay, looking for ships. The bay's no match for Hawaii, but when the oil tankers plow in, their wakes are so huge that Masterson and his buddies can hang 10. After 20 minutes they spot the SS *Altair Voyager,* inbound from the Middle East. Judging by her low bowline, she's brimming with crude—meaning big waves.

When the 129,000-ton tanker's a half-mile away, Masterson jumps into the water with his board, then easily catches the shoulder-high wake wave as it passes. A small figure waves from the ship. Masterson waves back.

What he doesn't know is that the man admiring his rip is Moulay Jabar, an Al Qaeda operative from Yemen whose last cruise was a reconnaissance of the USS *Cole,* a billion-dollar guided missile destroyer nearly scuttled by an explosives-laden rubber boat from Osama bin Laden's five-and-10-cent terror store. With Jabar aboard, the *Voyager* slips up the channel of what was once the old Buffalo Bayou, past steaming refineries, steel mills, and endless tank farms, wharves, warehouses, storage depots, and chemical plants bubbling with chlorine, anhydrous ammonia, hydrogen fluoride, and methyl isocyanate—the pesticide that killed 22,000 and sickened more than 100,000 Indians when it blew from an insecticide plant in Bhopal.

One backpack filled with C-4 explosive can take out a quarter of our refining capacity.

One quarter of the entire U.S. refining capacity is spread out along the 46 miles of this toxic Texas waterway. The Coast Guard knows this and boards the tanker before allowing it to couple to the unloading facility at Baytown. Nothing out of the ordinary turns up in the search, so the tanker continues on to home port to off-load one million gallons of crude before heading back to the Persian Gulf for a new load.

No one pays any attention to Jabar. He's a quiet guy trained not to wear his religion on his sleeve, a clean-cut engineer who studied at the University of Texas and did some fieldwork for Halliburton in Iraq. His job is to supervise the hookup between the tanker and the storage depot onshore. No one notices as he drops a backpack into the gaping pipe that connects ship and tank farm or sees it tumbling through the river of oil until it catches against a mesh filter near the storage depot end of the pipeline.

Ten days later the tanker and Jabar are halfway across the Atlantic when the 80 pounds of C-4 explosive inside the pack detonates.

The Houston Ship Channel: a chemical weapon 46 miles long

A quarter of America's refining capacity in a single toxic package

The explosion torches the pipeline; fires lick forward and backward, igniting the storage tanks onshore and the luckless tanker now hooked at the channel end. The firestorm quickly spreads to an adjacent chemical plant, sending a yellow cloud of chlorine drifting toward Houston. All from a bomb so simple any graduate of Professor bin Laden's Afghanistan U. could've rigged and planted it.

The Texas fires burn for a week. Under the pall of oily smoke, rescue workers retrieve the bodies of the 12,000 people killed by the flames and toxic gas. ExxonMobil, ConocoPhillips, and Shell all close their refineries to search for bombs. A quarter of the U.S. refining capacity is crippled. Oil prices skyrocket, destabilizing the market. Gas station lines grow even longer than they were during the energy crisis of the 1970s.

HOW LIKELY IS THIS?

No one knows the vulnerabilities of the American oil and gas industry better than the Middle East, and this scenario would be patently Al Qaeda: cheap, effective, and dirty. "Those guys aren't ninjas," says Bob Kerrey, a Congressional Medal of Honor recipient and a member of the 9-11 Commission.

He adds that, not long ago, a friend of his discovered a similar backpack stuck against the filter of a similar facility on the West Coast. With a basic load of C-4 in it, it could've taken down 20 percent of the oil supplies for the western United States.

THE HOGS OF WAR

Is that bacon or the Homeland Security budget?

$36,800

To Christian County, Kentucky (pop. 100,000) to buy emergency-response equipment for what deluded residents believe is an imminent WMD attack. 'Cause, ya know, about the only thing Al Qaeda hates more than Godless infidels is Godless cow-tipping infidels.

$58,000

To Colchester, Vermont (pop. 18,000, not including moose) for a rescue vehicle designed to bore into collapsed concrete buildings. Maybe next year village elders will lobby Congress for the money to build their first concrete building!

$63,000

To a rural county in Washington State for—among other things—a state-of-the-art decontamination unit. Since no one knew how to use it, they stashed it in a warehouse—right next to that mint-condition device that removes stupid people from the community!

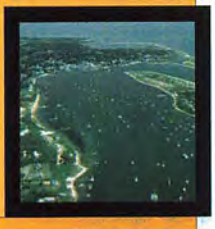
$98,000

To the Tecumseh fire department in rural Michigan, so its bravest could attend a terrorist incident management training course. Unfortunately, nobody showed up to the seminar, leaving Tecumseh woefully unprepared for the Armageddon to come.

$435,000

To Colorado for the purchase of two bomb robots to identify an offending chemical, biological, or radiological device, then carefully place it in a $260,000 metal containment pod. Should be great for picking up and restraining bait girls at CU football recruiting parties!

$900,000



To the Massachusetts Steamship Authority and a Martha's Vineyard harbor to boost ferry and port security. "I don't know what we're going to do, but you don't turn down grant money," said the harbor master. Perhaps they'll build a brig for dark-skinned ferry stowaways.

$1.5 MILLION

To Grand Forks, North Dakota (pop. 70,000), which went insane. It bought more biochem suits than it has cops, two trailers of WMD response gear, and an armored van. All they're missing is an Abrams tank. Perhaps this town *should* be attacked.—*Todd Katz*

America's symbols of suburban consumption make prime targets.

MALL INSECURITY

DEADLY MALL RATS

Market attacks occur weekly in some countries. When they arrive here, they'll be massive.

The Beverly Center on La Cienega and Beverly Boulevard, near the Hollywood Hills, is one of the country's smallest high-profile malls. But what it lacks in size it makes up for in star power. The "Out-of-Town Visitors" page on its Web site lists the Backstreet Boys, Britney Spears, Chris Rock, Halle Berry, Jerry Seinfeld, Queen Latifah, Tom Cruise, Vin Diesel, and—getting misty—Johnny Mathis.

During the peak of the Christmas shopping season, Ted Douglas, a security guard, waves at two young men with long duffel bags. For a week they've been picking up presents, stopping each day to rap with him. He grins as they disappear beyond the shop where Tyra Banks is said to buy ice cream. *Personal shoppers*, he muses. *What would the stars do without them?*

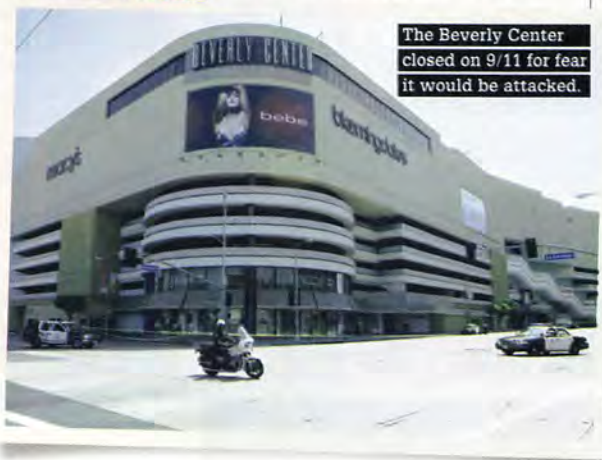
Meanwhile, near the mall's central elevator, a scrawny young girl on a motorized cart for the disabled rolls toward Macy's. Strapped to the cart is a first-aid box. She's told Douglas her name's Juanita, and that she's an exchange student from Mexico.

The Mexican connection is real, just not what the guard imagines. Fatima Basheer—her real name—crossed the border with two dozen illegal immigrants heading for work in Arizona. The coyote didn't ask any questions. Fatima was brown, kept her mouth shut, and paid him $1,500. She was also with friends.

Running through the gallery, the terrorists spray everything and everyone in sight.

Shortly before noon a truck with 100 cases of soft drinks for the food court pulls up to the loading dock. The driver jumps out, limping, and yells that he's got to hit the can fast. The guard at the dock laughs and waves him on.

The delivery driver indeed runs for the men's room, but he's not going there to piss. Inside he meets the two personal shoppers, who open their duffel bags and reveal their true gifts: AK-47s—Romanian imports available at any gun show or on the Internet for $300 a throw. Seconds later all three men step into the mall, weapons in hand and extra clips in backpacks.



The Beverly Center closed on 9/11 for fear it would be attacked.

Running through the gallery, they spray everyone in sight: men, women, children, and Ted Douglas. He crumples as blood spurts from his chest. One of the gunmen stays close to the western escalator to prevent runners from escaping, while the other two herd shoppers in the opposite direction. The eastern escalator bay is clogged with terrified, stampeding shoppers when a tremendous explosion rocks the mall. Fatima's scooter turns out to be a highly efficient car bomb. She is blown to her elementary particles, and takes 75 infidel shoppers with her.

As the shooters finish off the stunned and bleeding, a SWAT squad screams up to the loading dock; right on time, the soft drink truck explodes, blowing away the first responders.

The Beverly Hills strike makes the news first, but the attack is far wider: Simultaneous assaults have taken place at the Mall of America in Bloomington, Minnesota and the Roosevelt Field Mall on Long Island.

More than 3,800 victims die in the three attacks—more than in the World Trade Center and Pentagon attacks combined. The following day smaller but nearly as deadly attacks erupt at two dozen malls in states scattered from Maine to Colorado. Another 1,500 Americans are killed and 4,000 wounded. Fox News calls the catastrophe Al Qaeda's Tet Offensive and its pundits begin beating the drums for massive retaliation—against whom and where yet to be computed. Every mall in the Unites States closes until further notice for security improvements.

The precaution is unnecessary. Even the most fanatic mall goers are too scared to twitch. Osama bin Laden has gotten us where we live: He's dropped us where we shop.

HOW LIKELY IS THIS?

Some say it's inevitable. Al Qaeda and other terrorist groups already regularly plant bombs in markets all over the world; the only logical reason they haven't done it in the U.S. is that they are waiting to do it in a very big way. Ayman al-Zawahiri, AQ's second in command, says it himself in the target selection part of the AQ manual, when he discusses "the need to inflict the maximum casualties against the opponent, for this is the language understood by the West, no matter how much time and effort such operations take."

Bob Kerrey, never a man to run from a fight, wonders if it's possible that the jihadis have already given us something more than a bad case of nerves. "I don't want to say we've become a nation of pussies," he remarked. "But it doesn't take that much to get us trembling at our knees. When that happens, a country becomes extremely vulnerable to terrorism."

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Thousands of shoulder-fired antiaircraft missiles on the planet, and it only takes one...

UNFRIENDLY SKIES

MAN WITH A MISSILE

On 9/11 our planes were turned into weapons. Soon the weapons may be turned on our planes.

Upper Newport Bay is an ecologic rarity in Southern California, an estuary and nature preserve on the Pacific Flyway that also happens to lie under the flight path of Orange County's John Wayne Airport. Near the wetland's edge is a parking lot. For two years Hamed Moustaffa has been a regular there with his binoculars. He lives quietly in an apartment on Del Mar Avenue and works as a maintenance man at a nearby community college. Local environmentalists think of him as a dedicated birder.

One warm morning in May, he parks in the lot, gets a long canvas fishing bag out of his car, and makes his way down to the water. There he kneels on a small wooden platform he has carefully hidden in the reeds.

He pulls from the bag components of a Soviet SA-7b Grail shoulder-fired portable missile, one of as many as 4,000 that went AWOL from Saddam's arsenals after the U.S. invasion. The heat-seeking missile was smuggled to Jordan, shipped to Germany in a container of Iranian rugs, then sent to Moustaffa's contact, a San Diego dealer. The entire weapon—launcher, grip, missile, and sight—is four feet long when assembled and weighs only 35 pounds.

The SA-7b, like the Stinger, its more sophisticated U.S. cousin, is called a MANPAD, short for man portable air defense system. Defense is the perfect word here, since Osama bin Laden considers his jihad a defense of Islam.

Shortly after 8 A.M., a 737-800 bound for Chicago's O'Hare lifts off the runway at John Wayne and goes into a noise abatement maneuver over the crowded neighborhoods south of the airport. As it passes overhead at 1,500 feet, Moustaffa shoulders the launcher, tracks the slow, heavy plane in the Grail's optical sight, and activates the missile's seeker head. Five seconds later, after pulling the trigger to its full stop, he hears a dull buzzer, indicating a target lock.

A single missile can bring America's $552 billion travel industry to the brink of bankruptcy.

A moment later the missile bursts from the launcher and roars upward, homing in on the heat from the aircraft's engines at 1,100 mph.

Inside the jet Deborah James, a 32-year-old mother on her way home after visiting family in Costa Mesa, feels a jolt, then looks out her window to see smoke pouring from the port engine.

"What the..." Don Martinez, the plane's captain, says, but before he grasps the situation the engine explodes, taking much of the port wing with it. The plane rolls violently into a dive as screams fill the cabin.

Martinez and his copilot try to pull out, but with no wing it's futile. He starts to radio an SOS, then realizes he's looking at a street corner from an inverted angle at an altitude of about 400 feet. He can see the long morning shadows of a group of kids waiting at a bus stop.

The fully fueled 737 careens into densely populated Balboa Island, engulfing four square blocks in a 2,000-degree fireball. Flying wreckage rips Newport Bay into a froth and tears into bodies a half-mile away in downtown Newport Beach. The pilot, crew, and 162 passengers are lost. Another 40 die on the ground.

Soldiers call the SA-7 a fire-and-forget weapon. Moustaffa drops it in the water, walks back to his car, and disappears. Martyrdom isn't his thing. No one sees him in the parking lot or at the community college again.

For 12 hours every flight in the United States is grounded while airports check their perimeter security. In the ensuing weeks, commercial air traffic sinks by over 20 percent, threatening every American carrier with bankruptcy and punching a multibillion-dollar hole in the country's $552 billion travel industry just as it's promising to regain pre-9/11 levels of revenue.

HOW LIKELY IS THIS?

You can take this one to the bank. Stray MANPAD attacks have already happened in places like Kenya, Rwanda, and Baghdad. An Al Qaeda sleeper wouldn't need much training to pull the trigger. "Even I could operate one," says Bob Kerrey. Most military aircraft already have countermeasures, but efforts to outfit our civilian fleet with similar devices have yet to bear fruit. Perhaps we're waiting for inspiration. M

—Eilhys England and Tom Matthews contributed to this feature

OSAMA BIN BUSY

Terrorist activity since 9/11...

"Why hasn't Al Qaeda attacked American soil again?" many have asked since 9/11. It's not like those bad boys haven't been trying. Since September 2001, federal agencies have identified more than 20 suspected attempts by the group to conduct terrorist operations inside the U.S. These include target scouting, sleeper cells, and even full-blown plots. The result: arrests of more than18 suspected terrorists and 200 associates. About 40 states have ongoing investigations.

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OUTWIT, OUTPLAY, UNDRESS

Survivor cast member Julie Berry puked up coconut, brushed her teeth with sand...and lost. But she looked damn good doing it.

BY JODI BRYSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF OLSON

What's it like to be a Survivor?
It just rocked! While you're out there you're oblivious to the fact that it's a TV show—which sounds bizarre. I really got into my own world, and that made it weird to watch later on. They take bits and pieces of you, and it does not do justice to how emotional the game is, really.

What's a day in the life of a Survivor like?
You have no perception of time. It's all driven by the sun. We'd go to bed right when the sun went down because there is nothing to do at night. Then you get up an hour after the sun rises. You have to get water. You have to find logs; there's a never-ending woodpile you have to stack, and it's very draining. Then you wait for challenges, which are the best.

The best? Hauling ass around the jungle?
Well, it's not easy. If you don't eat for a day, you get irritated and tired. Think about not eating for a whole day. We only ate roots. Then go do one of those physical challenges. Your heart is pounding and it's not even about your physical strength anymore—it's all mental. You have to force yourself to get through it.

What's the worst thing you ate?
I got violently sick after eating a rotten coconut in the middle of the night. It tasted like beer. It was fermenting. There were little white and brown maggots in it. I threw up for days. So coconut is ruined for me.

So much for piña coladas. What's it like to lose on national television?
I don't feel like I lost. I lost a million dollars, but I gained so much. Self-reflection, the love affair of a lifetime, friendships, and an experience that I still dream about at least three times a week. Losing the money is minor.

What if it had been $100 million?
I would channel it out to everyone. I'd help people in other countries. I know you hate that answer, but that's what I'd do. What am I going to do with $100 million? I'd help children.

Oh, come on...
I love children. I'm very pro-love. On the island I learned a lot about myself and money. Now I know what I'd do for a million dollars and what I wouldn't compromise, which is friendship.

You're so sweet. We want to build a statue of you. What position are you in?
Lying down with my back arched, my hair free, and just...open.

Your answers are rapidly improving. How about open relationships?
It's not for me. There are diseases, unwanted pregnancy, heartbreak. If we took away casual sex, maybe everyone would have to look for true love and commitment.

Oh, brother.
Women and men look at it differently. Love could fix it. No more casual sex.

That's an unpopular position.
Oh, well. I have other positions.

OK. You and another woman are last on the island. All you have is a tank top and a pair of shorts. So, topless or commando?
I don't care. I'm on an island. I'd wear leaves if I had to. That's what was good about *Survivor* for me. Just being natural—no makeup—and I could wear whatever I wanted.

What hygiene product did you miss most?
Floss. I am a huge mouth hygiene person, so it was an issue. I used sand to brush my teeth, so it was getting in between the teeth that was a problem. It was awkward, but it worked.

Who had more grit on the show, the men or the women?
I'm not big on gender differences, but having a period is a complicated situation, so it's harder for women. But I think women can handle more.

Especially if they're dating the host!
Ah, the love of my life, Jeff Probst. Yes, he was our host on *Survivor.*

So you're famous. What now?
I'm going to get a master's degree. I'm no actress. I just have an undying desire to help people. Right now I carry on a normal life, and nobody gives a shit about me. M

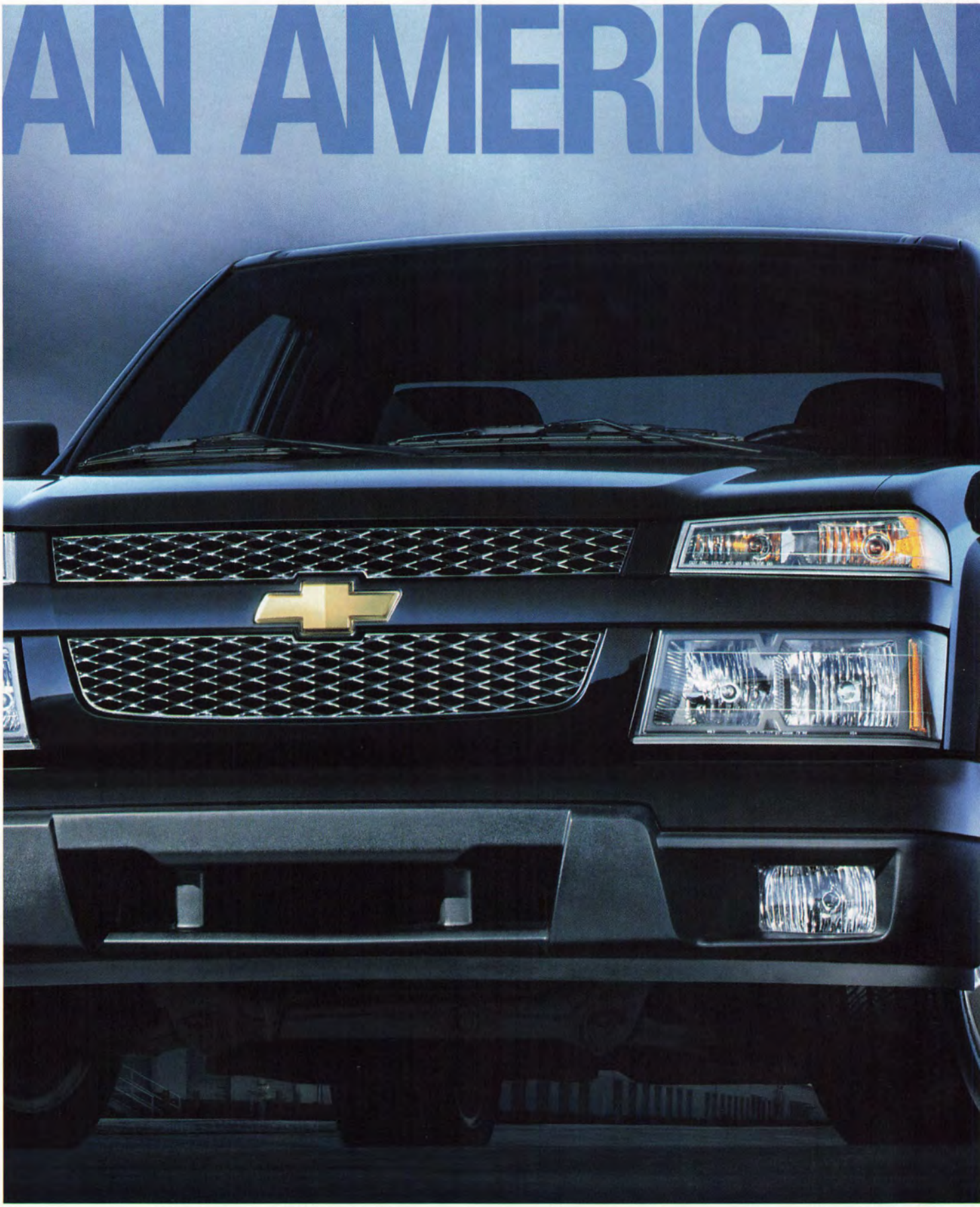
"Anyone seen my bikini bottom?"

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
See exclusive video and pics of Julie at **maximonline.com.**

Styling, Seneca Moss for Cloutier Agency; hair, David Shannon for Cloutier Agency using Matrix; makeup, Hiromi Inoko for Luxe using Nars; prop styling, Kyle Kannenberg

I'll be lying down with my back arched, my hair free, and just... open.

AN AMERICAN



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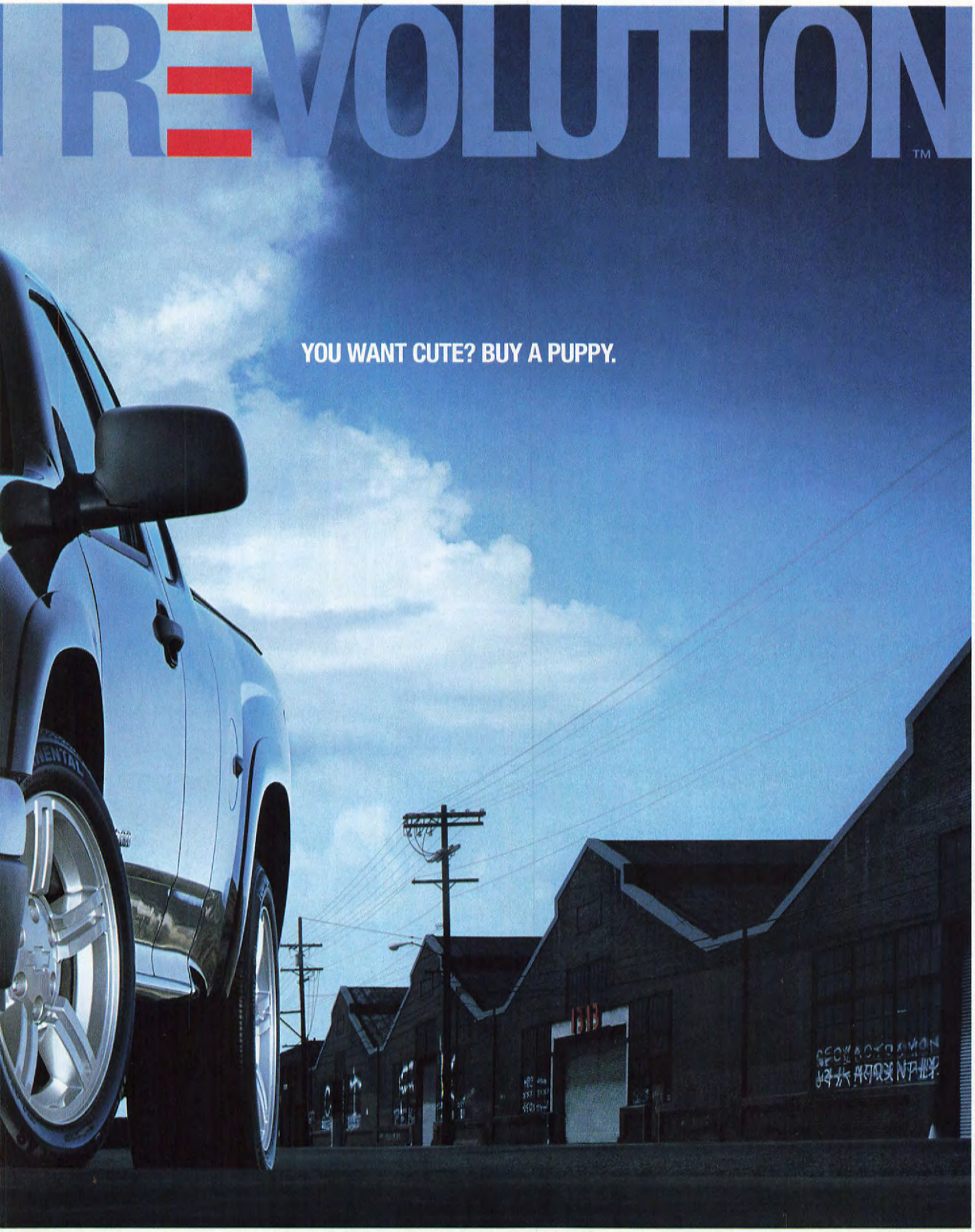

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ULTIMATE CONQUESTS

1 RACHAEL RAY

What's better than a woman who cooks? Yep, a good-looking woman who does! Persuade the motormouthed host of the Food Network's *30 Minute Meals* and *$40 a Day* to leave the stove long enough to join you in the bedroom. Then convince her to return to that stove and make you a deliciously affordable breakfast.

2 DEMI MOORE

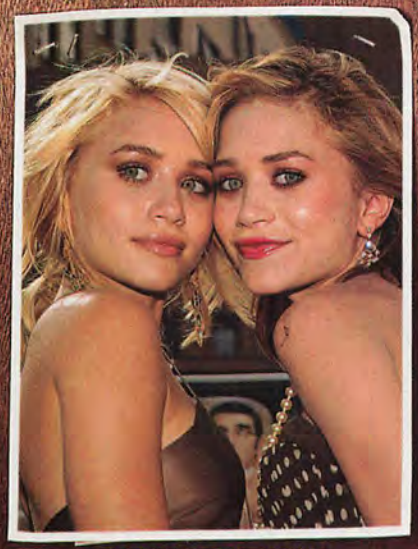
The *Striptease* star, Bruce Willis ex, and sizzling Hollywood MILF tends to date her fellow celebrities (including former fiancé Emilio Estevez and current condom rack Ashton Kutcher), so you'll be operating at a disadvantage. That said, she apparently also has a weakness for complete tools, so you've got a shot.

3 ELLEN DEGENERES

You're probably not aware of this, but we have on good authority that this daytime talk show host is a lesbian. (She's very private about it.) Before you lose all hope, keep in mind that so was her ex. Now Anne Heche is back on the baloney pony, and your mission will be to persuade Ellen to climb aboard as well. Ride 'em, cowboy!

6 ANN COULTER

The author of *Treason: Liberal Treachery From the Cold War to the War on Terrorism* (it's a great beach read), Ann will give you no problems as long as you smile, compliment her on her contempt for people with their own ideas, and remember: If she even suspects you believe Dubya and Jesus are different people, no bush for you.



7 THE OLSEN TWINS

The most challenging part of seducing the Olsens? Telling them apart. If you cry out, "Oh, Ashley!" when you mean to cry out, "Oh, Mary-Kate!" you'll disappear faster than *New York Minute*. Remember, Mary-Kate's the one who has an eating disorder, while Ashley's the one who only *looks* like she has an eating disorder.

8 ZIYI ZHANG

The 26-year-old Beijing-born *Crouching Tiger* star can hold her own with Jackie Chan while you'd get bitch-slapped by Jackie Mason, meaning you're playing seriously high-stakes pai gow. Also, she doesn't speak much English, so make damn sure she understands what you mean before whipping out your kendo stick.

Some men boast about nailing cheerleaders. And models. And nuns. Amateurs! We present the 10 toughest women to woo in 2005. See how many you can collect, and let the bragging-rights battle begin.

4 NICKY HILTON

Better known as the Hilton sister whose cooch we haven't seen, Nicky comes at a price. Ask Todd Meister. First he married her, and then when they separated after six weeks she reportedly tried to keep his late mother's 10-carat wedding ring as a memento. Don't try unless you have fancy jewelry. And at least one dead parent.

5 CAROLYN KEPCHER

There's something about a woman in sensible corporate attire. You must persuade *The Apprentice*'s moral center to turn her back on the Donald and focus on the Craig or the Larry or whatever the hell your name is. And while you're at it, you'll need her to abandon her husband and two small children as well. Hey, it's just business.

9 BRIGITTE NIELSEN

This six-foot tall Dane had a marriage to Sylvester Stallone, an affair with retired football player/steroid aficionado Mark Gastineau, and a deeply romantic courtship by Flavor Flav on *The Surreal Life*. How can you get her? Based on her fondness for Gastineau and Flav, you're going to need small testicles and a very big clock.

10 CINDERELLA

There are many costumed women in a Disneyland theme park parade, but we only have eyes for one: Cinderella. Ah, Cinderella. Be her Prince Charming and whisk her off to a land of enchantment far from her wicked stepmother and/or that jerk supervisor who keeps threatening to demote her to the Goofy suit.

THE UNVANQUISHED

VIRGIN VIEWING

Meet 10 men with hardly any notches on their bedposts.

1. Isaac Newton
The mathematician was purportedly hit by an apple, marking the only time in his life he got nailed.

2. Friedrich Nietzsche
The philosopher apparently died of syphilis . . . contracted via a medical infection. Tough break, Fried.

3. Lewis Carroll
The author of the beloved children's classic *Alice in Wonderland* died a virgin. Hmm.

4. Hans Christian Andersen
The author of the beloved children's classic *The Ugly Duckling* died a virgin. Hmm.

5. J. M. Barrie
The author of the beloved children's classic *Peter Pan* also died a virgin. All right, it's officially creepy.

6. Beethoven
Everyone's favorite deaf composer didn't seal the deal with the ladies. Chicks dig hearing.

7. Adolf Hitler
His obsession with purity also applied to nonracial matters. Keep hope alive, Aryan hoochie mamas.

8. Andy Warhol
Mr. 15 Minutes of Fame chose to devote himself to his art (painting soup cans is exhausting!).

9. Morrissey
The sad singer said he was celibate, but adds it now applies "only on Christmas and bank holidays."

10. Clay Aiken
Yep, the American Idle. Which is a shame, 'cuz he could get more chicks than any man since Liberace.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE COHEN

THE BEST SEX ADVICE EVER GIVEN

If you want better sex, don't listen to your guy friends. You think those chumps know any more than you? Instead, take it from the sexperts, playas, and ladies' men who are getting it the most!

BY AMY SPENCER PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

The last time you asked someone for sex advice, you were regaled with stories of Dad taking Mom to Tijuana for a donkey show. Luckily, we decided to boost your mojo by granting you a big sexual favor: We talked to the folks who know and got their top tips to make your bedroom hotter than Djibouti in July. But don't take our word for it. Take 'em home and try them yourself. And when she calls out the Almighty's name in bed, just remember the little people who got you there.

"ROPE-A-DOPE" HER HOT SPOT

"The clitoris has 8,000 nerve endings—twice as many as the penis. To pleasure it, try the strategy Muhammad Ali employed to take down George Foreman during the Rumble in the Jungle: Ali let Foreman clobber him for a full seven rounds. Everyone thought he was a goner. Then, when Foreman was so fatigued from pounding away at Ali that he could barely lift his mitts, Ali sprang to life with a lightning-fast combination that sent the dazed and confused Foreman to the mat in seconds. Be like Ali. Let her push and grind against your flat, still tongue. Take it all in, then spring back with a series of fast vertical and diagonal tongue strokes. Lick her senseless with a short burst of energy and then return to the flat, still tongue, waiting for yet another opportune moment to spring to life again."

Ian Kerner, Ph.D., sex therapist and author of *She Comes First: The Thinking Man's Guide to Pleasuring a Woman*

GIVE HER AN INCENTIVE

"If you want the best blow job on Earth, put cash on the bedside table. I'm not kidding. I've had guys pay $10,000 for a blow job. Whether it's $300 or $100,000, it's an incentive that makes women give better sex. Or give Cartier. A little Cartier never killed a woman."

Heidi Fleiss, former madam

GET YOUR BUZZ ON

"Turn your hand into a vibrator by placing the vibrator on top of your hand so she can feel the vibrations through it. Or you can cover an electric toothbrush with Saran wrap."

CYNTHIA GEARY, AUTHOR OF *THE BEDSIDE ORGASM BOOK*

LISTEN TO THE LESBIANS

"Fingering doesn't mean pounding; a finger is not just a stand-in for a penis. Slip one finger between the outside of her lips and slide up and down really slowly until the vagina moistens itself. The lips make a line right up to the clit, so you can play with that a bit. Once she's moist, go inside a little with one finger, but just one. Some guys think because one finger feels good, four fingers must feel better! It doesn't."

Terri Castillo, 29-year-old lesbian nicknamed "the Transformer" for converting nine women to her team

ESTABLISH YOUR SEX DICTIONARY

"Sexy talk in bed can be a big turn-on—unless she's turned off by your language. So play a game: Find a magazine with nude pictures and point to body parts, asking her, 'What do you want me to call that? A vagina, a pussy, or something else?' Then tell her whether you have a cock, a penis, or a trouser monkey."

Carol Queen, owner of San Francisco sex toy and book emporium Good Vibrations

CHECK HER, UH, CREDENTIALS

"The best advice I can give you is to make sure your date does not have a penis. That happened to me: *National Enquirer*, 1990. I was arrested when I found out and was very displeased."

Danny Bonaduce

GIRLS GONE CRAZY

"OW...OW! OW!!!"

You're not alone. Women get awful sex advice, too.

■ "Please quit grabbing my balls and pulling. Maybe some guys enjoy this, but I don't."—***Johan M.***

■ "Faster is not better when it comes to hand jobs. The object is not to start a fire. Besides, hand jobs themselves are inherently lame. We can do them ourselves."—***Giancarlo B.***

■ "Please, do not *ever* stick your finger up my back door. I know it seems unfair, since performing anal sex on a girl is a guy's Holy Grail of sexual conquests, but there is something decidedly unpleasant about a finger up the butt."—***Greg S.***

■ "My ex-girlfriend tried to put her pinkie inside my *freakin'* urethra. No joke. When I told her to stop, she said her friend's boyfriend liked it."—***Michael G.***

■ "Using teeth during a blow job may sound like a rookie mistake, but a girl who tried it on me said she was told that it only 'tickles a little.' 'Tickling' was not how I'd describe it. There's a right way and a wrong way to do things, and the right way won't leave a bruise."—***Sean C.***

■ "My ex-girlfriend was a damn nipple biter! The unsolicited biting of the nipple is unacceptable! Arms, legs, sure, but don't start chewing on my sensitive parts."—***Brian S.***

■ "Jellies and creams that are supposed to enhance sexual pleasure do not work. When Big Jim and the Twins start tingling, I go to the ER—I don't want to screw."—***Drew T.***

■ "I don't want to watch you and another guy. Nor do I wish to be a part of that type of threesome. Two girls? Now that's OK."—***Andrew H.***

"Argh! Watch the dentures, Granny!"

"Excuse me, Miss. Your panties are untied."

REACH FOR THE THIGH

"The single most erogenous zone is her inner thigh. It sends a sensual signal to your partner without going straight for the bull's-eye."

PATTI BRITTON, SEXOLOGIST AND AUTHOR OF *THE COMPLETE IDIOT'S GUIDE TO SENSUAL MASSAGE*

BACK OFF

"Don't sweat the pussy; make the pussy sweat you. If you really dig a woman, pass up sex the first couple of times, because the best sex you're going to get is when *she's* after *you*. If you're just looking for one night, say whatever the fuck you want: If she wants to fly, tell her you're a pilot. But if you're fly enough to hold back, she'll want to screw the shit out of you. The best sex comes down the road when the chick finally tells you what she wants and you can get into your freaky."

Ice-T, rapper, actor, and creator of Liquid Ice Energy Drink

AIM HIGH

"When you want to bring home a woman, pick the most attractive one and go for it. When I grew up, the ugliest motherfucker of the group always had the best-looking girls, because it isn't about money or good looks—it's about the balls you have and the attitude. If you choose to charm the best-looking girls, you have nothing to lose and everything to gain."

Fabrizio Brienza, male model and Miami club promoter

SUCK WIND

"Breathing deeply gets you in touch with your body instead of your head. A lot of people tighten up when they get close to climaxing, but if you really breathe (and remind her to), it spreads the pleasure into a full-body orgasm."

Johanina Wikoff, Ph.D., author of *The Complete Idiot's Guide to the Kama Sutra*

MAKE A PROMISE AND KEEP IT

"I hate to give away trade secrets, but when I'm kissing a girl good night, I might say, 'Before I leave I've got to give you a couple of goose bumps.' Then I carefully lean in and kiss the back of her neck really softly. If she likes that, I give a little squeeze to her back end. There are nerve muscles there that will make her hair stand up on end. If she doesn't get goose bumps, either you suck or she doesn't like you."

Ron Jeremy, professional stud and star of over 1,750 (no, that's not a typo) adult films

ENCOURAGE HER WILD SIDE

"Nice girls worry that if they get wild in bed, you'll think of them as sluts. So I say this: If you're lucky enough to have wild, risqué sex with your girlfriend, make sure to be particularly romantic afterward. If she dresses up naughty for you or gets kinky and spanks you, say, 'I love you for that,' and caress her hair while you say it. The wilder the sexcapade is, the more romantic you need to be afterward so she knows that you still think she's a nice girl deep down. She'll be bloody up for everything then!"

Tracey Cox, author of *Superflirt*

ASK ANYTHING

Q I read that up to 80 percent of the U.S. has herpes. True?

A The American Social Health Association (ASHA) says that 50 to 80 percent of American adults have a case of the common cold sore, also known as the less glam "oral herpes." If you kiss your mother (or anyone else) with that mouth, you risk infecting them as well. Worse yet, if you go downtown during a breakout, you'll give that person (hopefully not your mother) an upgrade to genital herpes, which ASHA says currently affects one in five American adults.

Styling, Krisana Palma; hair, Michael Silva for aartistloft.com; makeup, Amanda Redgrave for aartistloft.com

READ HER BODY

"If she moves her hips up off the bed, she's telling you to lick a little lower. If she presses her butt down into the bed, she's telling you to lick higher. If she's groaning and pushing into your face, well, she's telling you you're doing a great job!"

DIANA CAGE, AUTHOR OF *BOX LUNCH: THE LAYPERSON'S GUIDE TO CUNNILINGUS*

But you don't know where that finger's been!

DRAW THE CURTAINS

"When you're giving her oral sex, use your hands to part her labia, the outer lips of her vagina. If you hold her open with your fingers, it creates a bigger area for your tongue to explore on her, and it's an erotic feeling for her to be spread by her man."

Ava Cadell, author of *The Pocket Idiot's Guide to Oral Sex*

TRY THE SCOUT'S HONOR MOVE

"Here's a great way to pleasure her G-spot with your fingers, but it requires dexterity. Musicians will be good at this! Have her lie with her thighs spread open and her knees bent. Then stick out just your forefinger and middle finger, as if you're giving the scout's honor salute, and insert those two fingers, palm up, into her vagina very slowly. Once you get all the way in, pull your fingers back out, making a come-hither motion to stroke her G-spot. At the same time, slide the same two fingers of the other hand in right below and keep switching hands. It's basically a circulating motion in which two fingers of one hand are going in while two fingers of the other hand are coming out in one smooth, continuous rotation, and it feels utterly amazing."

Joy Davidson, Ph.D., Seattle sex therapist and author of *Fearless Sex*

ASK, ASK, ASK

"Look, not every woman wants her vagina licked the same way. But not every woman wants to tell you you're doing it wrong for her. So you need to ask her, 'Am I doing this right?' and give her the opportunity to tell you. It's time we men stopped being so intimidated. If the woman's having a great time in bed, I'm going to have a better time. If I want time by myself, I'll masturbate! If she wants to use a vibrator, it can only contribute. If you're pleasing her, she'll go out of her way to please you."

Cousin Stevie, adult film director

LICK HER BEFORE BEER

"Guys say, 'Get her drunk,' but there's a fine line between a girl being tipsy and ready to play and you ending up alone at Dunkin' Donuts at 2 A.M. with her vomit on your shoes."

COLIN QUINN, HOST OF *TOUGH CROWD*

GIVE HER SOME SKIN

"The skin is the largest organ of the body. The more of your skin that touches her skin, the better. While you're penetrating, touch her feet with your feet: Wrap your feet around her ankles, or rub the tops of your toes along the bottom of her feet; stroke her hair and lick her breasts. You can even put a little oil on your bodies so you slide better."

Carole Altman, Ph.D., author of *Sex Talk: How to Tell Your Lover Exactly What You Want, Exactly When You Want It*

DO IT IN THE KITCHEN

"You can last longer if a woman is lying on an elevated surface, like a kitchen countertop, and you enter her standing up (you don't have to support all your weight on your arms like you do in the missionary position). Plus, you're entering her from below, which affects the angle of the dangle so your penis will hit the top wall of her vagina, which is where her G-spot is."

Barnaby Barratt, Ph.D., president of the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists

MASSAGE YOUR WAY TO SEX

"Every woman loves massages. And there are so many lotions and creams out there to use. It wouldn't hurt a guy to go to the store and say, 'I want to give my girl a massage, so what should I get?' And massage always leads to something."

Stacy Keibler, wrestling diva

BE HER BREAST FRIEND

"Playing with a woman's nipples releases a hormone called oxytocin that causes a tingling sensation in her genitals, so be good to her breasts. Nipples are really responsive to temperature, so take advantage of that by grabbing a blindfold, an ice cube, and a cup of hot tea: After she's blindfolded, suck on the ice, then lick her nipples very gently; next, take a sip of hot tea and lick her nipples again. Start soft and slow, and if she doesn't punch you in the face, you're on the right track. Or rub her nipples with baby oil to make them slippery little disks. Just like you don't want a woman tugging at your penis with her dry hands, women don't like that feeling either!"

Jen Sincero, author of *The Straight Girl's Guide to Sleeping With Chicks*

RISE AND SHINE

"The best sex I've had is when a man caresses me awake in the morning, waking up every nerve of my body until I really want it. But don't go straight for the breasts and pussy, and don't just start poking into her back. Curl up behind her and run your hands along her arm, follow the curves of her hips and butt. If you take your time, she'll be begging for it."

Candida Royalle, adult film producer, sex toy creator, and author of *How to Tell a Naked Man What to Do: Sex Advice From a Woman Who Knows*

JERK HER AROUND

"The age-old question: Should you be a nice guy or a jerk? Well, why not both? Next time you see a cute waitress, say in a really polite tone, 'Hey, shithead, want to go to a museum sometime?'"

Eugene Mirman, stand-up comedian

And he was only on chapter one

ANCIENT WISDOM

SHEIK SPEAK

Muhammad Al-Nafzawi's* The Perfumed Garden *was the* Kama Sutra *of its day. Some choice tips:

TO GET MILKED...

"An abundant ejaculation of sperm results when the vulva clasps the virile member and sucks up the sperm with an irresistible force... A woman should wash her sexual parts with a solution of walnut bark in order to contract her vagina."

TO GO LONG...

"A man who wishes to acquire vigor for coition may melt down fat from the hump of a camel and rub his member with it just before the act. Masticate cubeb-pepper; put a quantity of it upon the head of your member and go to work."

TO GAIN AN INCH...

"Take a piece of soft leather upon which is spread hot tar and envelop the penis in it. It will not be long before the member raises its head, trembling with passion. Leave it on until the tar grows cold, then repeat several times."

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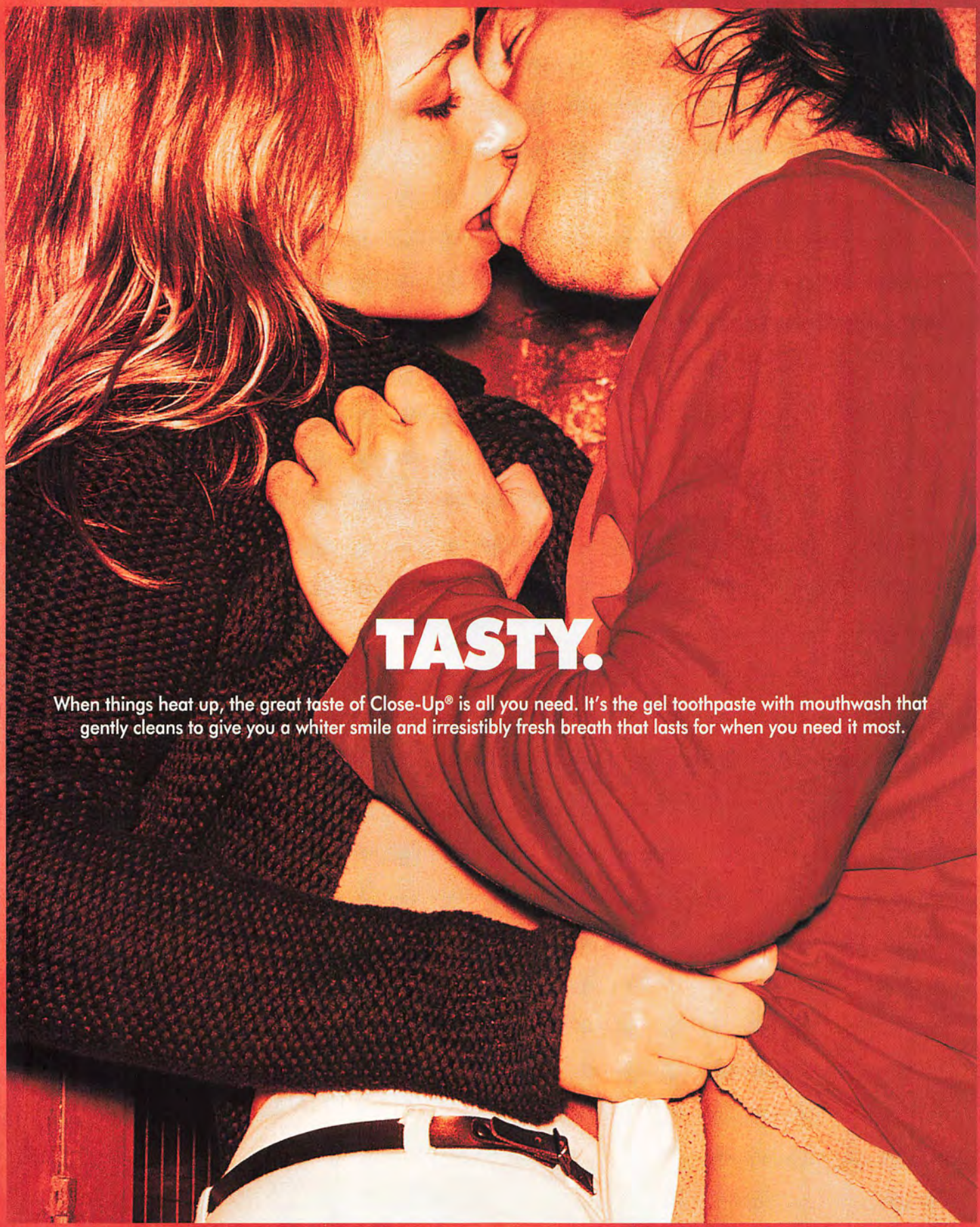
Want to give us your own best sex advice? Go to **maximonline.com.**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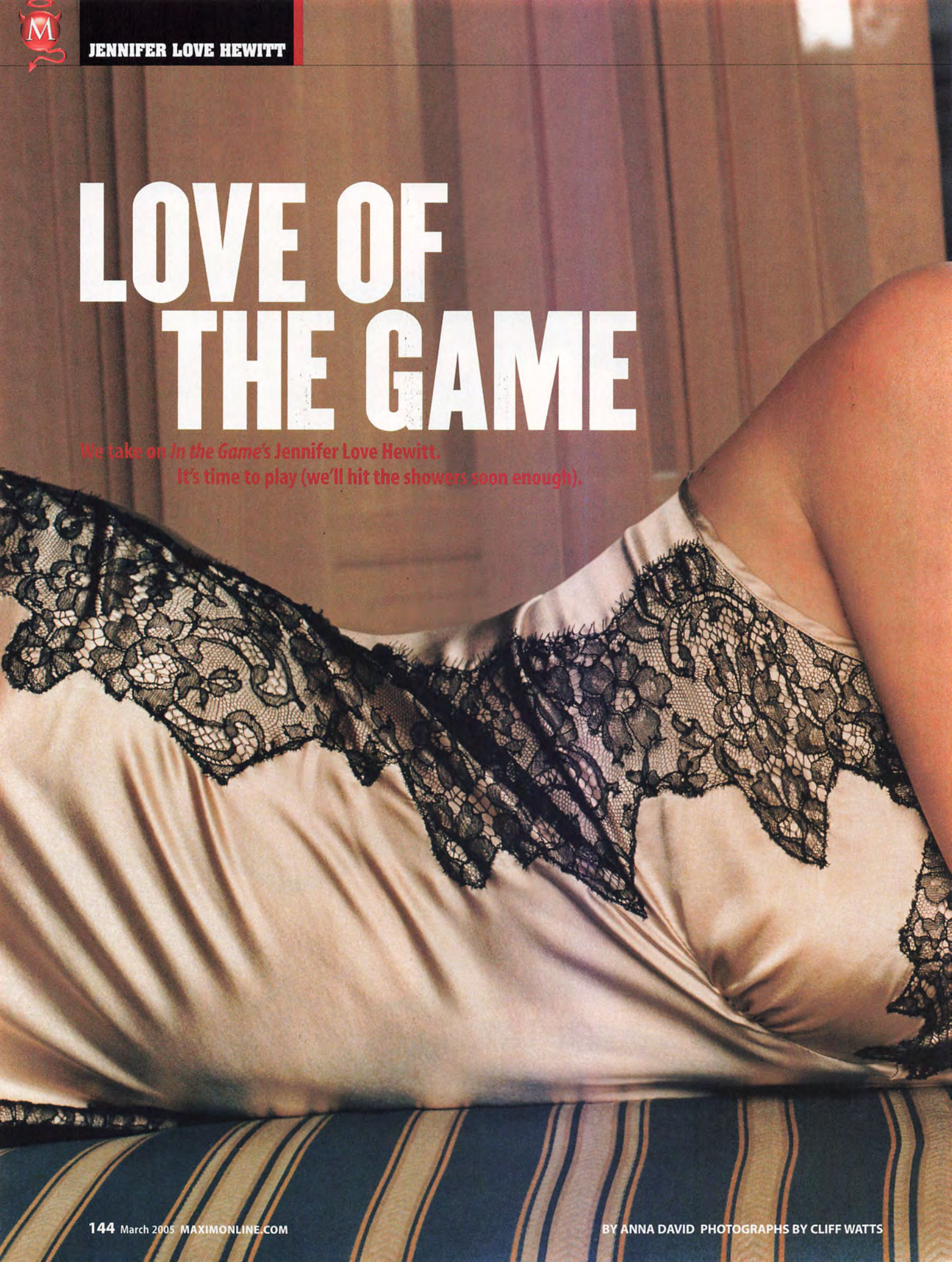
THE TASTE THAT HEATS THINGS UP

LOVE OF THE GAME

We take on *In the Game*'s Jennifer Love Hewitt. It's time to play (we'll hit the showers soon enough).



BY ANNA DAVID PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLIFF WATTS

Jennifer Love Hewitt first got our attention on *Party of Five* as the most adorable TV adoptee ever (sorry, Emmanuel Lewis) and returns to the networks with the ABC sitcom *In the Game.* Jennifer plays Riley Reed, a sports reporter struggling to do her job while raising a child as a single mother. MILF-land, you have a new queen.

After a run of films aimed at decidedly younger audiences (it turns out *Garfield* was a children's movie!), Jennifer is determined to make certain people understand that she has matured. "I think there are three ways of making people see you as an adult for the first time," she declares. "You either play a mom, do a dark and edgy film, or take off all your clothes and say, 'I am woman, hear me roar.'"

And now for the roaring.

Were you already a *SportsCenter* fanatic watching football with the guys, or is this all uncharted territory for you?

I'm not a sports-minded person. My character is basically my mom, who sits and watches the Super Bowl and bawls her eyes out if her favorite team loses. I do love sports fans; the passion they have is incredible. It's such a deeper thing than we have in Hollywood with celebrities and their fans. But I don't get it.

'You can take off all your clothes and say, "I am woman, hear me roar."'

One thing you are passionate about is Audrey Hepburn. You're slated to star in *Why Can't I Be Audrey Hepburn?* even though you already *were* Audrey in a TV movie. What's with the fixation?

My mom showed me one of her movies when I was really young, and I remember never feeling the same way about movie stars. I think she truly embodied what we all want to be.

Did you really have to tape down your endowment to play her?

I did. She was not so boobalicious, and I've been blessed from an early age—since I was 11.

We've been aware of them since *I Know What You Did Last Summer.*

I know. Everybody thought I had a boob job, which is hilarious. *Party of Five* was a follow-up to *Beverly Hills 90210,* and the producers very specifically wanted us to represent the girls who didn't dress up like the girls on *90210.* Then I went and did *I Know What You Did Last Summer,* and my top got smaller and smaller during the movie, so everybody thought I got surgery for my horror movie debut. ▶

Is it weird to have people so obsessed with your breasts?
I'm fascinated with the Jennifer Love Hewitt breast site, where people speak about what outfits they look best in. It's fantastic. I think it's the funniest thing ever, and I love that there are people who spend their time doing it. They take a picture and then give suggestions—like when I'm in corsets, they're better because they're lifted or separated or whatever—and they carry on conversations and debates.

Ah, we love to engage in civic discourse! In *Heartbreakers,* you had to stay "attached" to Ray Liotta's crotch for hours to shoot one scene. Was your relationship with him forever altered?
That was my first day of work, so it was like, welcome to the film. He was actually really great about it. He was making jokes as the day went on, saying, "Do I need more Old Spice down there?" Unfortunately, my grandmother came to visit that day. She was looking for me in the shot and couldn't find me. My mom said, "She's underneath the desk." Not good to have to explain the blow job scene to your grandma.

'I'm fascinated with the Jennifer Love Hewitt breast site. It's fantastic.'

Have you had any similarly awkward real-life dating experiences?
Oh, absolutely. Like when a guy is starting to heat things up with you and then starts talking about his mother, or you're making out and the phone's ringing and he's like, "Oh, my mom's calling," and then he goes to get the phone.

Have men ever disgusted you so much that you've thought of switching teams?
I think every girl thinks about it once in a while when men are frustrating. And my girlfriends and I always have a joke that if it doesn't happen for us by the time we're 30, we'll just throw ourselves a big wedding and marry each other.

We look forward to that invite in 2009. Which do you prefer: television or movies?
I'm a huge fan of TV. A TV schedule allows you to be yourself a little bit more because you work from nine to six and you can be at home with your friends. But if I could do the movies that Julia Roberts and Nicole Kidman get to do, I would do movies all the time.

You sing as well as act, and in Japan you're revered as a pop star. Encountered any particularly fanatical fans?
Probably the strangest thing that's ever happened to me there was when this guy chased us down in the middle of moving traffic for about four blocks before we noticed that he ▶

was behind us. I looked back and saw him holding up my photo. We pulled over, and I signed it. He was absolutely having a heart attack. I'm not sure if that was because of me or because he had run behind a car in oncoming traffic.

You have an album called *Let's Go Bang.* Please explain.

It was supposed to be this dance called the Bang, and the song never hit so we never came up with the dance. Everybody just thought I was a really dirty 16-year-old.

'It's not good to have to explain the blow job scene to your grandmother.'

Ashton Kutcher set you up on a fake audition and then had the producer get shaken down for money in front of you. He made you cry. What's it like to get punk'd?

It was horrible. I was convinced I was going to die, but I love that people I would never normally meet come up to me all the time and feel sorry for me because they watched it and know how absolutely tortured I was.

You've said you've forgiven Ashton. Is this all part of your master plan for revenge?

Oh, I will get him back.

You appeared on the cover of *Maxim* way back in 1999. Still hear about it?

It's funny, I went to visit a bunch of the troops at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington when they got back from Iraq, and over half of them had my first *Maxim* cover issue with them at their bedside. They said they were allowed to bring a certain number of things to Iraq, and so many of them felt the need to let me know that they had spent quite a few evenings with me. Under normal circumstances, I would've been like, "OK, that's gross," but I was, oddly, very touched. M

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
See exclusive pics of Jennifer at **maximonline.com.**

Styling, Eric Orlando for Exclusive Artists; hair, Craig Gangi for avantgroupe.com; makeup, Francesca Tolot for Cloutier Agency using Stephanemarais; manicure, Jamayka Hamilton for MargaretMaldonado.com; props, Kyle Kannenberg

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IAN McSHANE

As the star of HBO's *Deadwood*, this native Brit is rewriting American Wild West lore as Al Swearengen—the foul-mouthed, murderous brothel owner and all-around nice guy.

QUICK PICKS

THE WILD BUNCH "My favorite Western, I'd have to say—anything by Sam Peckinpah, really. It's about the New World and tribal people from another way of life."

HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER "Like Al, he's a primitive coming into the modern world. That's what makes it similar to samurai films. He's outlived his usefulness."

ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST "The concept is extraordinary. It's about the beginning of the West. Charles Bronson barely speaks. He uses a harmonica."

How's it going, cocksucker?
Very well, thank you. You know, they've started a drinking game where every time someone says "cocksucker" on the show, you slam down a drink. It must get you incredibly drunk.

Guys love *Deadwood* even more than *The Sopranos*. Why do you think that is?
I love *The Sopranos,* but after five years, I think people take it for granted. So HBO is looking for the next great white hope, and we're in line.

Describe the smell on the set.
It ain't Chanel No. 5. I'd say old long johns. I don't let them wash mine. Al wouldn't, you know…

So that brown stain around the collar is all you, huh?
That's completely natural! I've got one pair I've been wearing since we started the show. I let the costumers wash them once a week, but I try to time it when there's a scene where Al is feeling fresh. It gives me a certain clean feeling.

When the first season ended, the altruistic Seth Bullock became the new sheriff in town. Good news or bad news for Al?
They've come to an unholy alliance, but our second season gets off to a real bang with me and Bullock beating the shit out of each other. You have to have that conflict, because we ended as friends and you can't remain friends for long.

***Deadwood's* a parable for many American cities, where the black market and the law conspire to build infrastructure, supply services to citizens, and make a profit on the sly. Do capitalism and crime go hand in hand?**
Oh, absolutely. Capitalism is all about survival of the fittest, whereby the weak fall. On the other hand, people go on about taxes, but they want Social Security, they want roads. So there has to be a happy medium. If a country is totally capitalistic, it will eat itself.

The Wild West was full of murder, sex, and theft, and now it's a hotbed of morality. How'd America get so square?
Towns sprang up, and the people denied their history. It was suddenly all about religion and people's fear of the red man. He was the savage, and they were the chosen people. But they knew they'd murdered the people who owned the land in the first place, so they had to go to church to convince themselves that God had forgiven them.

Do you think God will view your offing the preacher as a mercy killing?
Al's tough and ruthless, but times were tough in the West. Even something like the way he gets his prostitutes from the orphanage… He truly thinks he's giving them a better life, and maybe he is. On this show nobody wears a white hat, but nobody wears a black hat either.

What could today's black hats learn from a guy like Al?
He runs a very tight ship. Instead of meeting the girls at the train, Al brings them with him. He's very hands-on that way.

How'd you get into acting, anyway?
My father played soccer for Manchester United in the '50s. I loved soccer, but I wasn't good enough to play at that level, so that was out. But I had a geography teacher at school who said he wanted me to sign up for the school play. It was quite successful, and there was even talk of taking it on tour. Later this teacher asked me if I'd ever thought about being an actor. It sounded good to me, so he arranged for me to audition for the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. I went down there at 17, got in, and I've been doing it ever since.

In episode 11, you told the story of your childhood while getting a blow job from one of your girls. Why didn't you win an Emmy for that?
You know something? I found out the Emmy cutoff was one episode before that. So maybe they'll send it to the Academy [of Television Arts & Sciences] this year.

Are people surprised to find out that you're English?
Actually, they gave Al an English background in the pilot. Al is asked, "Is it true you're from the old country and related to all the aristocracy over there?" And he says, "I'm related to all them cocksuckers."

Why is it English actors can play Americans better than Americans can play limeys?
The women are rather good, like Gwyneth Paltrow and Reese Witherspoon. But I think it's because the work is in Hollywood. And here, if you want a good baddie, get an Englishman.

Of all the sick bastards you've played, pick a favorite.
Teddy Bass in *Sexy Beast* is just the sickest guy. A total psychopath. People always ask about the scene where he's on his own in the room covered in sweat, was he giving or taking? What the hell was he doing? But I'm not going to tell.

You have one of the scariest glares on the planet. Have you ever stared someone down until they broke?
Now that I'm identified with Al, people tend to leave me alone on the street. I do get requests like, "Can you just sign this, cocksucker?" Women like to say that word to me.

For instance…
A teenage girl came up to me once and said, "My mother says you say 'cocksucker' like no one else." And I just wondered, What else does your mother say?

What's a day off in the life of Ian McShane like?
I live on the beach, so I walk or bike along the shore. If you live in Southern California, you do those sorts of things. You have some sushi, go to Tower Records and buy a load of albums, go to Barnes & Noble and buy a load of books.

What's in the bags?
I like Rilo Kiley and Brian Jonestown Massacre. Dave Alvin from the Blasters is a friend of mine and he suggests things. And I'm reading the Bob Dylan book right now.

You can use only one curse word for the rest of your life. What word would you choose…and could you please use it in a sentence?
Cocksucker is so funny because it's become part of my persona. But the C-word I also use a lot. In Europe it's used for everything, for a man, a woman, anything. It goes back to Chaucer.

That's two hurt words. You have one.
I'd have to pick the C-word, because it's such a great word. There's this line in the show where Al's talking about a nanny who's arrived in town, and he says, "Someone from Farnum's, that cunt with the long Kraut moniker." I love that line.

While we're on the topic, who are the real-life cocksuckers?
Politicians. Producers. The money people. People who run things, or believe they're in charge. People who promote the trickle-down theory of economics. Team owners who demand that taxpayers build new stadiums for them. And anyone who has anything to do with running a Wal-Mart.

Why does being bad feel so good?
I think it's a given that the devil gets the best tunes. Still, it's all in the writing. On *Deadwood* no one is what he seems, so everyone has great stuff to do. But I'd much rather play a baddie.

Interview by Liane Bonin. The second season of *Deadwood* premieres on March 6.

Prop styling, Eric Archer; hair, Kim Spiteri; makeup, John Rizzo

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL GREENBERG

"Bloody hell! I said rainbow sprinkles on the side!"

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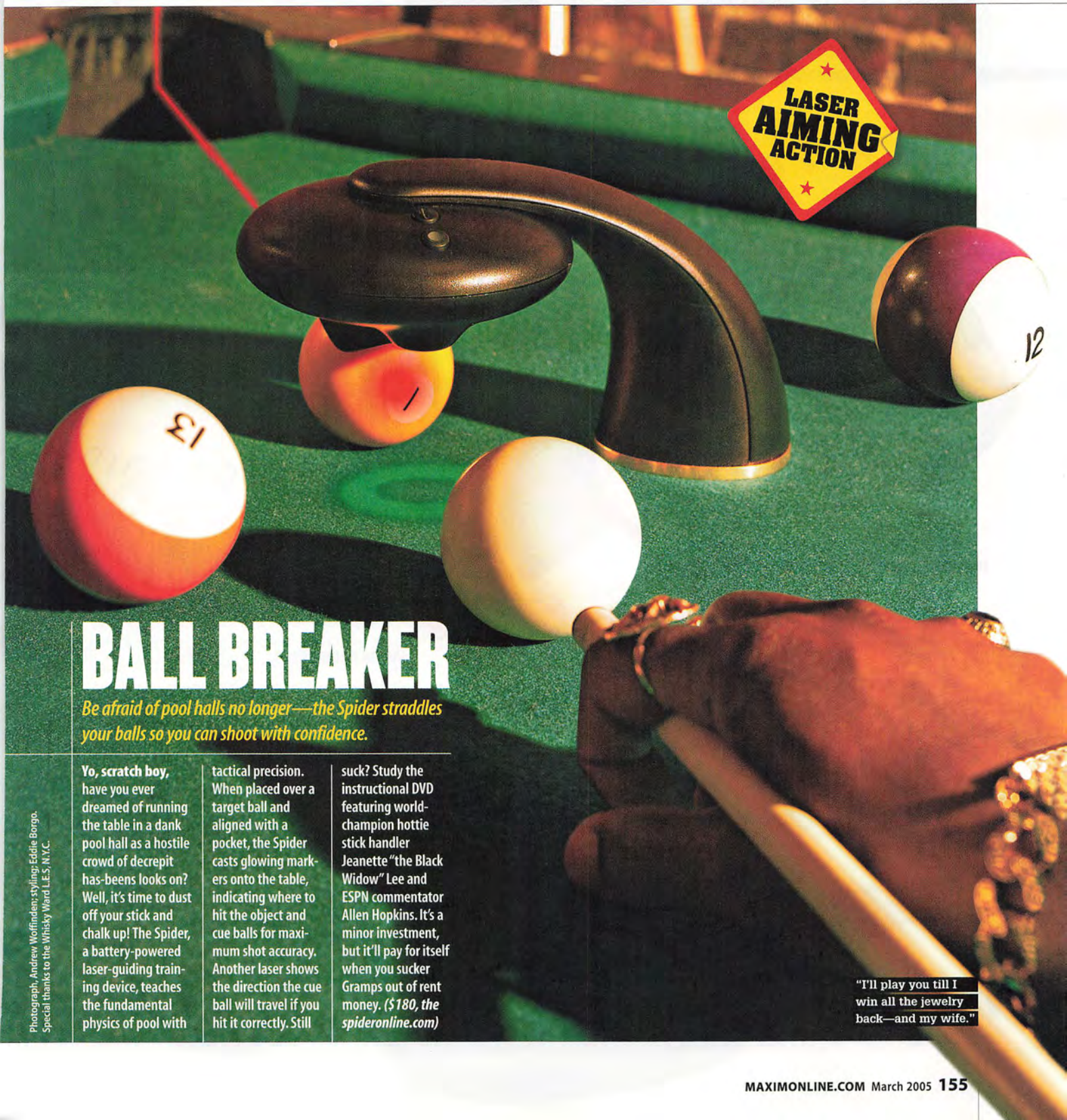


BALL BREAKER

Be afraid of pool halls no longer—the Spider straddles your balls so you can shoot with confidence.

Yo, scratch boy, have you ever dreamed of running the table in a dank pool hall as a hostile crowd of decrepit has-beens looks on? Well, it's time to dust off your stick and chalk up! The Spider, a battery-powered laser-guiding training device, teaches the fundamental physics of pool with tactical precision. When placed over a target ball and aligned with a pocket, the Spider casts glowing markers onto the table, indicating where to hit the object and cue balls for maximum shot accuracy. Another laser shows the direction the cue ball will travel if you hit it correctly. Still suck? Study the instructional DVD featuring world-champion hottie stick handler Jeanette "the Black Widow" Lee and ESPN commentator Allen Hopkins. It's a minor investment, but it'll pay for itself when you sucker Gramps out of rent money. *($180, the spideronline.com)*

"I'll play you till I win all the jewelry back—and my wife."

Photograph, Andrew Woffinden; styling: Eddie Borgo. Special thanks to the Whisky Ward L.E.S, N.Y.C.

GRAB BAG

March marks the beginning of spring, when nature begins to regenerate itself. Hence all the cool new metal and plastic.

BY MARIA FONTOURA

LORD OF THE RINGS ($119)

Holding your cell phone is so '90s. Jabra's tiny BT800 Bluetooth headset, at .9 oz., has its own ring tones, vibrate mode, and built-in caller-ID LCD screen. And a noise-reducing processor helps block the drunken rabble when you tell your gal you're working late. *Burp! (jabra.com)*

FOR THOSE ABOUT TO SHOCK ($35)

Need to show your crew who the real man/idiot is? Peep the "Lightning Reaction Game." When the light turns green and the music stops, up to four players try not to be the last to press his joystick button. The slowest gets a shock worse than a joy buzzer but not as bad as a bath with a hair dryer. What a delightful party game! *(baronbob.com)*

VISION QUEST ($100)

Can I somehow, you've wondered, *look more nerdy when playing video games?* EDimensional's wireless E-D 3-D glasses say, "Yes!" Install E-D's software to bring your 2-D PC games into a world of virtual reality. An infrared transmitter and lithium battery provide up to 100 hours of dorkiness. *(edimensional.com)*

Photographs, Andrew Woffinden; Satoshi (knife)

KING PUTT ($167)

Even if you weren't forced into a childhood of golf misery, there's still hope. Nike's BC OZ T100 mallet putter has an aluminum insert that's 65 percent lighter than steel, with weight shifted away from the center—thus the donut shape, which allows for more control. Hot Swedish babe not included. *(nikegolf.com)*

BASIC BLACK ($250)

Fancy yourself an old-fashioned shutterbug, guv'nor? The Rolleiflex MiniDigi, based on the classic 1928 camera, joins 3.1 megapixels and SD card memory with olde-tyme features like a crank lever that you turn to advance to the next shot, and a waist-level viewfinder—perfect for escalator photography. *(rollei.de)*

JAM ON IT ($17)

You're probably known for launching bricks on the court, but here's your chance to finally play above the rim as well as LeBron. Tag Designs will personalize a 7"x9" trash can backboard with any graphic, photo, and text you send them. That's right—anything. We decided to keep ours clean, for the sake of your bastard children. *(tagdesigns.com)*

SILENT BUT DEADLY ($50)

Survive your upcoming gang initiation with Columbia River's Van Hoy Snap Lock utility knife, which sports a 2.5-inch stainless-steel blade that rotates 360 degrees. Press and turn either thumb wheel—one each for righties and lefties—to unlock its razor-sharp, serrated power. Or use it for whittling and stuff. *(crkt.com)*

$349

1. MOTOROLA A630
Carrier: T-Mobile
Made for: Broke college grads—with small hands
Features: You can't pay your rent, you're homeless again, and you gotta text someone about crashing on their couch. Crack open the A630's tiny phone case and bask in the glow of a 65,000-color LCD screen and keyboard—all in a 3.75"x1.91" package. Its VGA camera comes equipped with a 4x digital zoom for you to snap and send pics with voice messages to your friends and loved ones, so they can hear about all the places you've been. Now get a goddamn job. *(motorola.com)*

MXM TXT

WOT (Which Olsen twin?)
MUISAH (My underbelly is soft and hairy)
HSWYYS (Having sex with your younger sister)
CMTS (Crying myself to sleep)
NKMF (Ninjas killed my father)
IPHN (I play *Halo* naked)
MUMPPAR (Masturbating until my private parts are raw)
MPCKYPA (My plumber could kick your plumber's ass)
NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organization)

PRICE CHECK

CHATTERBOXES

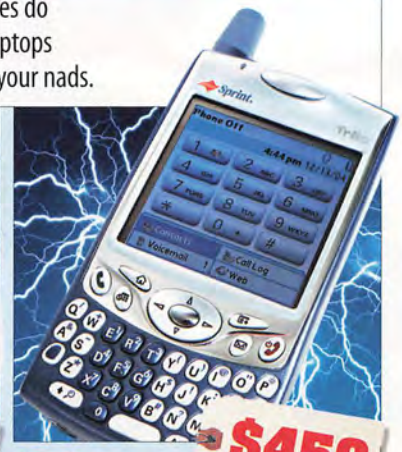
These pocket phones do everything most laptops do—except roast your nads.

$300

2. BLACKBERRY 7100T
Carrier: T-Mobile
Made for: Khaki-clad suburbanites not averse to kissing butt
Features: Play golf like Stevie Wonder builds model airplanes? Don't worry, here's another way to impress your boss. RIM's four-band cell works in 135 countries, and its instant-delivery "push" e-mail links the Berry to multiple e-mail accounts so all messages merge into your pocket. SureType technology guesses at each word you begin to type, completing "I'm standing by at the ninth hole, sir" that much faster. *(blackberry.com)*

$300

3. SIDEKICK II
Carrier: T-Mobile
Made for: Alizé drinking hipsters
Features: The Sidekick's by far the slickest texting gadget on the scene. Why? It has a fairly pointless yet awesome swivel screen and scroll wheel, for starters. On-board AOL Instant Messenger makes it easy to hop in and out of chats, and all those fake phone numbers you scored can be backed up on T-Mobile's Web page. Best of all, 32 MB of RAM and a camera with flash will help document the vapid lifestyle led by you and your Eurotrash friends. *(t-mobile.com)*



$450

4. TREO 650
Carrier: Sprint
Made for: Nerds who prefer gadgets over human contact
Features: PalmOne's high-powered, Bluetooth-infused smart phone looks like a *Star Trek* communicator, but it's actually more powerful. The touch screen and full-fledged keyboard let you talk, tap, and type your way through endless conversations with your cyber "friends." And with its video camera, MP3 player, and media card slot that stores games, software, and thousands of contacts, the Treo is the Lt. Uhura of PDAs. Kirk out. *(palmone.com)*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW WOFFINDEN

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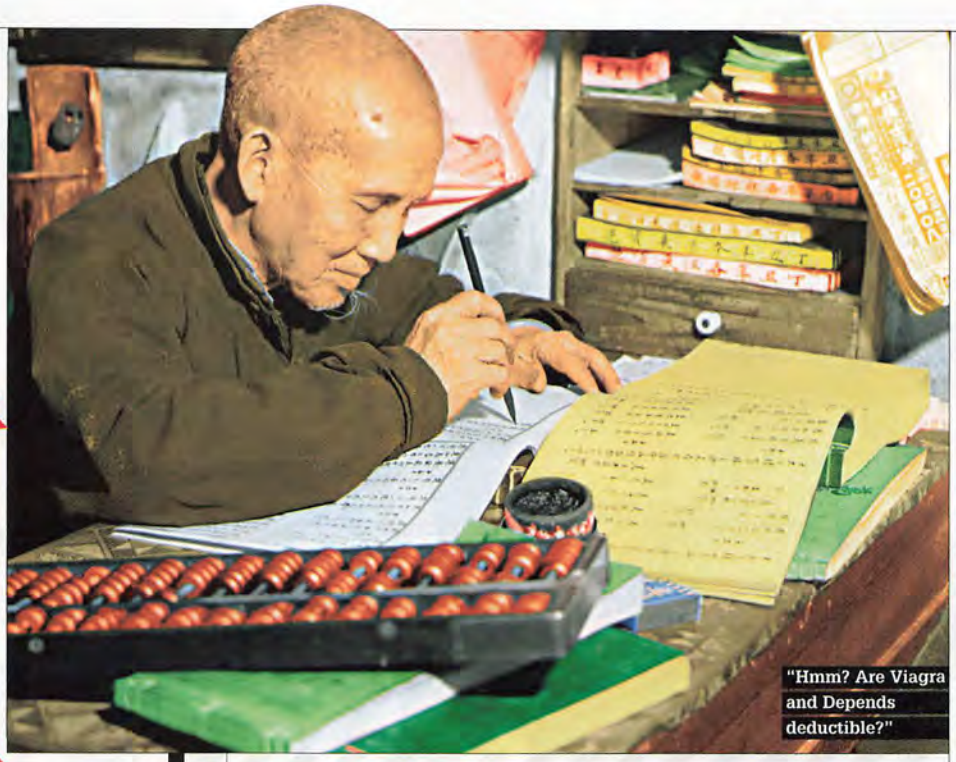
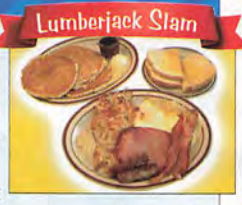


> SAME DIFFERENCE

BACON CLUB

The sloppiest breakfasts: They're all disgusting, but which tastes best?

DENNY'S



Gut check: The ham's dry enough for masonry work and the pancakes are more unpleasant than biting prison pillows, but the greasy sausage sure does cure hangovers! Coffee's extra, but then, real lumberjacks get their moisture from sap. ($7.59†)

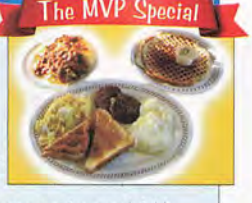
★★☆☆☆

IHOP

Gut check: What's better than bacon, sausage, and ham strips to start the day right? Fluffy pancakes, and eggs so runny there was still hope for the embryo. That's not to say the possibility of salmonella poisoning didn't excite us. ($8.29†)

★★★☆☆

WAFFLE HOUSE



Gut check: Waitresses who look like James Hetfield in a skirt serve up the best "scattered, smothered, covered, and peppered" hash browns yet invented. Add butter-drenched grits and you're ready for a gas station bathroom tour. ($5.95†)

★★★★☆

> PAY DAY

TAX RACKET

One man gets his federal taxes done three ways. Which saves him the most?

OLD SCHOOL

Expense: Free
How it works: Visit irs.gov to get your 1040 (U.S. Individual Income Tax Return) and any other forms you'll need, such as 8586 (Low-Income Housing Credit). Then sit your ass down on April 14 to fill in the blanks, or go to irs.gov/efile and submit online at no extra charge.
Man-hours: 2.5
The bottom line: Our slow-witted tester gave up on line 41 of the 1040. "'Multiply 3,100 by the total number of exemptions claimed on line 6D,' and I couldn't get my exemptions right. Am I going to get audited? Fuck this." Doing it like Grandpa puts hair on your chest, but those who earn more than $10 an hour can afford to be lazy.

★☆☆☆☆

TURBOTAX

Cost: $30 to $100
How it works: The software comes in several editions: the middle-range Deluxe ($40) is a must if you itemize deductions. The software asks a bunch of questions, then fills out the return and files electronically. The commitment-fearful can try a demo online (turbotax.com) before buying.
Man-hours: 1
The bottom line: $1,257 owed. "It's pretty easy—if you have all your forms," our tester says. "It checks for mistakes, which is nice, but if you don't know what you're doing, the software can let you screw up. I accidentally reported freelance work as tip income." Our advice: Computers still miss human errors—i.e., yours, idiot.

★★★☆☆

H&R BLOCK

Cost: $77 and up*
How it works: Block's crack team of tax monkeys boasts 11 weeks of training and a top-secret software program to work its magic. Customers can meet in person at a local office or go to hrblock.com. Filing federal and state returns costs $77 each, with higher fees for each additional form.
Man-hours: 1.5
The bottom line: $181 owed. "My guy, Abdullah, had an untucked, cheesy shirt," said our tester. "But for the money he saved me, it was worth it." By filing freelance work under Schedule C self-employment income and claiming $3,000 in computer purchases as business expenses, H&R Block saved him some extra cash for string cheese.

★★★★☆

THE ONCE-OVER

WRISTWATCH TV

Be just like your '60s fantasy superagent!

- ✓ 1.5-inch color screen
- ✓ Tunes out your friends
- ✓ AC adapter
- ✓ One-hour battery life
- ✓ Receives UHF and VHF channels
- ✗ No VCR or eight-track player

hammacher.com, $200

†Prices vary slightly by region; ours were from an IHOP and Denny's in Los Angeles, and a Waffle House in Kennesaw, GA. The MVP Special is not available in all locations, sadly.) *Prices vary by location. Ours was in rat-infested New York City.

HOME IMPROVEMENTS

CUT THE CORD!

Turn your living room into a wireless supercomputer with these interactive, multifunctional digital doohickeys.

BROADCAST BOOM ($329)

Throwing a house party isn't a blast when all you have is a laptop and an iPod. Philips' Streamium MC-i250 can receive more than 15,000 Web radio stations—and its w00x bass-enhanced metal-cone speakers can boom your home computer's Kenny G library via the built-in wi-fi antenna. *(streamium.com)*

PHAT FLAT ($5,559)

Remember when your home media took up, um, space? This wall-hanging flat-screen beast from renegade computer maker Alienware is a DVD-playing, TV-show-recording DVR with a 5.1 sound chip *and* a full-fledged gaming PC—all in a box massively cooler than your old pile of wires. *(alienware.com)*

You can feel your leisure time slipping away...

THE MONOLITH ($1,900)

Plug in HP's z545 Digital Entertainment Center and your old TV's got a new mission control. Dual-tuner boob tube recording goes straight to one huge 160 GB hard drive, while a second 200 GB drive runs the internal PC. And it comes with a wireless keyboard so you'll never have to move again. *(hp.com)*

LAP CANDY ($2,999)

Most lazy, pot-smoking grads have pads too small for such all-American pleasures as big-screen TVs. Instead, rest Toshiba's Qosmio on your fat belly: it's a laptop that becomes a TV/DVR with the touch of a button. It may not be a 50-inch plasma, but the TruBrite display hardly feels like a compromise. Now all you need is a La-Z-Boy. *(qosmio.com)*

MINI-MEDIA ($349)

Often a trip to the toilet requires more than a comic book (after Mexican night, say). So grab Apex's MP-2000 and some matches and settle in. Its 3.5-inch screen plays DivX- and Windows Media–encoded videos galore. Plus, an eight-hour battery life means never fearing chimichangas again. *(apex.com)*

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- Chairman Gert Boyle

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FASHION

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21-PAGE SPRING SPECIAL

On *Rescue Me*'s Denis Leary: Sport suit, $1,075, by Calvin Klein Collection; dress shirt, $165, by Boss Hugo Boss.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL PARRY

For buying information, see page 190.

COOL UNDER PRESSURE

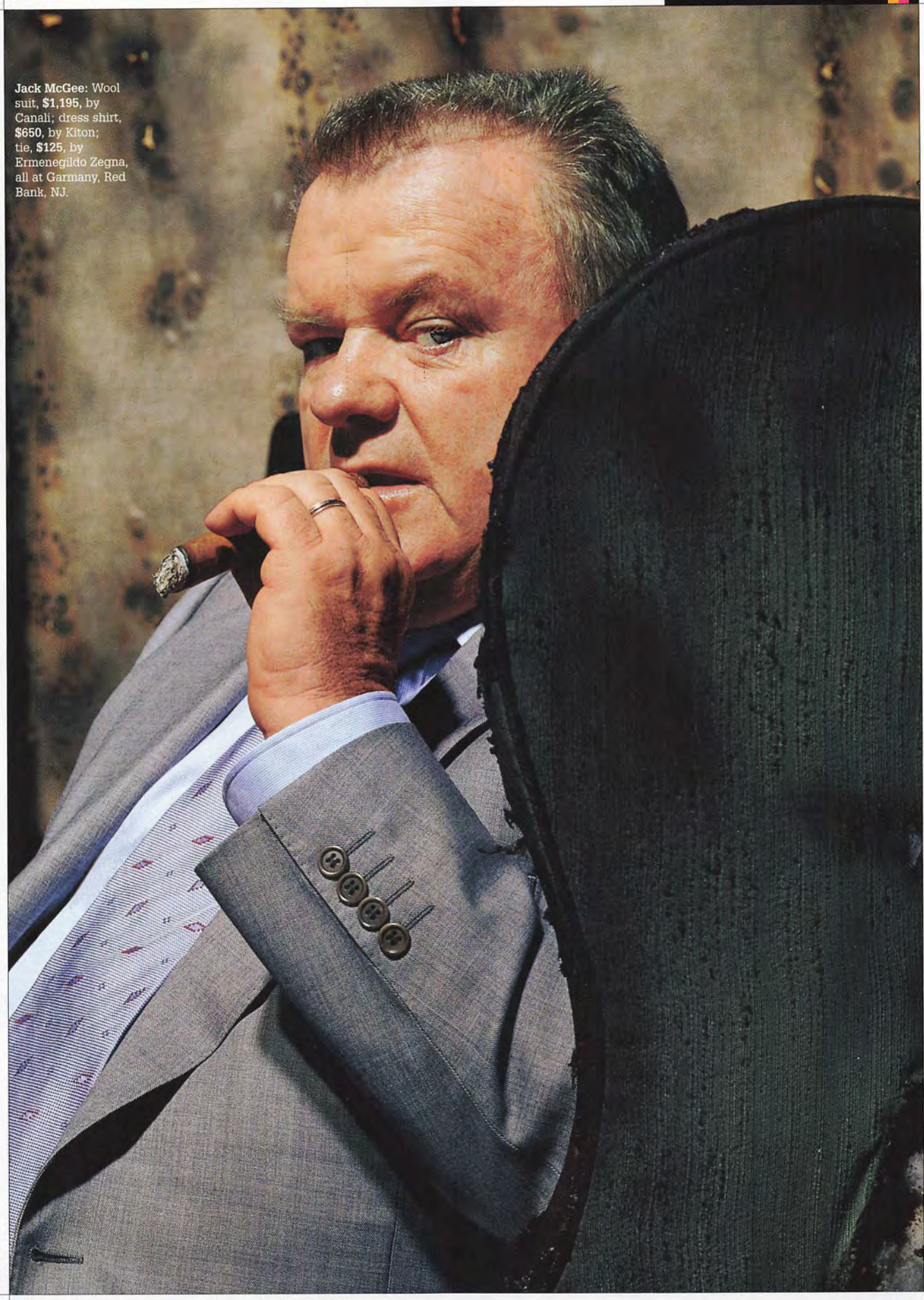
Denis Leary and the cast of *Rescue Me* use finely tailored looks to send a clear message: "We're not from the insurance company, my friend."

(from left) Michael Lombardi: Wool suit, **$1,650,** by Canali; striped dress shirt, **$98,** by H Hilfiger; silk tie, **$200,** by Kiton, at Garmany, Red Bank, NJ; shoes, **$205,** by Mezlan. **Daniel Sunjata:** Pinstripe suit, **$1,495,** by Dolce & Gabbana; dress shirt, **$205,** by Ermenegildo Zegna, at Garmany, Red Bank, NJ; striped silk tie, **$125,** and silk pocket square, **$75,** both by Best of Class by Robert Talbott. **Diane Farr:** Beaded stripe jacket, trousers, and beaded rib tank, all by D&G.

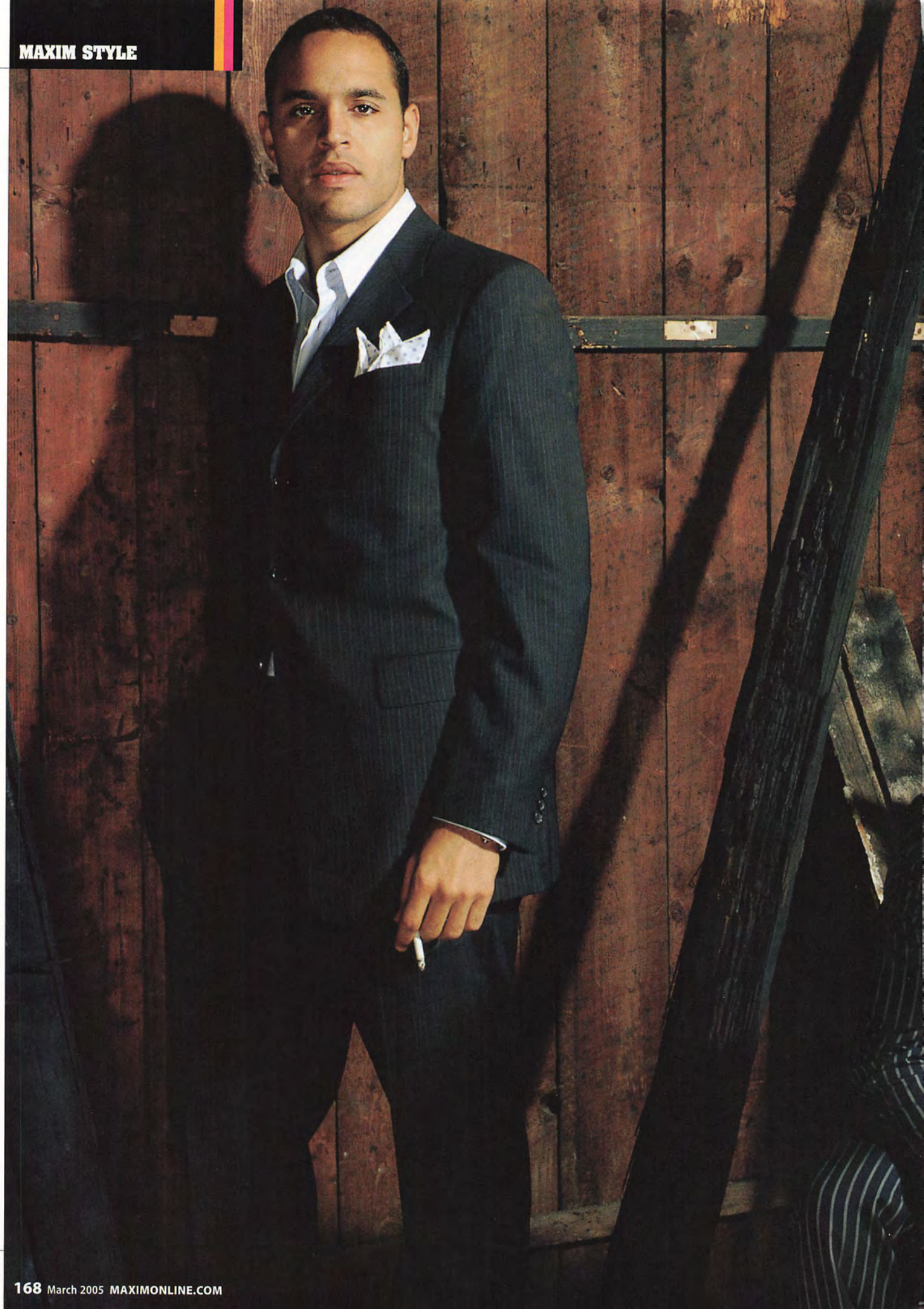
(from left) Denis Leary: Pinstripe suit, **$995,** by Burberry London; dress shirt, **$85,** by Boss Hugo Boss; tie, $125, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott; Cascades boots, **$90,** by Skechers USA. **Jack McGee:** Pinstripe suit, **$1,195,** by Canali; and dress shirt, **$210,** by Ermenegildo Zegna, both at Garmany, Red Bank, NJ; silk tie, **$75,** by Moschino. **Stephen Pasquale:** Wool pinstripe suit, **$1,095,** and Aster dress shirt, **$80,** both by Polo by Ralph Lauren; silk tie, **$125,** and silk pocket square, **$75,** both by Best of Class by Robert Talbott.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NIGEL PARRY STYLING BY STAN WILLIAMS

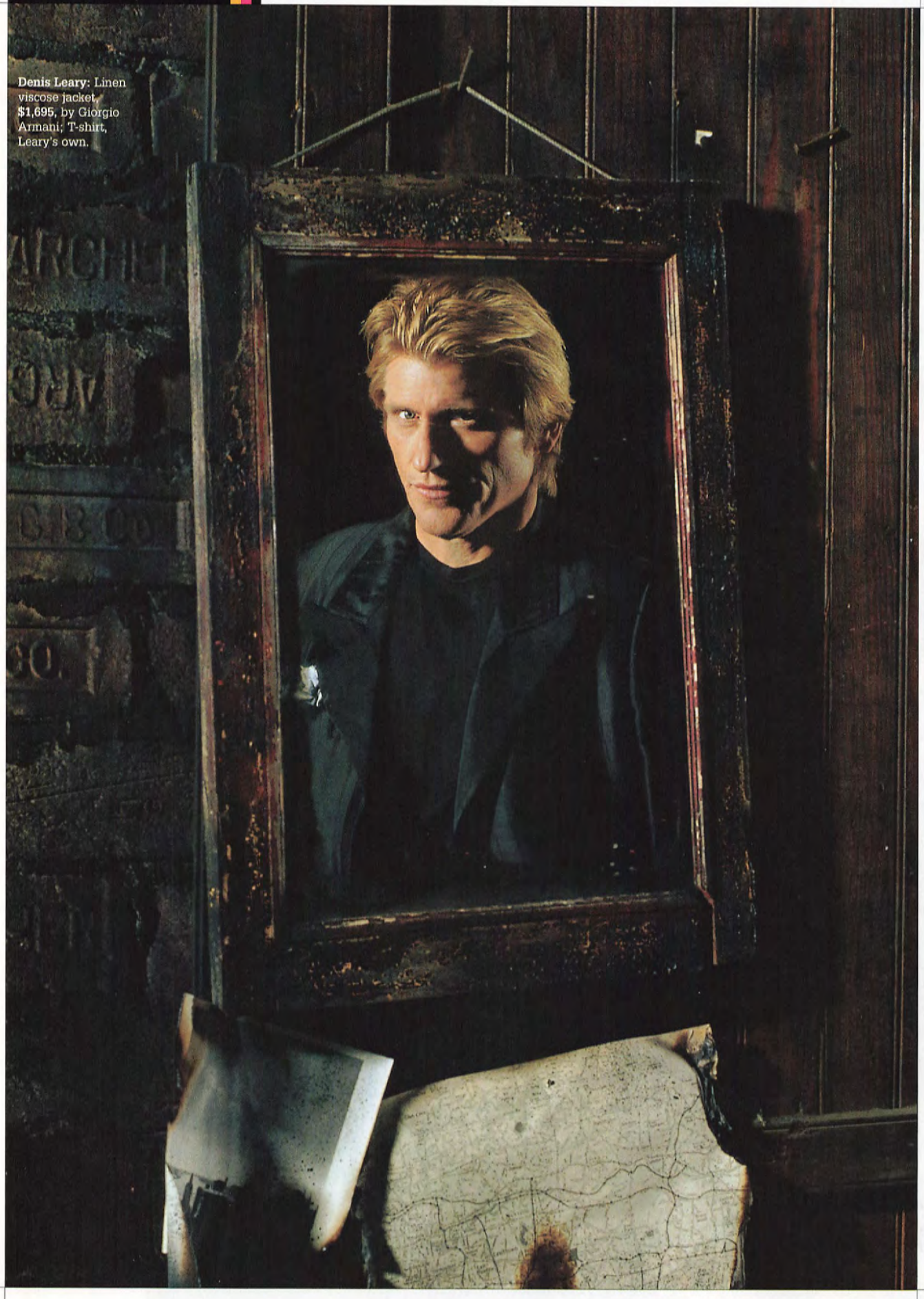
(from left) Diane Farr: Pinstripe blazer, pants, and stretch charmeuse shirt, all by cK Calvin Klein; shoes, stylist's own, by Dolce & Gabbana.
Stephen Pasquale: Suede blazer, **$1,275**, by Z Zegna; five-pocket stretch pants, **$68**, by Calvin Klein; striped dress shirt, **$95**, and suede ankle boots, **$325**, both by Boss Hugo Boss.
Daniel Sunjata: Leather jacket, **$2,495**, dress shirt, **$395**, and denim trousers, **$485**, all by Prada, at Garmany, Red Bank, NJ; Marlon shoes, **$255**, by Johnston & Murphy.



Jack McGee: Wool suit, **$1,195**, by Canali; dress shirt, **$650**, by Kiton; tie, **$125**, by Ermenegildo Zegna, all at Garmany, Red Bank, NJ.



(from left) Daniel Sunjata: Pinstripe suit, **$1,495,** and dress shirt, **$389,** both by Prada, at Garmany, Red Bank, NJ; pocket square, **$75,** by Best of Class by Robert Talbott. **Michael Lombardi:** Chalk-stripe peak-lapel suit, **$795,** and striped dress shirt, **$98,** both by H Hilfiger. **Stephen Pasquale:** Wool suit, **$1,595,** and windowpane dress shirt, **$195,** both by Canali; V-neck sweater, **$195,** by Gran Sasso; Henry Bit shoes, **$365,** by Cole Haan Collection.



Denis Leary: Linen viscose jacket, $1,695, by Giorgio Armani; T-shirt, Leary's own.

Grooming for Denis Leary, Rochelle Joseph; grooming for cast, Elisa Flowers for Bernstein + Andriulli; set design, Richard Owings for De Facto; styling assistance, Maria Ruocco and Renee Marchione, for buying information, see page 190.

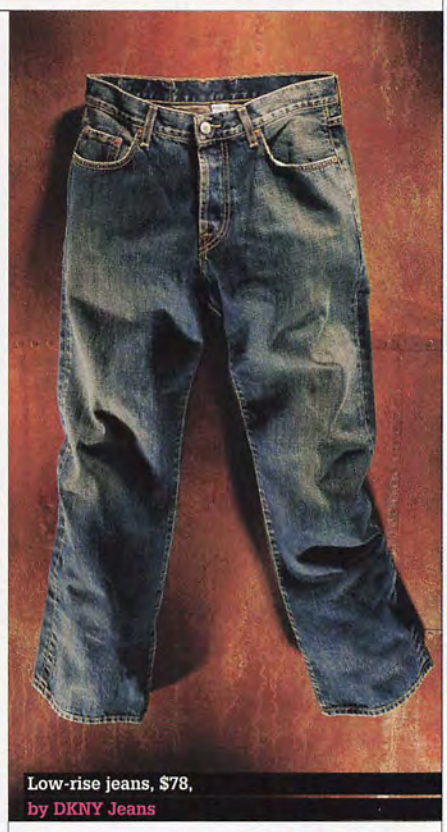
(from left) Michael Lombardi: Suit jacket, **$1,645,** shirt, **$410,** and trousers, **$540,** all by Prada. **Stephen Pasquale:** Botticelli silk cotton suit, **$1,960,** by Bottega Veneta; striped shirt, **$225,** and silk tie, **$105,** both by Canali.

SANDWASHED

Don't get caught in the ringer without a pair of these style-boosting jeans.

Metro Fit jeans, $60,
by Calvin Klein Jeans

Low-rise bootleg jeans, $110,
by Lucky Brand Jeans



Low-rise jeans, $78,
by DKNY Jeans

Jeans, $120,
by A|X Armani Exchange

Matt ripped jeans, $98,
by Mavi

Tuck jeans, $200,
by Chip & Pepper

Compiled by Maria Ruocco. For buying information, see page 190.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN KLUTCH

New York boot-cut jeans, $136,
by 7 for All Mankind

Crow jeans, $148,
by Guess

Relaxed classic-fit jeans, $70,
by Nautica Jeans Company

Original 501 jeans, $54,
by Levi's

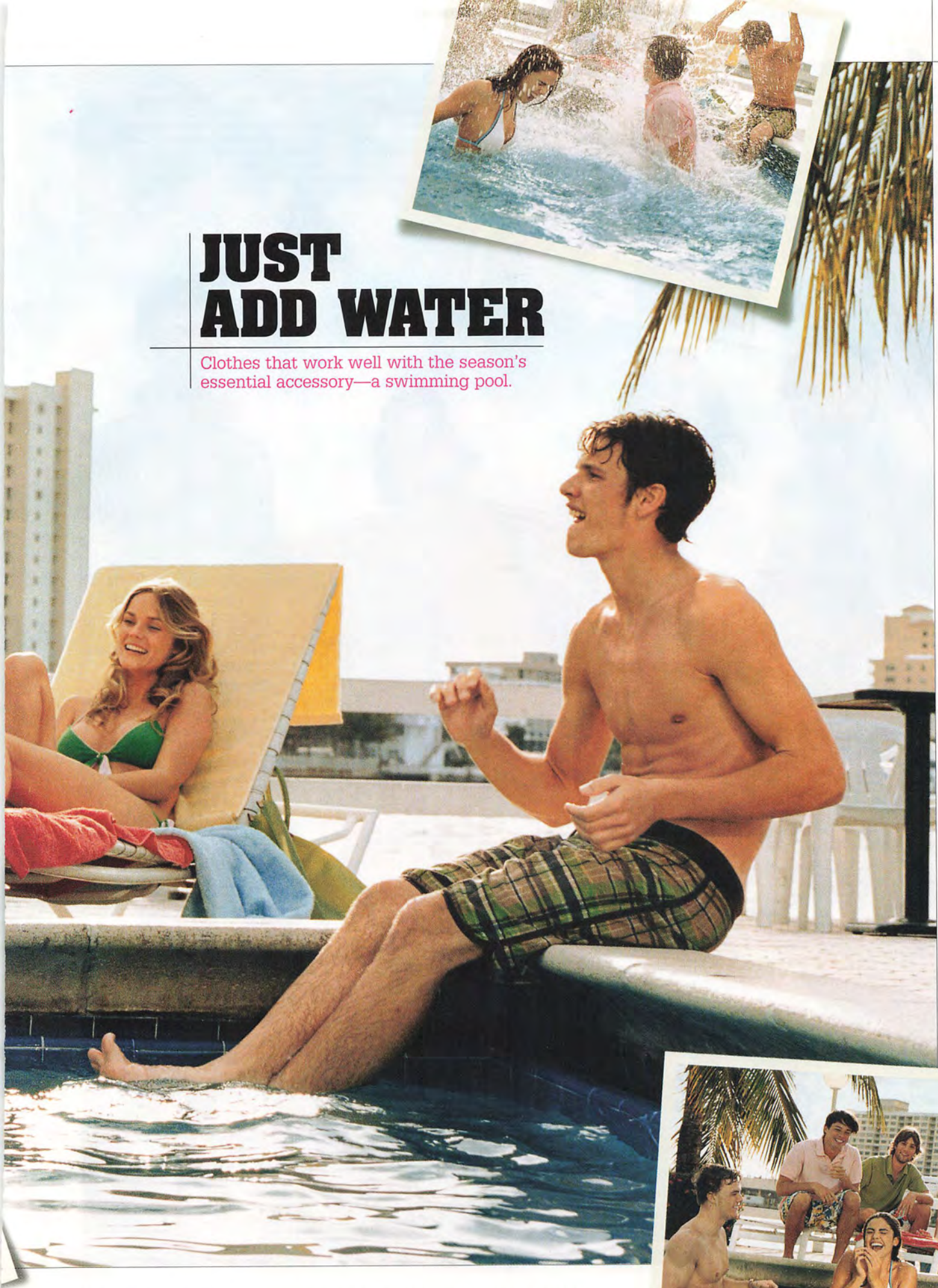
Jeans, $210,
by Reds

Jeans, $140,
by Anoname

(from left) Marlin appliqué trunks, **$55,** by Tommy Hilfiger. Polo, **$25,** by American Eagle Outfitters; Warpaint 22-inch trunks, **$46,** by Quiksilver. Mesh stitch polo, **$35,** by Claiborne; board shorts, **$35,** by American Eagle Outfitters. Rodney microfiber swim trunks, **$50,** by Op Collection.
On her, from left: The Scene bikini by O'Neill Swimwear. Bikini by Guess Swimwear.

JUST ADD WATER

Clothes that work well with the season's essential accessory—a swimming pool.

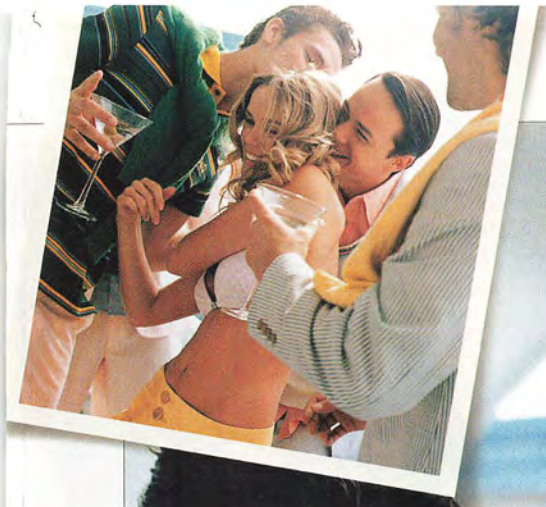


PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM CORBETT STYLING BY MARIA RUOCCO AND STAN WILLIAMS

(from left) Blazer, **$940,** and pants, **$650,** both by Dsquared^2; box check striped shirt, **$100,** by Gant; cashmere cable crewneck sweater, **$398,** by Polo by Ralph Lauren; Lira slip-on shoes, **$90,** by Royal Elastics. Plaid jacket, **$750,** cotton sweater, **$225,** and flat-front trousers, **$150,** all by Burberry London; Exeter oxfords, **$59,** by Bass. Stem polo, **$98,** yellow polo, **$75,** and Willis shorts, **$70,** all by Polo by Ralph Lauren; Brasil flip-flops, **$15,** by Havaianas. **On her:** Bikini by Guess Swimwear; Selma shorts by Rosasen; Elements hooded sweater by Fila; Top flip-flops by Havaianas.

(from left) City jacket, **$119,** by Ben Sherman; Fisher Island polo shirt, **$38,** madras shorts, **$52,** and cashmere cable crew-neck sweater (over shoulders), **$198,** all by J.Crew. Button-down shirt, **$40,** by Aéropostale; Ithaca Stripe polo, **$50,** by Tommy Hilfiger; Clarence argyle shorts, **$95,** by Rosasen; top-siders, **$130,** by Sperry Portofino. **On her:** Bikini by Op Collection; Oceanside miniskirt by American Eagle Outfitters.

(from left) Floral print shirt, **$88,** by A | X Armani Exchange; V-neck sweater vest, **$55,** by Nautica. Patchwork shirt, **$100,** by Gant; Settanta vest, **$60,** by Fila; Basic twill shorts, **$45,** by Phat Farm. Scissor embroidery polo, **$70,** by Marc Ecko; Ithaca Stripe polo, **$50,** by Tommy Hilfiger; plaid shorts, **$35,** by American Eagle Outfitters; plaid sneakers, **$322,** by D&G. **On her:** Stretch piqué polo by Lacoste; Trouser shorts by American Eagle Outfitters; Top flip-flops by Havaianas.



(from left) Striped polo, **$160,** by D&G; Prospect seersucker pants, **$98,** and cashmere cable-knit sweater (over shoulders), **$398,** both by Polo by Ralph Lauren. Bedford cord blazer, **$198,** Bedford cord walk shorts, **$68,** and Jupiter shirt, **$88,** all by Modern Amusement; cabled vest, **$70,** by Mark Ecko. Seersucker suit, **$395,** by Nautica; gingham shirt, **$70,** by Marc Ecko; cable-knit sweater (over shoulders), **$70,** by Tommy Hilfiger. **(background)** Seersucker suit, **$395,** by Haspel; French-cuff shirt, **$68,** by Express Design Studio. **On her:** Bikini by Guess Swimwear; skirt by Op Collection.

(from left) Moondrops shirt, **$78,** by Modern Amusement; cashmere vest, **$525,** and cashmere and cotton pants, **$195,** both by Pringle of Scotland. Settanta signature jacket, **$110,** by Fila; Le Bonheur polo shirt, **$49,** by Original Penguin; Graphic T-shirt, **$16,** by American Eagle Outfitters; Irving shorts, **$70,** by Victorinox by Swiss Army Brands. **On her:** Piqué mini-dress by Solow; Paulette jacket by Rosasen.

Hair, Steven Hoeppner for Artists by Timothy Priano; makeup, Paola Ferrari for Artists by Timothy Priano. Special thanks to Splashlight Miami. For buying information, see page 190.

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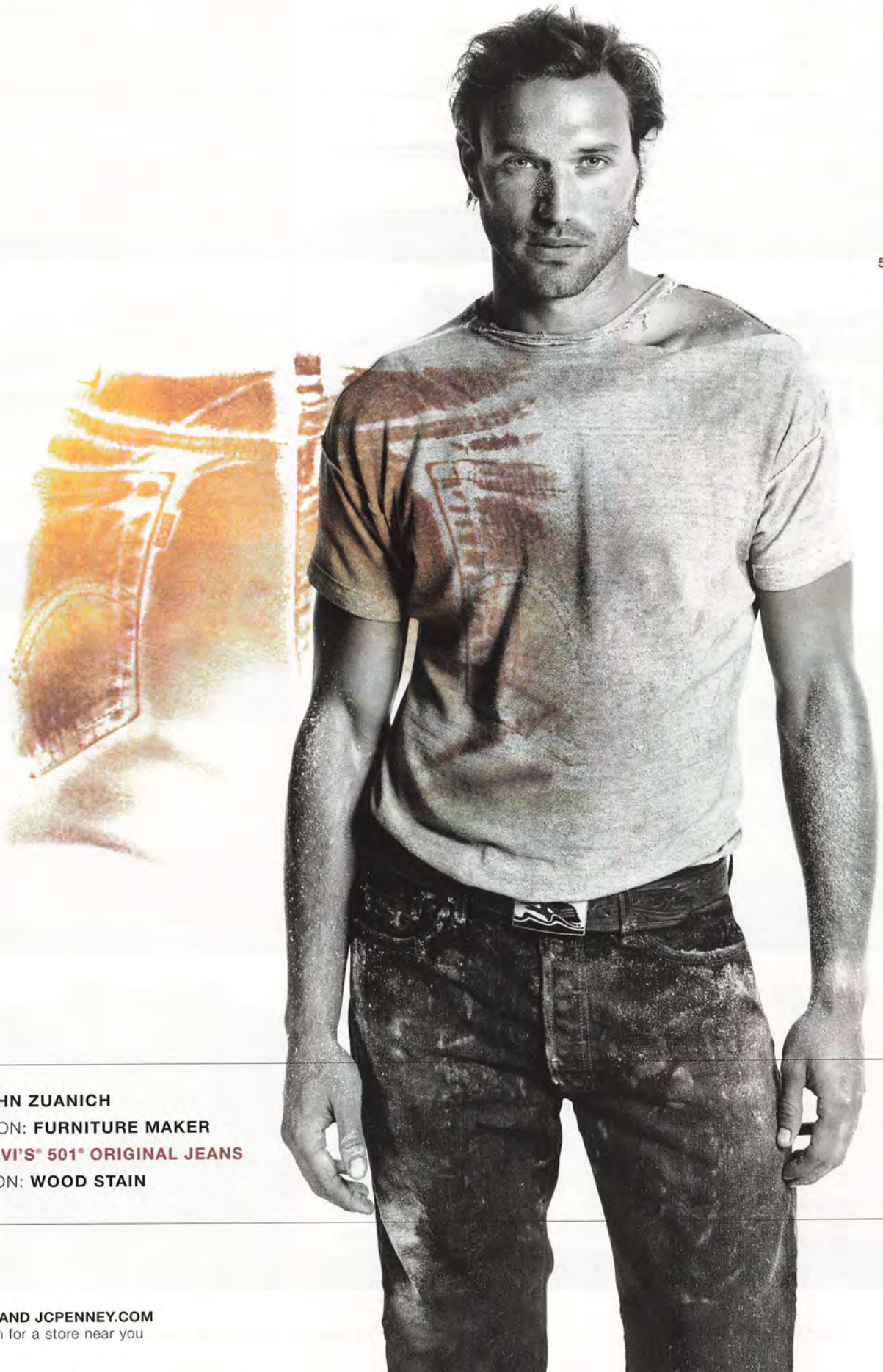
A STYLE FOR EVERY STORY™



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CARGO

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by Victorinox by Swiss Army Brands

Striped polo with bulldog logo, $20,
by Aéropostale

Multistripe logo polo, $30,
by American Eagle Outfitters

Classic piqué cotton polo, $72,
by Lacoste

Multistripe cotton polo, $60,
by Marc Ecko

Runner's crest cotton polo, $95,
by Nike

Chateau De Le Sexe polo, $49,
by Original Penguin

Jersey phat stripe polo, $55,
by Phat Farm

Classic stripe cotton polo, $73,
by Polo by Ralph Lauren

Twisted Sister polo, $80,
by Scott Langton for Rogue

Cotton lion logo polo, $58,
by Tyler Speed

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW WOFFINDEN COMPILED BY MARIA RUOCCO

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GROUND CONTROL

Win the battle for coolest feet in a pair of these retro sneakers.

Court Victory sneakers, $125, by Reebok

Natas Pro Model sneakers, $76, by Etnies

Nastase Lea sneakers, $60, by Adidas

Dunk Lo sneakers, $65, by Nike

Strukturalist T sneakers, $115, by Puma Rudolph Dassler Schuhfabrik

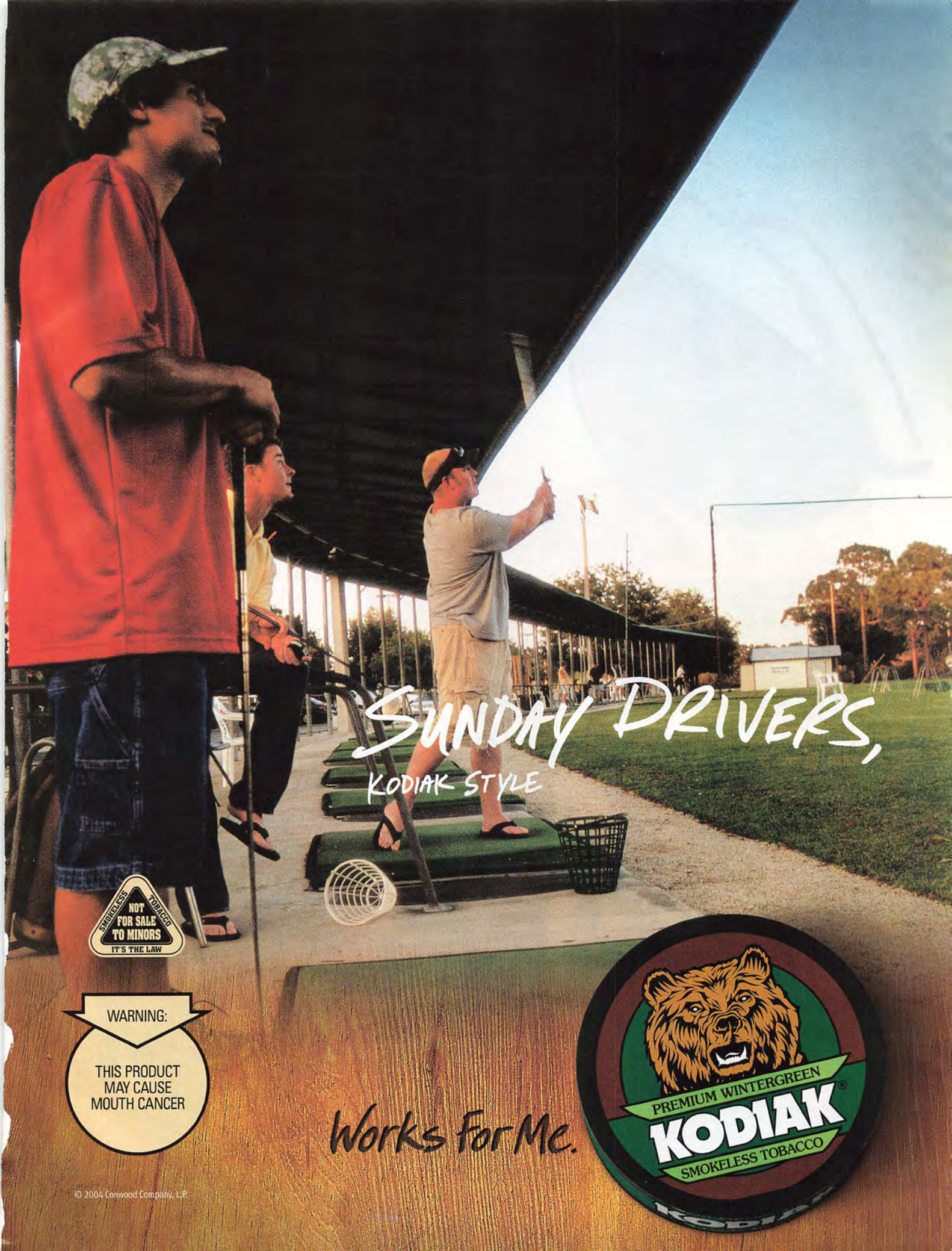
CX 250 sneakers, $50, by Converse

Bondoc sneakers, $75, by Royal Elastics

Runspark sneakers, $65, by Asics Onitsuka Tiger

675 sneakers, $65, by New Balance

For buying information, see page 190.



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EYE LIFTS
If you've gotta wear glasses but can't spend a fortune on superstyled specs, then join Mosley Tribes. The brand's frames run from $130 to $240, at Oliver Peoples stores; Fred Segal, Santa Monica, CA; Huntington Surf and Sport; or call 888-568-1921.

OCEAN LOTION
Smell like the sea, and not like a sailor, with Old Spice High Endurance's new Pacific Surge scented deodorant, antiperspirant, and body wash. Less than $4 each, they're easy to find at drugstores.

WELL-EQUIPPED
Adidas isn't just for the gym anymore. Its new Equipment line of apparel includes polo shirts, T-shirts, pants, and sweaters. Pictured, cotton/Lycra tees, $36 each; visit adidas.com.

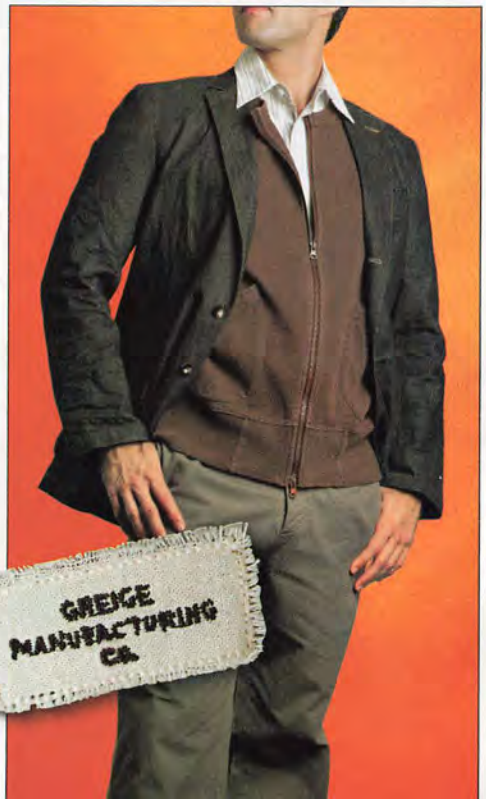
03.05

Winter's over...well, almost. Get ready to come out of your deep freeze and roar into spring with a whole batch of gear—just in time for some personal spring cleaning.

BE A CHAMP
Your grimy gray warmup suit isn't cutting it anymore for that morning jog...to the deli for coffee? Champion's 1919 Collection has updated its workout gear with new logos and colors. Get these warmup pants, $50, and hoodie, $55, at champion1919.com.

TURN A NEW LEAF
The celebrity skin-care team at Leaf & Rusher makes grooming goods that'll give even you some Hollywood star power. Here, the Green Tea Wash, $30, Tx Eyes, $85, and Tx Night Formula, $150, can be yours at fancy stores like Bergdorf Goodman and select Saks Fifth Avenue stores, or visit leafandrusher.com.

THIS MONTH'S LABEL: GREIGE MANUFACTURING CO.
Go to Greige Manufacturing Co. for clothes that are more style than flash. Its line of easy-tailored Depression-era workwear looks includes denim blazers, $338, and chinos, $180. At stores like Barneys New York; Hollywood Trading, L.A.; and Hedgefina, Chicago.



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THE DOCTOR BEHIND *MAGNA-RX®*

The genius behind **MAGNA-RX+** is **George Aguilar M.D.**, a Board Certified Urologist who has treated over 70,000 patients with erectile problems. He is a member of both the College of Urology, and the director of 46 urologists. He is also a past president of his State Society of urologists. Over three years ago, **Dr. Aguilar** made the amazing discovery that is now known as **MAGNA-RX+**, a powerful natural **Penis Enhancement Formula.**

Using this potent formula daily, his patients dramatically increased their erectile size, performance, and pleasure in only a few short weeks. Best of all **MAGNA-RX+'s** breakthrough herbal formula is 100% natural and safe, with no known side effects.

MAGNA-RX PRODUCTS ARE AVAILABLE AT: GNC LiveWell.

ORGASMIC THRUST ACTIVATION™

Only **MAGNA-RX+** pills contain the exclusive trademarked, ***Orgasmic Thrust Activation*** process. This factor alone would make **MAGNA-RX+** the most powerful **Penis Enhancement Formula** available at any price. Not only do men report amazing increases in length, thickness, and endurance, but also they are equally delighted by the sheer intensity and concentrated power of their orgasms *(as are their very satisfied lovers)!*

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With millions sold, demand for **MAGNA-RX+** has exploded worldwide as word of mouth has spread about what many medical experts have called the world's most powerful **Penis Enhancement Formula.** In one of this country's state-of-the-art pharmaceutical laboratories, a dedicated team of biochemists has meticulously worked around the clock to produce enough of **MAGNA-RX+'s** proprietary, all-natural botanical formula for men, just like yourself, who want a *bigger, thicker, more energetic penis fast!*

NOTHING ELSE TO BUY EVER AGAIN!

The **MAGNA-RX+ Formula** is so powerful, so effective, so complete, we 100% guarantee that you'll *NEVER* have to purchase any more than the 60-day supply included in this special offer. We could easily make **MAGNA-RX+** much weaker in order to have you buy more like some companies do. Instead, we focus on getting the best results as quickly as possible. *That's the secret of our success!* With the **MAGNA-RX+ System,** you can skyrocket 2", 3", even 5" in 60 days or less – *with nothing else to buy ever again!*

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE! *SAVE $59.95!*

If you're ready to become the biggest man you can be, then order your supply of **MAGNA-RX+** today! See for yourself what thousands of satisfied men *(and their lovers)* have already discovered: **MAGNA-RX+** is the world's #1 best-selling **Penis Enhancement Formula** for one very simple reason: ***IT WORKS & NOTHING ELSE CAN COMPARE!***

Need another reason to try **MAGNA-RX+?** *How about 50% OFF our regular price!* **MAGNA-RX+** normally retails for $59.95 for a 30-day supply, *but if you order now we'll include a second month's supply absolutely FREE!*

FREE GIFT! MAGNA-RX TOPICAL LOTION

Hurry! For a limited time when you order **MAGNA-RX+** pills, we'll also include ***ABSOLUTELY FREE*** a full 30-day supply of **Dr. Aguilar's** new and amazing **MAGNA-RX Topical Lotion** – ***an $89.95 value!*** (Limit one per household.)

100% MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

We are so confident that **MAGNA-RX+** will transform you into another ***HUGELY SATISFIED MAGNA MAN*** that we offer you an ***UNCONDITIONAL 100% 60-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE*** and either way, please keep the **MAGNA-RX Topical Lotion** as our ***FREE GIFT*** to you!

ADDITIONAL PRODUCTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

NEW!

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Potency And Stimulation Enhancer That Works From The Outside In!

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30-Day Supply **$59.95** *FREE WITH MAGNA-RX+ PILLS*

ALPHA MALE PLUS™ Meet Nature's #1 Super Stud!

Alpha Male Plus is a medical doctor's amazing, all-natural male hormonal stimulant that contains pure ***Wapiti Elk Extract.*** Scientists believe the male ***Wapiti Elk*** possesses the strongest sex drive in nature allowing him to repeat a "world-class" performance again in as little as three minutes. *And he has been known to mate up to 20 times in a row!* Until you experience the power of **Alpha Male Plus** for yourself, you won't believe men are capable of having almost non-stop sex, experiencing the male equivalent of intense euphoric pleasure associated with multiple orgasms. By safely combining the ***Wapiti Elk Extract*** with other potent nutrients, a revolutionary formula has been created to *turn almost any average man into a virtual super stud overnight.*

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TRX™ A Testosterone Enhancer For Producing Massive Results!

As reported in the cover story of the January 19, 2004 ***TIME*** magazine (page 72) *testosterone is the #1 factor that determines your sexual desire and your ability to perform in the bedroom.* **TRX** is a revolutionary, all-natural, doctor designed and endorsed formula that many medical experts are calling the most powerful testosterone pre-cursor and enhancer ever without a prescription.

WARNING: Please use **TRX** only if you want to: *be infused with intense passion and desire; experience extreme stamina and performance; produce monstrous erections; establish a beastly reputation for giving ultimate satisfaction again and again.*

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LAVA For Women is a fast-acting *(use only with her permission)* doctor-designed passion formula to help quickly stimulate female desire, performance, and ultimate satisfaction over and over again. You'll find the results irresistible as she erupts and overflows with intense pleasure.

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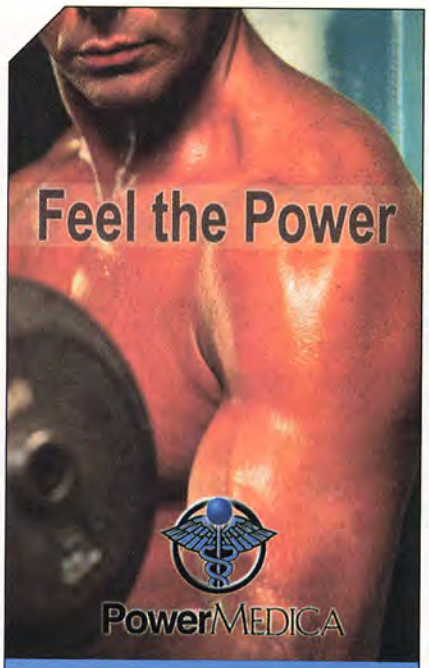
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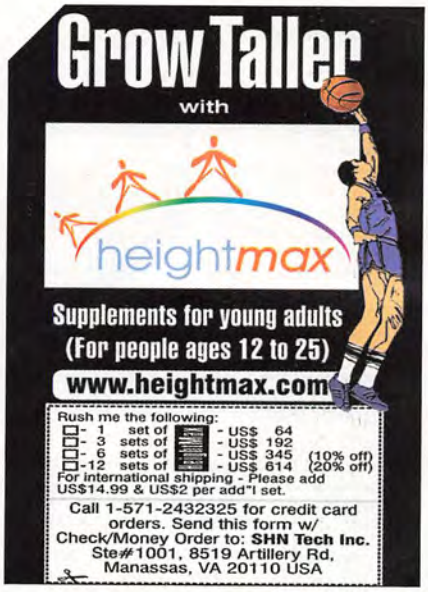
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12407 Ludacris - Get Back
12405 Lil Jon - What you gonna do?
12406 Lil Wayne - Go DJ
12408 Luniz - I Got Five On It
12411 Snoop - Gin and Juice
12409 N.O.R.E. - Oye Mi Canto
12413 Sublime - Santeria
12400 2Pac - California Love
12418 Usher - Yeah
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BUYING GUIDE

OPENER

Page 163: Suit, $1,075, by Calvin Klein Collection, at Calvin Klein store, N.Y.C. and Dallas. Shirt, $165, by Boss Hugo Boss, at Hugo Boss stores, N.Y.C. and L.A.; and Bloomingdale's; or call 800-HUGO-BOSS.

COOL UNDER PRESSURE

Page 164: (from left) Suit, $1,650, by Canali, at Canali store, Coral Gables, FL; Saks Fifth Avenue; select Nordstrom stores. Shirt, $98, by H Hilfiger, call 888-TOMMY4U; or visit h-hilfiger.com. Tie, $200, by Kiton, at Garmany for Men, Red Bank, NJ. Shoes, $205, by Mezlan, at Nordstrom stores. Suit, $1,495, by Dolce & Gabbana; shirt, $205, by Ermenegildo Zegna, at Garmany for Men, Red Bank, NJ. Tie, $125, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores; Andrisen Morton, Denver; Mario's, Seattle; or call 800-747-8778; or visit roberttalbott .com. Pocket square, $75, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores; Zarah, Boston; Gary's & Company, Newport Beach, CA; or call 800-747-8778; or visit roberttalbott.com. (on her) Blazer, $780, and trousers, $340, both by D&G, at select Bloomingdale's. Tank, $235, by D&G, at D&G stores; and select Nordstrom.

Page 165: (from left) Suit, $995, by Burberry London, at select Burberry stores. Shirt, $85, by Boss Hugo Boss, at Hugo Boss stores, N.Y.C. and L.A.; and Bloomingdale's; or call 800-HUGO-BOSS. Tie, $125, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores; or call 800-747-8778; or visit roberttalbott.com. Boots, $90, by Skechers USA, at department stores; and select specialty stores; or visit skechers.com. Suit, $1,195, by Canali; and shirt, $210, by Ermenegildo Zegna, both at Garmany for Men, Red Bank, NJ. Tie, $75, by Moschino, at Rolo, San Francisco. Suit, $1,095, and shirt, $80, both by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at select Ralph Lauren stores; or call 888-745-7674; or visit polo.com. Tie, $125, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores; Ascot Shop, La Jolla, CA; Hubert White, Minneapolis, MN; or call 800-747-8778; or visit roberttalbott.com. Pocket square, $75, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores; Mitchells of Westport, Westport, CT; H. Stockton, Atlanta; or call 800-747-8778; or visit roberttalbott.com.

Page 166: (from left) Blazer, $495, pants, $295, and shirt, $195, all by cK Calvin Klein, call 800-294-7978. Blazer, $1,275, by Z Zegna, at Ermenegildo Zegna stores; or call 888-880-3462; or visit zegna.com. Pant, $68, by Calvin Klein, call 888-222-1213. Shirt, $95, and boots, $325, both by Boss Hugo Boss, at Hugo Boss stores, N.Y.C. and L.A.; and Bloomingdale's; or call 800-HUGO-BOSS. Jacket, $2,495, shirt, $230, and trousers, $485, all by Prada, at Garmany for Men, Red Bank, NJ. Shoes, $255, by Johnston & Murphy, call 888-792-3272; or visit jonhstonmurphy.com.

Page 167: Suit, $1,195, by Canali; dress shirt, $650, by Kiton; and tie, $125, by Ermenegildo Zegna, all at Garmany for Men, Red Bank, NJ.

Page 168: (from left) Suit, $1,495, and shirt, $389, both by Prada, at Garmany for Men, Red Bank, NJ. Pocket square, $75, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores; Malouf's, Burlingame, CA and Lubbock, TX; Kilgore Trout, Cleveland; or call 800-747-8778; or visit roberttalbott.com. Suit, $795, and shirt, $98, both by H Hilfiger, call 888-TOMMY4U; or visit h-hilfiger.com. Suit, $1,595, and shirt, $195, both by Canali, at Canali store, Coral Gables, FL; Saks Fifth Avenue; select Nordstrom stores. Sweater, $195, by Gran Sasso, at Gene Hiller, Sausalito, CA; Khaki's Men, Carmel, CA; Thomas Miller, Woodbury, NY; or call 212-929-9683; or visit gransasso.it. Shoes, $365, by Cole Haan, at Cole Haan stores; and Marshall Field's; or call 800-201-8001.

Page 169: Jacket, $1,695, by Giorgio Armani, at select Giorgio Armani stores; or visit giorgioarmani.com.

Page 170: (from left) Jacket, $1,645, shirt, $410, and trousers, $540, all by Prada, at Prada stores, or call 888-977-1900. Suit, $1,960, by Bottega Veneta, at Bottega Veneta stores; or call 877-362-1715. Shirt, $225, and tie, $105, both by Canali, at Canali store, Coral Gables, FL; Saks Fifth Avenue; select Nordstrom stores.

SANDWASHED

Page 172: (clockwise, from top left) Jeans, $185, by Calvin Klein Jeans, at Saks Fifth Avenue; and Bloomingdale's. Jeans, $110, by Lucky Brand Jeans, at Lucky Brand Jeans stores; or visit luckybrandjeans.com. Jeans, $78, by DKNY Jeans, at Macy's; Nordstrom; Lord & Taylor. Jeans, $200, by Chip & Pepper, at Bloomingdale's; and Atrium, N.Y.C. Jeans, $98, by Mavi, at Bloomingdale's; and Nordstrom; or visit mavi.com/shop. Jeans, $120, by A|X Armani Exchange, at A|X Armani Exchange stores; or visit armaniexchange.com.

Page 173: (clockwise, from top left) Jeans, $136, by 7 for all Mankind, at Barneys New York; and Atrium, N.Y.C. Jeans, $148, by Guess, at Guess stores; or call 800-39-GUESS; or visit guess.com. Jeans, $70, by Nautica Jeans Company, at select The Bon Marche stores; select Filene's stores; and select Famous Barr stores; or call 877-NAUTICA; or visit nauticajeans.com. Jeans, $140, by Anoname, call 212-768-0405. Jeans, $210, by Reds, at Barneys New York; American Rag, L.A.; Atrium, N.Y.C. Jeans, $54, by Levi's, call 800-USA-LEVI; or visit levi.com.

JUST ADD WATER

Pages 174–175: Trunks, $55, by Tommy Hilfiger, call 888-TOMMY4U; or visit tommy.com. Polo, $25, by American Eagle Outfitters, at American Eagle Outfitters stores; or visit ae.com. Trunks, $46, by Quiksilver, at Quiksilver Boardriders Clubs; or visit quiksilver.com. Polo, $35, by Claiborne, at select Macy's; and select Robinsons May; or visit claiborne.com. Board shorts, $35, by American Eagle Outfitters stores, at American Eagle Outfitters stores; or visit ae.com. Swim trunks, $50, by Op Collection, at Gerry's New York; or visit amazon.com; or visit op.com. On her: (from left) Swimsuit by O'Neill, visit oneill.com. Bikini by Guess Swimwear, at Guess stores; or visit guess.com.

Page 176: Blazer, $940, by Dsquared², at Bergdorf Goodman; and By George, Austin, TX. Pants, $650, by Dsquared², at Riccardi, Boston. Shirt, $100, by Gant, at Gant stores, N.Y.C. and Bal Harbour, FL; or call 888-645-GANT; or visit gant.com. Sweater, $398, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Richards of Greenwich, or call 888-475-7674; or visit polo.com. Shoes, $90, by Royal Elastics, visit royalelastics.com. Jacket, $750, and sweater, $225, both by Burberry London, at select Burberry stores. Trousers, $150, by Burberry London, at select Burberry stores; and Bloomingdale's. Shoes, $59, by Bass, call 866-413-2277; or visit bassshoes.com. Polo, $98, and polo, $75, both by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at select Ralph Lauren stores, or call 888-475-7674; or visit polo.com. Shorts, $70, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; or call 888-475-7674; or visit polo.com. Flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas, visit havaianasus.com. On her: Bikini, by Guess Swimwear, at Guess stores; or visit guess.com. Shorts by Rosasen, at Fred Segal; and Atrium, N.Y.C.; or visit rosasen.com. Sweater by Fila, visit fila.com. Flip-flops by Havaianas, visit havaianasus.com.

Page 177: Jacket, $119, by Ben Sherman, at Bloomingdale's; or visit benshermanusa.com. Polo, $38, shorts, $52, and sweater, $198, all by J.Crew, call 800-562-0258; or visit jcrew.com. Shirt, $40, by Aeropostale, at Aeropostale stores; or visit aeropostale.com. Polo, $50, by Tommy Hilfiger, call 888-TOMMY4U; or visit tommy.com. Shorts, $95, by Rosasen, at Fred Segal; and Atrium, N.Y.C.; or visit rosasen.com. Loafers, $130, by Sperry, at Urban Outfitters; Fred Segal; American Rag, L.A. On her: Bikini by Op, visit op.com. Skirt by American Eagle Outfitters stores, at American Eagle Outfitters; or visit ae.com.

Page 178: (from left) Shirt, $88, by A|X Armani Exchange, at A|X Armani Exchange stores; or visit armaniexchange.com. Sweater, $55, by Nautica, at select Bloomingdale's; select Macy's West stores; select Macy's East stores; select Rich's stores; or call 877-NAUTICA; or visit nautica.com. Shirt, $100, by Gant, at Gant stores, N.Y.C. and Bal Harbour, FL; or call 888-645-GANT; or visit gant.com. Vest, $60, by Fila, visit fila.com. Shorts, $45, by Phat Farm, at Phat Farm store, N.Y.C.; Macy's East; Dr. Jay's; Jimmy Jazz. Polo, $55, by Marc Ecko, at Macy's East; Macy's West; Lord & Taylor. Polo, $50, by Tommy Hilfiger, call 888-TOMMY4U; or visit tommy.com. Shorts, $35, by American Eagle Outfitters stores, at American Eagle Outfitters; or visit ae.com. Sneakers, $322, by D&G, at D&G stores. On her: Polo by Lacoste, call 800-4-LACOSTE; or visit lacoste.com. Shorts by American Eagle Outfitters, at American Eagle Outfitters stores; or visit ae.com. Flip-Flops by Havaianas, visit havaianasus.com

Page 179: Shirt $160, by D&G, at Barneys New York; select Macy's West; The Lounge, N.Y.C. Pants, $98, and sweater, $398, both by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Richards of Greenwich, or call 888-475-7674; or visit Polo.com. Blazer, $198, by Modern Amusement, at select Nordstrom stores; Villains, San Francisco; Base, Miami; or visit modernamusement.com. Shorts, $68, by Modern Amusement, at American Rag, L.A.; Halls, Kansas City; Flying A, N.Y.C.; or visit modernamusement.com. Shirt, $88, by Modern Amusement, at Untitled, Chicago; Fred Segal, L.A.; Allston Beat, Boston; or visit modernamusement.com. Vest, $70, by Marc Ecko, at Filene's; Macy's; Robinson May; Marshall Field. Suit, $395, by Nautica, at select Hecht's stores; and select Filene's stores; or call 877-NAUTICA; or visit nautica.com. Shirt, $70, by Marc Ecko, at Foley's; Filene's; Macy's; Robinson May; Marshall Field. Sweater $70, by Tommy Hilfiger, call 888-TOMMY4U; or visit tommy.com. (background) Suit, $395, by Haspel, visit haspel.com. Shirt, $68, by Express Design Studio, at Express stores; and Express Men's stores; or call 877-415-4551; or visit expressfashion.com. Sweater, $70, by Tyler Speed, at Atrium, N.Y.C.; or visit tylerspeed.com. On her: Bikini by Guess; and skirt by Op.

Page 180: Shirt, $78, by Modern Amusement, at select Nordstrom stores; or visit modernamusement.com. Vest, $525, and pants, $195, both by Pringle of Scotland, available by special order, call 800-544-8268. Jacket, $110, by Fila, visit fila.com. Polo, $49, by Original Penguin, at Original Penguin flagship store, N.Y.C.; or visit originalpenguin.com. T-shirt, $16, by American Eagle Outfitters, at American Eagle Outfitters stores; or visit ae.com. Shorts, $70, by Victorinox by Swiss Army Brands, call 866-99-SWISS; or visit swissarmy.com. On her: Mini dress by Solow, call 800-59-SOLOW. Sweater by Rosasen, at Fred Segal; and Atrium, N.Y.C.; or visit rosasen.com.

BRIGHT FUTURE

Page 182: (first row, from left) Polo, $75, by Victorinox by Swiss Army, call 866-99-SWISS; or visit swissarmy.com. Polo, $20, by Aeropostale, at Aeropostale stores; or visit aeropostale.com. Polo, $30, by American Eagle Outfitters, at American Eagle Outfitters stores; or visit ae.com. (second row, from left) Polo, $72, by Lacoste, call 800-4-LACOSTE; or visit lacoste.com. Polo, $60, by Marc Ecko, at major department stores. (third row, from left) Polo, $95, by Nike, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Polo, $49, by Original Penguin, call 646-443-3320; or visit originalpenguin.com. Polo, $55, by Phat Farm, at Phat Farm store, N.Y.C.; Macy's East; Dr. Jay's; Jimmy Jazz. (bottom row, from left) Polo, $73, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at select Ralph Lauren stores; or call 888-475-7674; or visit polo.com. Polo, $80, by Scott Langton, call 212-921-8060; or visit info@getrogue.com. Polo, $58, by Tyler Speed, at Atrium, N.Y.C.; or visit tylerspeed.com.

GROUND CONTROL

Page 184: (clockwise, from top left) Sneakers, $125, by Reebok, visit reebok.com. Sneakers, $76, by etnies, visit etnies.com. Sneakers, $60, by Adidas, visit adidas.com. Sneakers, $115, by Puma, at Bloomingdale's; or Nordstrom; or visit puma.com. Sneakers, $75, by Royal Elastics, visit royalelastics.com. Sneakers, $65, by New Balance, call 800-253-SHOE; or visit newbalance.com. Sneakers, $65, by ASICS Onitsuka Tiger, call 800-678-9435; or visit asicsamerica.com. Sneakers, $50, by Converse, visit converse.com. Sneakers, $65, by Nike, visit niketown.com.

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Armstrong Roberts/Retrofile; old-fashioned Paperwork, Getty Images; computer guy, Jeremy Maude/Masterfile.com; H&R Block logo,Tim Boyle/Getty Images News **p.160:** Paris Hilton, Jeffrey Mayer/Wireimage.com; cell phone, Photodisc/Getty Image; Gory Haim, Jeffrey Mayer/Wireimage.com **p.192:** Archive/Newscom; McDonald's sign, Joe Raedle/Getty Images; 7 Beasts, Giraudon/Art Resource, NY; Shooting: Hulton Getty Photo Archive/Newscom

CLOTHING CREDITS:

p.71: Elizabeth wears Victoria's Secret

pp.86–90: All lingerie from Le Corset by Selima; all sport underwear, customized by stylist

p.100: Red bra and fringed panties by Victoria's Secret; leather belt by WCM; and chain belt by Accessory Accent

pp.114–115: Bra and underwear by La Perla

p.116: Boots by Petit Peton; underwear by Passion Bait, available at Body Hints

p.117: Bra and thong by La Perla; underwear by Mixona

p.118: Cardigan by Azzedine Alaia; underwear by Dolce & Gabbana; sandals by Guiseppe Zanotti

pp.130–131: Blue bikini by Fornarina

p.132: Pink bikini by Purple 7

p.133: Yellow bikini by Purple 7

p.138–139: (left) Betsey Johnson; (right) Calvin Klein

p.140: Garter by Betsey Johnson

pp.144–145: Lace slip by Leigh Bantivoglio

p.146: Black corset by Versatile, available at Le Corset

p.147: Black bra by Demaris; gray garter belt by Tondo, available at Le Corset; skirt by Eventile

p.148: Corset by Versatile, available at Le Corset

p.149: Cream top by Anna Molinari; black bra by Lise Charmed from Le Corset by Selima

p.150: Corset by Versatile available at Le Corset; pink skirt by Charlotte

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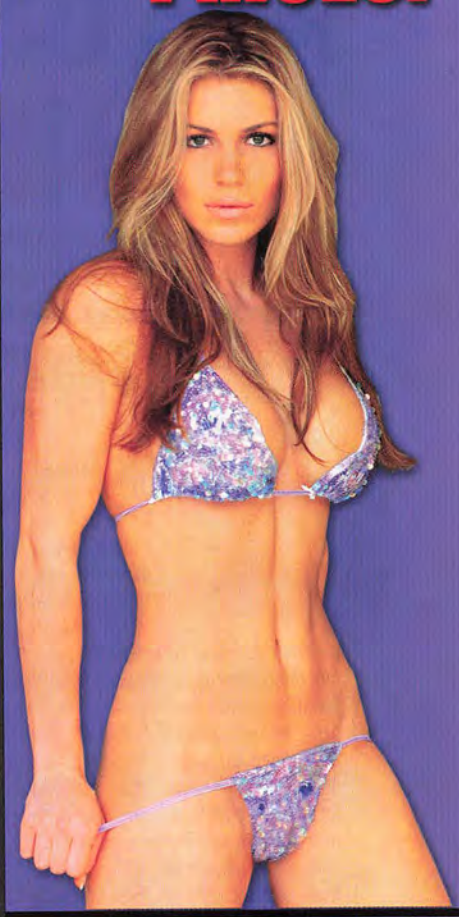

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ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers all your crap-droppin', ammo-stoppin', Doomsday's-a-happenin' questions.

Q WHAT THE HELL IS KEVLAR?

A Turns out Kevlar is just the brand name for—you guessed it—poly-paraphenylene terephthalamide, a molecule created by DuPont in 1965. "It's a distant cousin of nylon," says DuPont fellow Vlodek Gabara. "But nylon that can withstand high temperatures and has very high strength." How? The synthetically manufactured carbon-based fiber—five times stronger than steel, pound for pound—owes its popularity to its unique molecular structure. The molecules in Kevlar fibers are arranged in parallel strands, making it look something like uncooked spaghetti in a box. These strands are then glued together by hydrogen bonds. Imagine all that spaghetti, um, glued together. Then the Kevlar fibers are woven together, resulting in an amazingly durable, lightweight, and rigid material that prevents bullets from tearing into your spleen *and* maintains your street cred in a hip-hop music video.

STRAIGHT ANSWERS

Are transsexuals allowed to compete in the Olympics?
YES

Is Walt Disney's body actually cryogenically frozen?
NO

Do bubbles in Guinness sink?
YES

Is the number of hooves raised in the air by horses on war memorial statues a symbol of how the rider died?
NO

Q HOW DOES THE U.S. NAVY GET RID OF HUMAN WASTE AT SEA?

A When it comes to swabbing the poop deck, the Navy abides by Section 312 of the 1977 Clean Water Act, which regulates crap disposal within U.S. waters. "Less than three nautical miles from land, ships must either hold sewage and off-load it in a municipal treatment system or discharge it overboard if equipped with a certified sewage treatment system," says Lt. Ohene Gyapong, a Navy spokesman. The latter system, known as a Marine Sanitation Device, reduces the bacteria count and the—*gag*—"visible floating solids" before the sludge hits the sea. But beyond three miles, the Navy routinely, and legally, empties its holding tanks into the water. MARPOL, an international convention targeting pollution by ships, bans any sewage disposal within four miles of land and dumping of untreated sewage within 12 miles, but the U.S. didn't sign on. Eat shit, ocean life!

BELIEVE IT

IT'S A FACT

Trust us. We wouldn't lie to you, sugar-tits.

- Vice President George Bush served as president for eight hours on July 13, 1985, when President Ronald Reagan had surgery to remove colon cancer.
- Until 1898, Pepsi cola was known as "Brad's Drink."
- The average person speaks at 125 to 150 words a minute.
- October 4, 2004 was the first day since 1999 that no one was shot in Chicago.
- One square inch of skin has roughly 15 feet of blood vessels.
- When McDonald's opened its first restaurant in Kuwait, in 1994, some 15,000 people visited, and the drive-thru line was seven miles long.
- The dot over an *i* is a tittle.

Q WHAT ARE THE SEVEN SIGNS OF THE APOCALYPSE?

A Seven signs of the apocalypse, seven *Police Academy* movies—just a coincidence? Well, yes. "There aren't specific things in the book of Revelation enumerated as seven signs," says Vern Poythress, professor of New Testament interpretation at the Westminster Theological Seminary in Glenside, Pennsylvania. "But there are numerous things presented in groups of seven." That includes seven trumpets, seven heads of the Beast, seven plagues in seven vials held by seven angels, and, most importantly, seven seals on a book that contains what Poythress calls God's plan for humanity. When ol' J.C. opens the seals, shit goes *down*: The four horsemen—conquest, war, famine, and death—ride as each of the first four seals are undone. Dead martyrs yell at God when the fifth seal goes, and the sixth's opening makes stars fall, the sun go dark, and the moon turn blood red. Finally, as the seventh opens, there's a powerful . . . half-hour of silence. Of course, popular belief says that good Christians will go to Heaven before all hell breaks loose—while priests get a quiet 30 minutes to themselves.

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Illustration, Studioliddell

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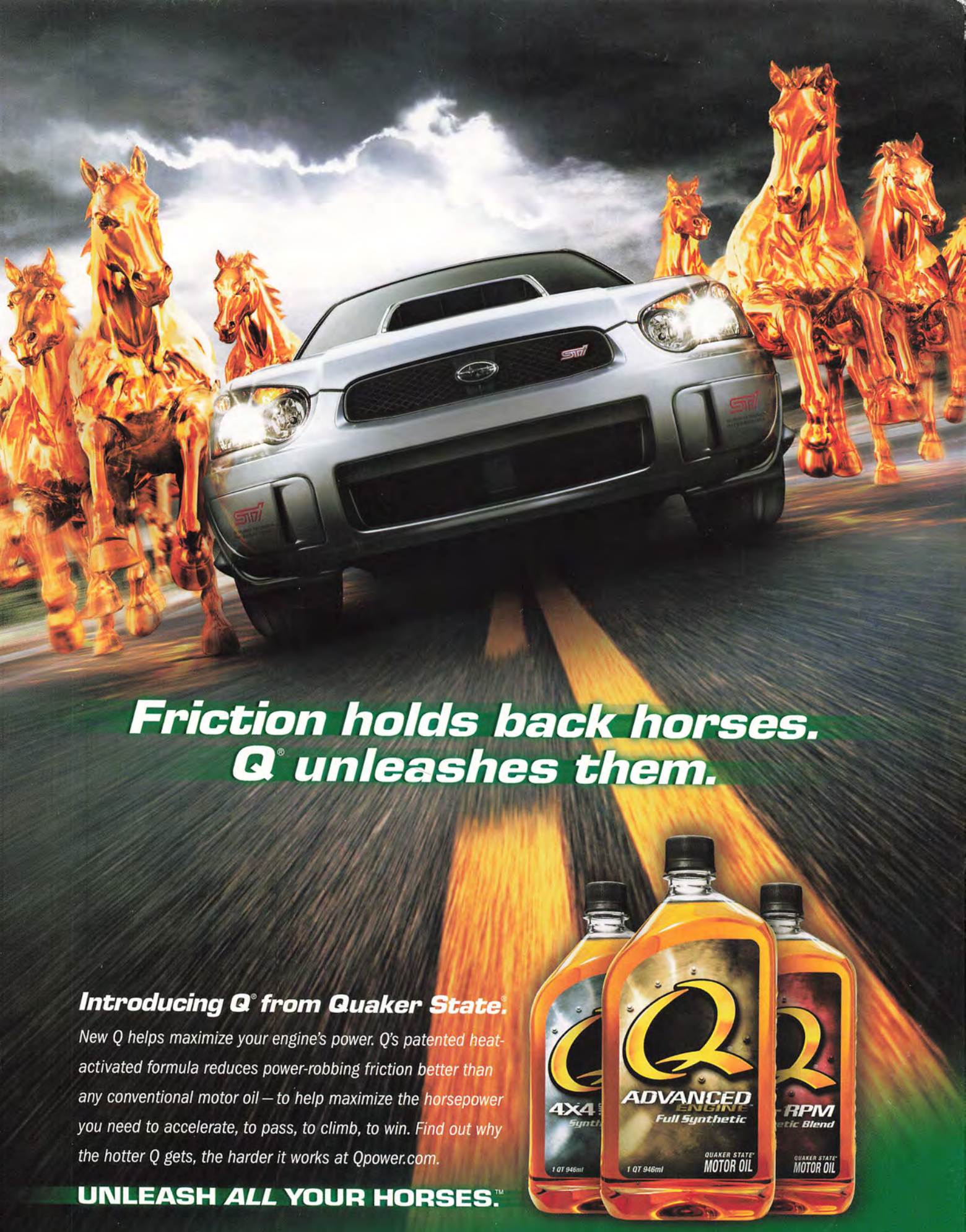
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